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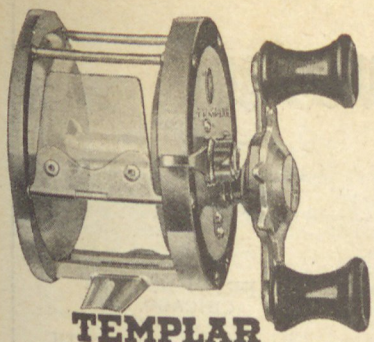

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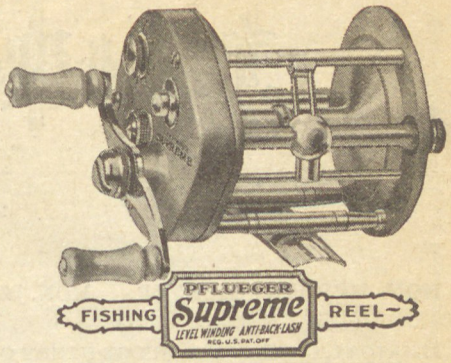

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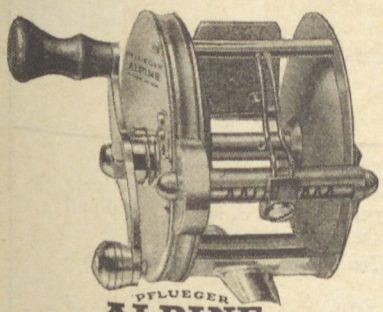

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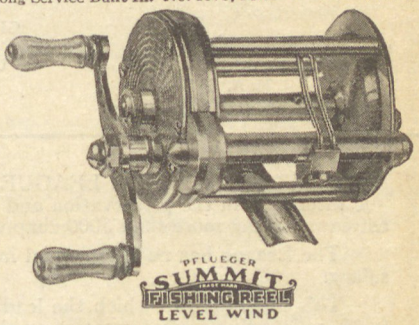

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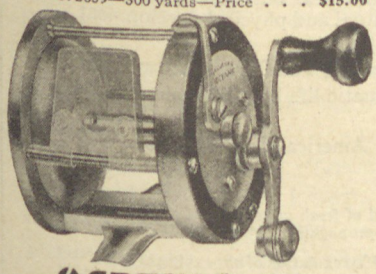

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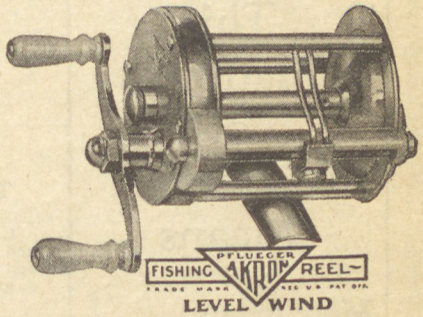

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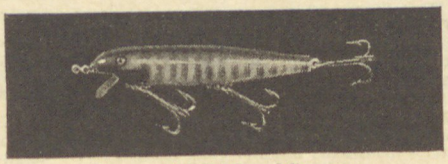

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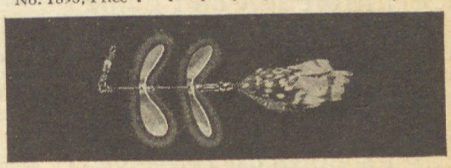

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health; and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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IMPORTANT—*If you move, send in your new address at once. Second-class mail will not be forwarded.*

"Voyagers of many nations—duty calls your spirit forth—save the ever-luring North!"

The Call to Battle

By JULIUS M. NOLTE

The Superior National Forest Must Be Saved

VOYAGEURS of many nations,
You whose hardihood and strength
Traced the trails throughout the forest,
Mapped the rivers and their length;
You whose backs have borne the packsack;
You whose flanks have dripped with sweat
On the rugged northern carries—
There's a portage for us yet.

VOYAGEURS, whose hearts have gladdened
At the thunder of the fall,
Who have heard the song of rapids,
Who have hearkened to the call
In the soughing of the pine tops,
In the quaking aspen leaf,
Call that tasks the heart to bear it,
Poignant call beyond belief;

VOYAGEURS for whom the birch-log
Softly smouldering in the night
Is a shrine with censer burning
On the altar of delight;
You whose nostrils sudden dilate
At the sodden muskeg smell,
Who have heard the big moose feeding,
Who have known the beaver well;

VOYAGEURS who love the forest,
Glory in the serried lines
Of the clean, upstanding Norways
And the sturdier white pines,
Who have known the thrill of cedars
Closing in on water trails
In the shadowed calm of twilight
While far-off the loon-cry wails:

VOYAGEURS, one other burden
Must we portage ere our night,
For the sake of future ages,
For the sake of manhood's right.
'Ware the Juggernaut of Commerce!
It would crush us in its course:
Bare our hillsides, strip our valleys,
Still our rapids with its force.

THEY would make a tangled jungle
Of our sempiternal hills,
Take the pines, the spruce, the cypress,
For the pulp and lumber mills;
Leave a second growth of popple,
Stumps and boulders, ugly bogs—
Desecrate the future's playground
For this generation's hogs!

ONE last place where manhood's spirit
Finds escape from man-made things,
Where no sound of traffic reaches,
No insistent buzzer rings.
Let us earn the thanks of manhood:
Save the ever-luring North!
Voyageurs of many nations,
Duty calls your spirit forth.

The De-Creator

E. W. Backus and His Water Power Project

Concerning the burning question of the threatened ruination of the Superior - Quetico region

By

SENATOR THOMAS D. SCHALL

IN Northern Minnesota is a reserve, known as Superior National Forest.

Adjoining it, Ontario has a similar area, the Quetico Forest Reserve, 160 by 125 miles of primitive forest, extensive as Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut combined. The last stand of the forest primeval, a priceless heritage;

"Where murmuring pines and hemlocks,
Stand like harpers of eld."

Still through the 20,000 square miles of forest roam moose, fox, wolves, deer, bear, muskrat, beaver, wild life in its original free, happy state; the waters are full of fish; game of all sorts finds sanctuary.

Without doubt, if left alone, the two governments will follow out the desire of the Izaak Walton League of America and other organizations, and make of this a playground for the continent, under supervision of the two governments. If kept so, it would permit a glimpse of the North,

Where the trees together stand
Closer than the blades of wheat,
When the summer is complete.

and furnish a development to the soul of the city dweller, bring to him the vision of this great thing from which we have come, the environment that made our hardy pioneers firm in backbone and strenuous in thew and sinew. And you can reach it in a night's ride from Chicago.

Lovers of hills, dales, woods, lakes, rocks, dells, troutfilled streams, rivers, rapids, and waterfalls, come from all over the U. S. by the thousands. *This National Forest area belongs, not to any specific individual, for exploitation, but was set aside by President Roosevelt for the youth of the nation.* As time goes on, and the frontier passes away, it will be of increasing value; a Backus and a Roosevelt are ever antipathetic; spirit in conflict with materialism.

If the lone wolf of the Northwest has his way, the border lakes from Rainy Lake to Pigeon River, will be turned into a series of great storage ponds, by dams erected at government expense for the benefit of the Backus-Brooks paper, pulp, lumber and power industries.

This jewel spot is in grave danger of exploitation. It has become a question of burning national as well as local interest. I said, four years ago, in the House of Representatives, "They (Backus Brooks Co.) have for years, regardless of anyone's rights, been pursuing a ruthless course in the construction of water power dams. They are vitally interested in the international boundary waters treaty between Canada and the United States." For four years, I have been alone, a voice crying in the wilderness. It is good to hear the echoes coming back, and know the ever-growing numbers awakening to this menace. The enunciation of the destructive plan afoot stirred rumbles of protest and indignant letters to the International Joint Commission. The Secretary, technically truthful, replied, "There is pending before the International Joint Commission no application for the granting of water power rights in the boundary waters." However, E. W. Backus had made application to the Minister of Lands and Forests, Toronto, for the right to construct many dams and control the level of waters all along this northern country.

The International Joint Commission sent a questionnaire to a large number of people, E. W. Backus, among them. A hearing was held at International Falls, September, 1925. The report of the Hearings is published as a government document, and can be secured by writing the International Joint Commission, Washington, D. C. *Testimony indisputably shows that raising the water level will turn this whole region into a dreary, tree-rotted devastation. It will ruin this recreational asset, the last of the wilderness areas east of the Rockies.* When man tampers with nature, it is never with improving fingers. His changes are a menace to fish, plant, animal and human life.

State lands and settlers' lands alike have already suffered irreparable injuries from Backus' existing Rainy Lake Dams. Warroad has been flooded. Three more feet raise would drown out Ft. Frances, Ontario. And what would five to thirty feet raise mean, which is Backus' proposition? Existing spawning beds have been eliminated and great damage caused by constant variations in the water level. When the level is high in the fall, the ice forms; later the water beneath is drained away. In the spring shoals of dead fish are found, and great numbers of dead muskrats and beavers who cannot accommodate their way of life nor endure the rapid artificial change, resultant on a storage system. Any considerable rise would utterly destroy the numerous beautiful islands. The mass of standing dead timber would create in the periodic low level great fire hazard, surely grim enough now in the memory of all those northern settlers. Some of the dead trees when cut through had 95 angular rings, showing that not in a hundred years had such floods occurred.

It is quite in character with the alert mind of Backus that now he should seize the psychological moment and declare—what up to now he has not advanced—that his plan is one of flood control. He hoists himself thus by his bootstraps. A host of Backus flood control propaganda is let loose. Dignified magazines and newspapers publish it. There will be plenty of it from now on. The truth is that *the dams make the floods, not as Mr. Backus makes haste to assure us, "do away with the flood menace."* So far as Minnesota is concerned, his modest acceptance of the credit for a vast flood control is knocked in the eye by the statement of O. L. Kaupanger, Secretary of the Minnesota State Division of the Izaak Walton League, in the Minneapolis Journal, January 17, 1928.

Mr. Kaupanger says, "The one difficulty, from the point of view of residents of the region, is to understand *why*

U. S. Senator Thomas D. Schall is a man of the most sterling character and highest integrity, and an exponent of spiritual idealism in statesmanship. His intimate knowledge of the Superior-Quetico situation as revealed in this article, which will be printed in the Congressional Record, thus becoming a public document, is a warning to all conservationists and lovers of the forest to GUARD THEIR HERITAGE.

flood control should be needed in a region where in its natural state floods are unknown. Not in the memory of man has the water ever remained high enough on any uncontrolled lake or river in the Rainy Lake region to affect vegetation. Since the chain of lakes have been dammed there have been disastrous floods." And if the rest of these dams are permitted and the waters impounded and the levels raised from five to thirty feet, no one can predict the utter destruction and wide spread desolation.

Millions of dollars worth of damage suits have been brought against Backus. But relief for him has come through his long sought treaty between the United States and Canada generally known as the Lake of the Woods Treaty which gives the authority to raise these water levels and divides the damages to property for such raise between the United States and Canada. But because governments can't be sued, can't be pushed, can't be hurried, anything like actual damages have gone to the winds, for this whole country that has been and will be overflowed. People damaged may possibly get a small percentage. As to future damages no one can tell where they will lead, and all for what? To raise the water power of the United States a fraction of a per cent; the remaining per cent will develop in Canada, where they have already more power than they can possibly use.

This National Forest area belongs, not to any specific individual for exploitation, but was set aside by President Roosevelt for the youth of the nation. Yet this jewel spot is in grave danger of exploitation.

It gives us pause to consider the colossal selfishness that would lay barren God's work, the wilderness. *The harm once done is done forever.* Once Midas has transmuted the lovely vivid life of pine forest, stream and flashing lake into stiff and ugly gold, not all our prayers can change it back again.

And what's the good of it? Who wants this power? Nobody but the lumber, pulp and paper magnate. *There isn't population to require heavy power. There are only four towns in all this vast region. Tourist traffic is bringing each year more and more millions of dollars into the state, offsetting many times the potential water power possibilities.*

To the eye of the materialist, conservation, the saving from waste, means *the squeezing of the ultimate penny. To him, a river is just so much water power and nothing more.* If it flows on its way, he looks upon the water that is gone as so much material loss, possible profits wasted. *The gold side of the medal is the only one. To the silver things of the spirit, he is forever unseeing.* He has no conception what the wilderness means to the canoeist, joyously roughing it, keenly welcoming the difficulties, thrilled at the tussle with rocks and foaming rapids, fed with beauty of falls and finding zest in the troubles of packing kit around, doing for himself and building health and strength through overcoming the pioneer problems.

The great danger of the age is that material development is far outstripping the spiritual. Lack of balanced development is suicidal. Let us keep this quiet solitude, with its healing to the soul, its vision of beauty untampered with.

Testimony indisputably shows that raising the water level will turn this whole region into a dreary, tree-rotted devastation. It will ruin this recreational asset, the last of the wilderness area east of the Rockies.

In every true American's heart is the zest of the wilds that has come down through his ancestors. Here's the chance to take his tired nerves, frayed by his struggle with materialism, and repair them in the balm of solitude and communion with nature, and his God.

In his opening statement before the International Joint Commission Hearings, Backus finds food for great mirth at the warning that all this is to be put in jeopardy. Complaining he works 18 hours a day, he says that he'd like to vacation too, but he can't see anything in the canoeist's way. He honestly thinks that if he does away with falls and rapids and lakes too, in some cases, to make a smooth artificial thing, where canoes can go along as he says without all that bother, he will be a benefactor. He'd like to "joy ride" that way, though he'd like a fast motor boat better. It would save all the time as well as the bother.

He says the trees that fringe the lake front are "no good." The pine-crested islands, which would be submerged, are "no good." And the pasture and meadowland, that's no good. Asked about the remaining timber, much of which is over two feet through, he said, "Oh, *we've got all the timber of any value.* What's left should be *saved.*" Saved! He means cut down. If any lone brave giant has escaped the all destroying axe, let's go and save him! The only saving, to this man with the blind spot, is to save, for himself, the money value, dollars and cents. And it is an opinion which he announces openly and unblushingly.

He also says that his proposed change would only mean a new shoreline just like the old one, when the timber and brush is down and cut away. Now when would that be? Who is going to do it? The dying, dead and rotting timber would stand many years, before Nature could heal the scars. And the beaches of slow sand accretions. They'd never build again. Thousands and thousands of years have gone to their making. They can't be duplicated. With titanic disregard this man views the chaos he proposes. Like a negative destroying decreator, he talks blandly of "pulling" lakes, diverting channels, blotting out contours. With complete confidence in his unbrooked power over the Commission, Senators, Congressmen, Governors, Attorneys General, State Auditors, Fish Commissioners, etc., he says, *"Make no doubt about it, it's going to be done."*

It doesn't seem to me the International Joint Commission could possibly bring themselves in the interest of one man to make commitments at the expense of the entire people of the United States. *If the truth could be thoroughly understood feeling would become intense over the whole country.*

The youth of our land should have consideration over an old, hundred times millionaire, who, from his own statement, never had any play time and in whom the dire necessity of boyhood developed naturally into a fanatical grubbing for money. With money came power. With more money came more power until a power mania has enveloped him and become his god. The more opposition to his desires the more is whetted his unconquerable spirit.

The ways of this great overlord are devious, and things are done past belief, things that vision or foresight could not indicate. Don't underestimate him. He is a Napoleon in brains and matchless in boldness. No one can look upon his vast accomplishments without feeling an awe and appreciation for the gigantic force he is. A mastery, a lone courage, a dash, a go-ahead spirit, a mental conception, a bulldog stick-to-it-iveness that disregards all obstacles, demands the admiration of any just man who has the slightest conception of the enduring strength it takes to wrest from an unwilling world the success this dictator Backus has made a part of himself. His wits are keen, he is a most remarkable and dangerous man. He juggles facts to utterly bewilder the simple. In his progress from poor boy to multimillionaire, he has become so intrenched in the belief in his own power, that he regards this permission he seeks as already granted and *the wilderness his own property, to do with as he wills.*

The casual onlooker may think Backus is not in politics. On the contrary, he is seeking with colossal assumption to have the government pay the expense of building the dams and all the damage of the overflow. Later he proposes as his demand for power increases, to use these dams, and when he does use them he magnanimously consents to pay back to the government one-half the construction cost. That's politics, and politics alone. The whole foundation of his fortune was based on the de-

velopment and utilization of natural resources. It has been imperative as his basis of political operation, to control Minnesota politics, and in this international scheme which he has no doubt been unfolding in his mind for many years he has formed a similar sphere of influence in the province of Ontario, where he has immense timber and water power holdings, recently acquired through his powerful political fist.

Public officials he either makes march or breaks, if he can. He got his treaty over, he got his dams, he gets everything he wants. He wanted a survey of this project at government expense. No one else wanted it. He got it. Where does he get this power? He keeps his partner, William Brooks, in active politics in the State Senate, and as Republican National Committeeman, while he manipulates from the sidelines. He cannot bear interference or opposition. His idea of politics is acquiescence. In the case of the proposed appointment of Senator Magnus Johnson on the International Joint Commission, Backus testified at the Minnesota State Senate Hearings that because "of the way Johnson had handled himself in assisting in putting through the Lake of the Woods Treaty, getting that cleaned up" that he, Backus, would "even go to the President and ask him to give Johnson the appointment."

Senator "Tom" Schall of Minnesota.

Senator Schall—If I had agreed to that appointment there would never have been a contest, would there, Mr. Backus?

Mr. Backus—No, I do not think there would, Senator.

Q—(By Tom Davis)—In my understanding of your business interests in the northern part of the state, *your companies would have considerable to do with the Joint Commission in fixing of water levels?*

A—*More or less, yes.*

Q—*And that decision of the Commission would affect either favorably or adversely your interests in that locality?*

A—*Yes, to a greater or lesser extent.*

Q—*And by your interests I mean your financial interests. You understand that?*

A—*I do.*

I am loath to refer to what might seem to be a personal matter; but if the people are to understand this man's methods it is illuminating as an example; for his fight on me is not private but public, because of the office I hold and the influence that goes with it.

Besides opposing his pet project I was the means of forcing him to pay to the Government $3,000,000 and over back taxes. Because of my stand I incurred his enmity. I have had nothing but misery and sorrow since.

Here is some testimony under oath on this tax matter by Mr. Backus:

Q—You are not on friendly terms with Senator Tom Schall?

A—I have not any high regard for him.

Q—Have these (taxes) been paid, Mr. Backus?

A—They have.

Q—Three million dollars?

A—Yes sir.

Q—That of course would not make you have the highest regard in the world for Mr. Schall, would it?

A—I think Senator Schall was extremely unfair and unwise. I just want to say this further, and my complaint as to the attitude of Mr. Schall, when he was congressman, on the floor of congress, in all fairness before making the statements before the body as he did, he should have sent for me and said—I want to talk to you about this.

Mr. Davis—Your position is, before Senator Schall brought this matter to congress, non payment of your taxes, he should have sent for E. W. Backus and talked the matter over with him?

A—Yes.

Mr. Davis—Is it not a fact that if a man other than Senator Schall was sitting in the senate, a man who would send for you and talk to you, it would be much better for you because of your taxes, speaking of a cold blooded financial situation, Mr. Backus?

Mr. Backus—Well I admit *it would be better to have some one there who would handle matters of this kind in a business like way.*

Mr. Davis—*Schall seems to have handled this matter in such a "business like way" that Backus-Brooks paid $3,160,000 in taxes that the government said was owing and earned his salary for 350 years.*

Backus makes the road so hard to those that oppose him, that it is a warning of destruction to any who might look to follow. What chance has an ordinary individual who dares stick his nose into what Backus considers his business? Public men naturally hesitate before opposing his invulnerable power.

He has never looked upon me as the right sort of timber in all my public service. *I am indelibly on record as an obstacle to his plans for gaining control of this water power,* therefore, I should be made an example of, a glaring warning. If I am destroyed it will be a citation of ruin to the recalcitrant. But if I am left "standing" after what I've done and said it will be a bad precedent; in the position I hold, very dangerous; for I might any time see fit to make further observations. So he wants to "save" me by cutting me down in 1930, and he is now adroitly arranging the political chess board in Minnesota to that end.

Backus' controlled newspapers together with his tremendous political organization throughout Minnesota keep constantly before the people of my state all sorts of slanderous, belittling, incriminating references to me. If any one commits a crime or misdemeanor in Minnesota and it can be found out that he knew or spoke to or supported me at election or at any time was employed by me, or saw or wrote me about getting a job, they link my name with his and give it front page space, and constantly they quote that the people of my state, when they vote for me must hold their noses.

Four years ago I put myself clearly on record as shown by my remarks in Congress on May 19, 1924, which were in part:

"I would fail in respect to myself and to my people and to my God, if I shirked this imperative duty of exposing the long, grisly fingers that are reaching in to control national politics.

"The Backus crowd not only hold a strangling grip on Minnesota's financial resources, but their ramifications extend into Canada, and are therefore international. *They are vitally interested in the international boundary waters treaty between Canada and the United States. They have for years, regardless of anyone's rights,* BEEN PURSUING A RUTHLESS COURSE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF WATER-POWER DAMS."

Backus must have the officials of Minnesota and the province of Ontario not aggressively opposed to his project. *Therefore, those interested in defeating the project should write their Congressmen and Senators. It is especially imperative that Minnesotans and Ontarians write their prospective candidates, Senators, Congressmen, Governors, Auditors, Attorneys General, Game and Fish Commissioners,* etc., *and have them go on record as to where they stand and get assurance of their active co-operation against this plan.* No STRADDLING SHOULD BE TOLERATED.

Not in the memory of man has the water ever remained high enough on any uncontrolled lake or river in the Rainy Lake region to affect vegetation. *Since the chain of lakes has been dammed there have been disastrous floods.*

The Burly Beast of Kamchatka

By
JOHN CUDAHY

Second Part

"The bear had risen straight to her hind legs, a fearful spectre at thirty yards, full ten feet high and faced us exposing yellow teeth."

THE next day we came upon a bear thoroughfare that looked like a broad tire narrow gauged cart road. Deep ruts indented the soaking tundra, in which at intervals were huge pad depressions of the bears. The snow had melted from the floor of the valley where we camped, except in occasional patches, but on the mountain walls the daily bear chronicle of the times was published in glaring headlines. On one white slope nine different tracks went up and down to the unknown region beyond the summit. A little distance beyond this our valley ended in a ridge which dropped sheer many feet below to a broad flat. On this expanse the Bear River sprawled in crazy aimless curves from its source at the high mountains at the north to a shadowy break of blue in the hills at the south which Nick said was Bear Lake. Mountains held the whole scene in their cold embrace. At the north they rose to pinnacles of green glacial ice, the color of the sea, and were swathed in gray clouds. Across the flat, opposite the bluff where we stood, cumulus like puffs of artillery hovered over white sheeted slopes brittle and cold as ice mountains.

We descended to the bottom, Nick and I, idly speculating the distance to this unfriendly austere region. At the end of two hours brisk going we had not covered half the intervening space. But while we paused Nick discovered a black dot on the white ridges to the north. As we watched the dot became animate. We approached closer and made out a bear without the aid of the glasses. He was playing like a boy on a long snow slide, climbing laboriously up and then tobogganing down. We watched him for several minutes, marked the spot and started to climb. For nearly an hour we could see him tobogganing like a rollicking child, then we passed within a fold of the mountains and he was lost.

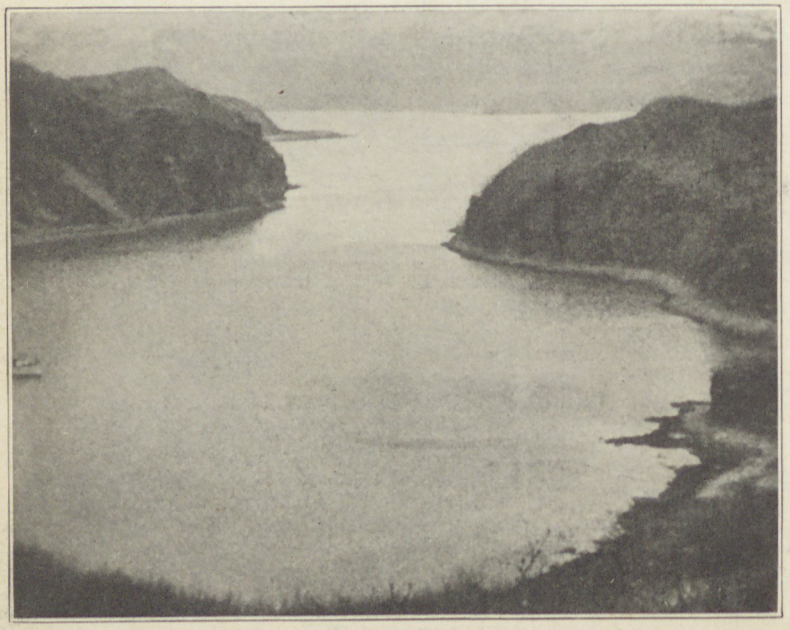
Just as we were ascending the last hitch of the stalk, and were maneuvering to a pile of slate blue rocks from which we expected to look down on him, the head of a bear emerged from among the boulders of the heights above our heads, and in a flash like a phantom disappeared among the rocks. Was this the one we stalked or another beast? We hurried to the slate rock lookout. The long slope where we had last seen our first bear was entirely deserted. We saw his tracks in the snow leading up to the crest where we had seen the apparition above. Then we saw where he had plunged down the first slope, and off to another mountain range. "He's sniffed us," said Nick. "No use following."

"Let's see where he goes anyway. We've worked three hours on this stalk, and I'd like to stay with him as long as we can," I argued.

The tracks led down through a deep narrow canyon, up into a glacier of green ice, then off to another mountain where in black lava left bare except for patches of snow, we cast about for the trail despairingly. Then far below on the tundra covered bottom at our feet we saw a bear feeding on the yellow grass.

There were two methods of approach, one was to slip around out of sight to a canyon that led into the bottom from the glacier fields we had just left. In this way we could creep up under cover all the way, but it would mean a detour of miles during most of which we could not keep our quarry within view. The other was to slide down the bare lava pile in plain view, relying upon the bear's poor vision to escape detection. Warned by our futile stalk of the morning, we started down the mountain entirely exposed. The bear was perhaps a little over a half mile off, his head half turned our way. At times in the manner of wild animals he would look about appraisingly and instantly we would freeze immobile against the dark background to scramble down the decline whenever he resumed feeding.

In this way, after many severe palpitations of the heart, we gained the lower level and were within three hundred yards. Now with only a slight rise for cover we had to sneak up within effective range, which to make certain should not be over one hundred and fifty yards. While we were considering this, prone on the wet moss of the bottom land, the bear dug up a ground squirrel and pounced upon him with flouncing awkward



A Reception Committee of Kodiak bears awaited us on the shore of this picturesque little cove.

"Three days we followed this nameless river curving its way through tundra stretches, barren and treeless."

bounds, giving us a heaven born opportunity to creep ahead precious crucial yards. Yet the distance was still too great to make sure. We saw the big beast smack his chops like a hog as he crunched the squirrel between his dripping jaws. Once my heart stopped when he looked our way with swinish little eyes, but we were not seen and passed into an alder patch out of his sight. We slunk closer toward him with painful caution until we saw a little open ravine that lay athwart the covert. Minutes passed and he did not appear, so with full realization of the risk of missing a shot we crept into the brush itself. There were the great tracks in the snow leading back further into the alders. We retraced our steps and keeping low, crossed along a protecting fold, then climbed the gradual slope that made a back drop of the bottom land.

When we thought we had gone high enough we searched the alders below, and there he was, bedded down for his afternoon nap. It was comparatively a simple matter to get within two hundred yards, but here a wide open canyon intervened without a trace of cover. The bear was lying down, only his head and shoulders exposed, but it was this chance or nothing—and I pressed the trigger. He did not seem to stir at the shot, but I could see the next two strike further back, and before I could shoot again Nick sang out from somewhere back in the alders, "Dead as a door nail."

The first bullet had struck the base of the skull, and ploughed straight through the brain. No wonder he hadn't moved. He was a small specimen, as great Alaskan bears go, but I shall always prize him as one of the most interesting trophies because of the great stalk lasting from the time we first sighted him until the fatal brain shot, nearly seven hours.

On the way back to camp we found Oly and Hank skinning out a huge animal, which measured nearly ten feet long when the hide was removed. They stalked him with a female on the flat, and Oly opened fire in a clump of willows at a hundred yards. The female dashed to safety, but the big male struck somewhere in the paunch sighted the hunters and inspired by a friendly intent of more intimate acquaintance according to Oly, ran for them. Sixty yards off he rose on his hind legs growling, a brute standing twice the height of a man, but a bullet through the neck downed him, and he was finished with two more shots as he lay on the ground.

After these adventures, a variety of Alaskan weather descended upon us. The variety consisting in a change from the usual and customary twenty-four hour drizzle to a screeching northwester, which blew us off the mountains and scattered everything including bears to cover. On such an afternoon we came back to find our tent a flattened chaos of profanity, which developed into a canvas interred Aleut cook. As the night with shrieking wind and cold pelting rain progressed, we became profane as the cursing cook at the mention of the name Alaska.

But a few days later further along the coast, all woe and grief were forgotten when skies momentarily cleared and a reception committee of four Kodiak bears awaited us on the shore of a picturesque little cove, sheltered in the embrace of low mountains. In this congenial surrounding we indulged in gun play and photography with mounting satisfaction. But this and all that had transpired was merely preliminary. The real objective of the expedition was yet to stand revealed. "Yust you vait till we get to Pavlof," burst out Nick slaying his js with ebullient vehemence, as he lifted anchor and steered a course eastward. "These here bears will look like babies to what you'll see at Pavlof. Don't take it from me, yust you vait."

"Lead on, Nick, son of Christian," we responded evenly. "We are interested in the genus ursus, and the greater their proportions the greater the specific gravity, which is another method of saying the higher up great bodies rise the more rapid their descent." Nick was silenced.

At evening we put into a lagoon filled with countless winging Arctic tern, Emperor geese, and eider ducks. A deep narrow stream led into the interior, a drear cold vista of mingled white mountains and gray skies. Three days we followed this nameless river as it turned, carving its way through tundra stretches, barren and treeless except for pitiful little wisps of willow near the water's edge. Caribou grazed near our camp, ran off with a grotesque stiff legged trot when we got too close, and then turned sometimes to look two or three times before they galloped to safety. Bald headed eagles watched us from lofty aeries and went wheeling by in languid circles. Ptarmigan, their white winter plumage mingled with the first brown of summer, barked at us, strange cackling barks. Often we saw red and cross foxes trotting along the skyline bent upon an incessant quest of filling the empty dinner pail. In the sloughs foxes hunted the fat Mallards and Scouter ducks. Several Whistler swans and Canadian Honkers were nesting within these sloughs, and we had the thrill which comes to the discoverer when we recorded scientifically for the first time the presence of the Canadian goose on the Alaskan peninsula.

As the nameless river followed further and further toward the snow base of Mount Pavlof, its shifting bottom made going more and more difficult, and Nick's Norwegian confidence became less and less objectionable as it became

"Killed dead" by the first bullet straight through the brain, after a stalk of seven hours.

more and more apparent that our gas boat could make little further progress. One day the river branched in two forks and a mud bar reached out in an effective barrier, and Nick, too eloquent for utterance, took a skiff off to reconnoitre while the rest of us cast about to inspect the countryside.

While we were thus, the Aleut, Chief Charlie Bear, came running across the tundra waving his hands in violent agitation. "See um big bear," he gasped. Hank and I followed the Chief along a caribou trail to a rise where he pointed out in the mist two dark rocks along a lake. One of these, the larger, moved, then the other moved, and when the mist lifted a little not two but three different bears emerged from the gray obscurity. They were perhaps a half mile away, although in the clammy haze it was difficult to judge. One was so much larger than the other two that we took the group to be a female with cubs. Half the distance we made certain of this, but when we slipped along, crouched low in the depressions between conical shaped tussocks, we could see nothing.

When we looked again they were gone. Cautiously, very, very cautiously, we sneaked up to the spot the bears were last seen. "They've gone into that willow patch," whispered Hank. "Watch out now, they're close by." The spindly willows were not over knee high and covered an area of less than fifty yards square, moreover they did not grow close together and it seemed impossible that even a rabbit could escape detection in such sparse cover. We looked and looked, scanning every inch of the ground. A hand clutched my arm, and then with the abruptness of an electric flash thirty yards ahead among the willows I saw a gray and yellow patch of fur. Just that—nothing to indicate a shoulder or head or where to place a bullet. We were uncomfortably close. I reflected on this the instant a great mass loomed up as I shot. I fired again as it dropped to the ground, working the bolt with the rapidity of a piston; the bear rose straight to her hind legs, a fearful spectre, full ten feet high! For the first time I heard the smack of the bullet as she reached her full height and down she went, but immediately rose on her haunches and faced us, exposing yellow teeth. Another shot turned her, however, and a final bullet in the back ended the combat. The whole show had lasted less than ten seconds.

"Never again do I step out without a rifle," swore Hank with a heavy thankfulness when at last the big beast lay motionless.

"But she didn't charge, Hank."

"No, she didn't charge, but I'd have given a good deal to have been moved back two hundred yards when she faced us. Never again do I go out without a rifle. You never can tell what will happen in this game, and thirty yards is too close for me." Hank held up his right hand.

When we skinned out the carcass we found the bullets placed where they were intended to be placed, two back of the shoulder, one in the neck, one on the jaw where it had glanced off and done little harm, and the last in the back. Yet so little sign had the powerful brute given that until I heard the first impact I was uncomfortably conscious of missing every time.

Two evenings later just at dusk we received a formal call from Mrs. Kodiak and three of the children, and were inhospitable enough to add her rich brown pelt to our fast growing collection. At the river forks we had abandoned the gas boat, and piled rations and tents into a dory, but after six struggling miles we could not even drag this over the sprawling sand bars, and hopes of gaining Mount Pavlof were put up to the stoutness of our backs and the courage of our legs. On those rare occasions when the fog lifted we could see the white side of the distant mountain rearing to the clouds, then the gray curtain of mist would blot out everything and we had to chart our progress without landmarks like a mariner on the featureless ocean. Over a tundra country which rolled in great swells like the sea, we set forth toiling with packs loaded with ingots of iron. Caribou trails gave some footing among the muskeg flats, but where the land rose the tundra was clustered in conical tussocks with hollows between. We had to hop from one to the other of these with hops that grew heavier and heavier as the hours advanced. Not a trace of a tree or scrub or fuel of any description appeared on the desolate horizon, even the dwarf anemic willows failed us. But at evening where the foothills commenced we made the golden discovery of an alder patch, and made a fire in the usual rain. In another day our tents were pitched at the source of the nameless river and we stood on the threshold of Mount Pavlof, a shaft of white topped by a crater covered with snow. Not a track marred the chaste white slopes, and in the havoc of igneous rock and volcanic cinders at their base we searched in vain while roseate dreams of a glorious hunting moon ebbed low and vanished, as always all dreams vanish in the cold revealing light of reality. It was time to go home. In a fortnight the south boat sailed. If we missed her—another month of Alaska. Neglected duties smote us with the heavy hand of neglected conscience. Already we had stayed too long, so we counted our treasures and prepared to leave. What treasures! Six of them altogether, magnificent deep furred pelts, more exquisite than the one I had seen in the University Club at Seattle seventeen years ago. We spread them out to gloat over their beauty, and gone were all thoughts of harsh cold winds, of aching backs, and gales that swept in a tempest of Arctic rage. Parted all these unpleasant reflections, and lingered only the glamour of adventure and the triumph of the chase, upon which memory could dwell in a feast of happy recurrent reminiscence.

Two weeks later Beach was on the deck of the homeward steamer. "Hasn't it been a hopeless trip?" he volunteered apropos of the pleasant reunion. "I've been wet and cold and generally miserable. The bears have been scarce. We had miserable luck all around, and I don't want to ever hear of another hunt anywhere. I'm through."

The next morning he invited me to bring my rifle and go to the Sudan.

A Contrast

Editorial Reprinted from The Duluth Herald, Jan. 25, 1928

THE Minnesota reforestation commission, which is dealing with issues that are of the very first importance to this region and to the whole state, has opened its hearings in St. Paul.

The state has adopted a constitutional amendment making it possible to exempt growing trees from taxation, taxing them only when they are cut, in order that annual ad valorem taxes may not eat up the new forests before they are grown.

It is perfectly clear that only in that way can landowners be led to reforest their cut-over lands.

But in order that local governments may not suffer in the meantime, it is planned to levy a moderate tax on the lands while the trees are growing.

The reactions to this proposal of two large timber interests, represented at yesterday's meeting, are very illuminating, and form a vivid contrast.

E. W. Backus, head of the Backus-Brooks company, wrote the commission that private reforestation will be possible only if the exemption from taxes is complete. He says that his concern will grow no trees if even the land is taxed while the new forests are growing.

Mr. Backus exhibits here a lack of enthusiasm about taxes that again makes him notable.

On the other hand Rudolph Weyerhaeuser, representing one of the largest—and also one of the most intelligent and publicspirited—timber interests in the state, talks very differently.

He says that if the land is taxed five cents an acre for general purposes and three cents for fire protection, and that if the yield tax on the matured and cut timber is fixed at ten per cent, his firm will be glad to reforest two hundred thousand acres of cut-over land in Northeastern Minnesota.

Whether these tax rates are adequate is for the commission and the legislature to determine.

But Mr. Backus's proposal of no taxes at all is perfectly unthinkable, not only because it is wrong, but because the Constitution forbids it.

Neither of these attitudes is surprising. Both seem characteristic.

For the Weyerhaeuser interests, not content to mow their timber lands and leave them an ugly and hopeless waste, have spent millions experimenting in wood-working enterprises to carry on the industry when old-time logging is over, and have built up prosperous activities at Cloquet that make this concern an active and co-operating partner with the state in the vital business of carrying on the forests after Mr. Backus and those who feel as he does have finished their kill and vanished beyond memory.

The "e" Caster

By
BURR G. LICHTY

Illustrations by Dell Coleman

THIS tale deals of a man; one who shaves with a straight edge razor and hasn't forgotten the itch of red flannel underwear. It concerns small mouth bass slightly, but only as an excuse to justify a holiday and insofar as a common quest is necessary to unite similarly minded men.

Doc Scott is his real name; straight, erect, a wizard angler, past middle age and very much alive. In his store clothes he was a dapper old coot—grey close-fitting suit with colored shirts and collars to match. In mufti—greasy old ducking pants, oversize woolen shirt, battered felt hat of the brown derby period and cruiser's packs—he looked all the world like a riverman just off the drive in search of hell and high water. And so he was.

He had forsaken the drive thirty years before, but a good bass stream,—that is how we happened to meet up—never. We had each fished the Ced for a number of years but had not before met. Larry recommended us to each other while nursing a bad wrist and while he "didn't choose to run" the river for a day or two.

We put in at LaBells' landing not too early. I took to the oars and Doc Scott got going with the flyrod.

Gad! how he could lay them down. Do you attempt the "e" cast? Its execution with a flyrod is just as you write the small letter "e." At first I thought it was slip shod, but when he folded the Bob Davis bass bug away back under the alders time and again without a foul, I perceived that here was something I had never seen before. All fly casters employ the roll cast, but the "e" cast—that is something for the master hand to play with. It looked as easy as rolling off a log. It started with a graceful low roll, but when it had about reached the length of its secant, it appeared to spend itself, and laid down and died by folding itself under in as pretty a letter "e" as you may fancy. For reaching back into pockets under brush-lined banks, it is a riot of effectiveness.

"Take a whirl at it," Scott proposed after an hour of masterly rod wielding. I was so fascinated with his artistry that I was reluctant to have him cease.

I set my Powell in action, and bounded three off his head before I found my rhythm, but he took it good naturedly.

A pound "dinner bass" took my Clark's Fancy at Garry's rock, then we changed about once more. At the clay banks below McDonald's ford, Scott took two more, then I mentioned something about eating.

A clump of scrub-oaks on high ground afforded good shelter for our fire and furnished a pretty setting quite apart from the rest of the world.

I made ready the bass while the old master set his fire to suit his needs. Good cookery is not attendant upon too much fire wood or undue haste. He knew the right admixture of each to bring them to a golden perfection. His coffee earned the same high mark of respect—the alchemy of meticulous pride.

We were too occupied with the work at hand for conversation more lengthy than a few "hot damns." With the second cup of coffee we smoked and lounged about in quiet contentment. Scott broke the silence. "I sometimes think the mere taking of fish is but man's desire to subjugate the sinister complex that parlor folks like to call 'inferiority.' The sight of too many dead fish nauseates me like the smell of a salmon cannery. I hate to think of angling as a means of thwarting a butcher bill. Only live, virile bass in clear running streams can furnish that sublimest of all thrills that accompany a well laid cast against an old stump or under an alder."

It was two-thirty when we took to the river again.

"I always like to see Cedar waxwings over a river," he remarked as we watched a half dozen dart high above us always to come to rest after each sally on an appointed branch atop a fire-scarred pine.

"They are a damn well mannered bird," I said approvingly.

"Yes, and they indicate a hatch of flies is on and somehow I always think even the most sullen old bass is more susceptible to feathers when the waxwings are doing their aerial tricks."

Abbott's pool came into view as we rounded the bend over fairly quick water. The pool is overhung by maple and elm sweepers, the trunks of which protrude at the water's edge and effectively guard an abrupt grassy bank.

The old master stripped off line as he started the rod, and sent the Bob Davis ricocheting with a side motion under a maple, full up against its leaning trunk. I waited breathlessly for the smash. It didn't come. What was wrong? It had never failed us before. Always a good bass responded to such a cast. Perhaps he urged more coaxing to bring him out.

Again the yellow bug skipped the water and came to rest below the trunk. Again nothing happened. Again and again the line shot under the sweepers and as many times was retrieved without so much as a modest rise. Back and forth we worked, hitting innumerable times each likely spot that by all that was good and holy should have yielded a fish.

From my fly box I took a gold spinner with Brown Hackle attached.

"Perhaps they are hitting spinners. Put this one on," I said.

"I'm not averse to anyone using spinners but myself," Scott answered. "I don't like the way they handle. I don't enjoy the strike. I want action, and when I get it, I want to see it. I'm just as happy if I never take fish, but if I am so fortunate, I want them to come my way or not at all."

There was no acid in his remarks. He was not even at-

"He looked all the world like a riverman just off the drive in search of hell and high water."

tempting to place his methods on an ethical plane. He was satisfying an ego as the discoverer that small mouths could be taken on the Ced with floating bugs and he preferred to remain true to his discovery.

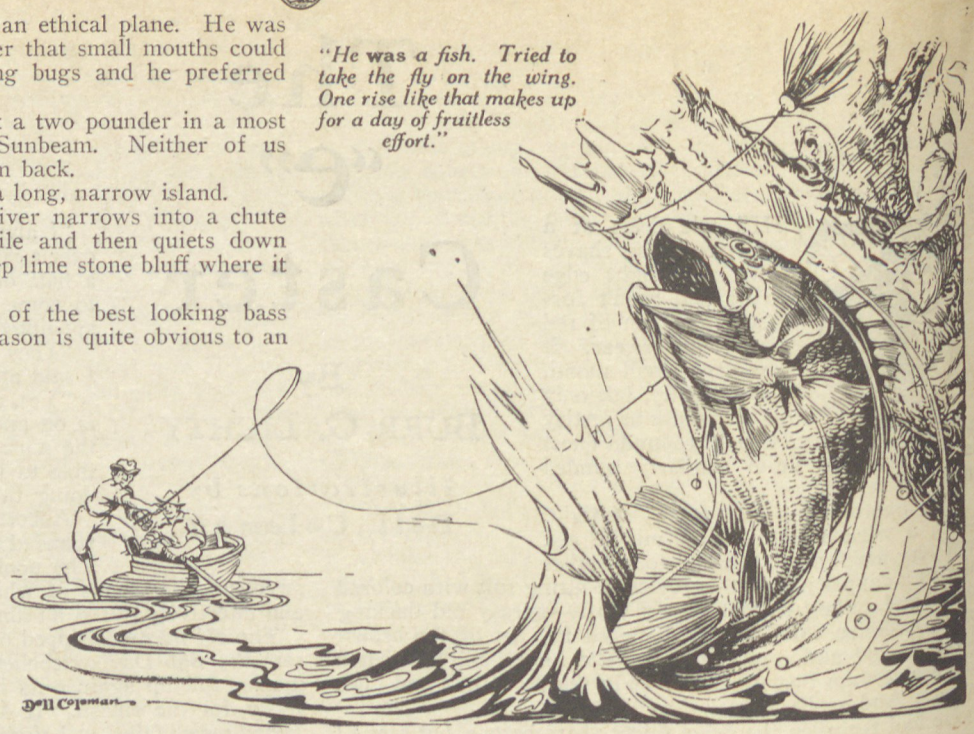
A hundred yards beyond I took a two pounder in a most unlikely spot on a Chadwick's Sunbeam. Neither of us was fish hungry, so we turned him back.

We took the west channel past a long, narrow island.

At the end of the island the river narrows into a chute and races for a fourth of a mile and then quiets down just before it comes against a steep lime stone bluff where it turns a left angle to the south.

The west bank presents some of the best looking bass water on the upper river. The reason is quite obvious to an angler. The last two-thirds is indented with little recessions below each tree trunk that studs the bank, and the mass of roots that protrude resemble octopii, so rapaciously have they drawn into their tentacles the river's flood-stage flotsam. Each of these sheltered indentations is a perfectly designed asylum for a bass.

With quick choppy strokes of the oars, I managed to stand by within good casting range of each of these places while the old master tucked three or four shots within the charmed circles, with the accuracy of a movie gunman. We were ready to profane the Devil and all his work, when something startling and encouraging happened.



"He was a fish. Tried to take the fly on the wing. One rise like that makes up for a day of fruitless effort."

Just below us an elm leaned outward from the river level at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees, and then bent gracefully upward. The opening was of about the size and dimensions of a pup tent and nearly as easy of admission. In this den, a fish of huge proportions struck viciously with that delicious music of a strike.

"Better drop anchor and let her drag," Scott commanded in a half whisper. "There's a good fish under that log."

Backward and forward his line sung to the accompaniment of the pipe-like music of the frail rod. He measured the distance with each stroke in anticipation of the final release that was to send the missile straight to its mark.

At the end of a beautifully timed back cast, he drew himself together half crouchingly, as a cat about to spring, and let go. Out, out the line sailed in a low traveling arc, missing branches by inches, and when it had spent itself in graceful flight, folded back and under in a perfect letter e directly under the log. But—not content with victory it gathered fresh momentum and proceeded to write the word "e"-"a"-"s"-"y" with the result which sometimes accompanies strained success—it encircled the log and clinched itself in a perfect half hitch.

Wham! What a rise! What a fish! An old bull!

"Did you see that?" Scott shouted. "He saw it coming and tried to meet it." I hadn't *seen* the fish, but I unmistakably had *heard* him.

"I'm hung up tighter'n a drum," Scott mourned. "Let's change places and you try for him."

I set my rod in motion and dropped one in front of the log. It wasn't good enough. The next went over the log into the pocket. The bass would have had me over a barrel had he taken it—but he didn't. Then I sent a couple into the branches of the elm and got away clean. Then two more into the alder that overhung the bank and—again got away. Then one under the log into the magic pocket and nothing happened, then over the log, under the log, short of the log, into the alder, around the log, into the tree, under the log, all over again for a score of casts.

"You can't do it," Scott laughed.

"Do what?" I retorted.

"Make it stick," he said.

We pulled up and went in to release the Bob Davis. Gad! What a Cyclops' Cave!

"*He was* a fish," the master assured me. "He saw it coming. Tried to take it on the wing. One rise like that makes up for a day of fruitless effort. We know where he lives anyway."

We dropped down to the big spring to refresh ourselves and stretched our backs on the grass to watch the waxwings and the clouds go by.

For an hour or more we "chewed fat," hashing over old episodes on the Namakagon before the browns sounded the death knell of the rainbows—the upper Mississippi, St. Croix, Flambeau, Wolf and Peshtigo.

"Let's go back to the Cyclops' Cave," I suggested.

Poling in good unison, we made the light boat fairly bound upstream to the bend and were presently above the old warrior's lair.

A few strokes with the oars brought us to midstream where we dropped with the current to good casting distance. The old master repeated the performance of measuring distance with each false cast and then squaring himself in the manner of an Italian operatic star about to launch forth in an aria from Aïda, he let drive the Bob Davis out and under the log squarely into the enchanted domain.

I watched breathlessly for the swift attack. Instead, a huge turtle aroused from his lethargy in the summer air, pushed himself leisurely off the slanting trunk and flopped into the cave of the Cyclops with a dull, sickening "plunk."

"Well, I'll be a son of a sour dough," Scott said sheepishly. "Good bass gone hay wire. Don't that beat hell?"

Our roars of laughter could have been heard for a mile as we dropped down river to Whitney's ford where Larry was to meet us with a car. We dragged the boat into the brush and sought a grassy place under a big elm to loaf.

"Promise you won't breathe this to Larry," said Scott.

"I prom—" I got no farther.

"So this is the way you birds put in your time, is it?"

Ed Tillison grinned at us from the guide's seat of a light skiff while a fat man in the stern whipped a spinner fly in the most incongruous unorthodoxy imaginable. His mad thrusts more resembled that of a village blacksmith driving home a sound rivet or a Trojan defender heaving stalactites at the army of Ulysses from the battlements of Troy.

"What luck?" inquired the smiling Ed.

"Nothing doing at all," was the old master's meek confession. "They're not in the pockets and if they are, they're not rising to bass bugs. How goes it with you?"

The fat man nearly swamped the boat in his madness to exhibit a half dozen bronze beauties, of good size.

"They're in swift water," he said. "You've got to go deep with a spinner if you want fish. Might as well throw away those bass bugs. They're no good in this river."

The stranger spoke with the smugness of one who had just held four aces against a full house.

"Follow us," he said gloatingly, "and we'll show you how it's done."

The old master looked at me as though in deep pain.

"Poor Ed," he sighed sadly. "He must lead a dog's life."

Wild Life and Our Public Lands

Photographs Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

By
MARK ANDERSON

AGAIN the matter of regulating the use of the public domain is a very live question here in the west. Committees of stockmen have been busy drafting bills for the regulation of the public domain. Surely something will be done by this Congress about this 180,000,000 acres of unreserved and unappropriated public land. There has been much discussion and debate and likely there will be much more before any proposed legislation dealing with these lands will be passed.

First, there is the question of states' rights which always occupies a prominent part in all public land discussions. Second, there is a controversy between livestock and game interests that cannot be ignored. Those interested in wild life conservation must necessarily be very much concerned about public land legislation.

It would be impossible to go into western fish and game matters without touching at many points upon our public land problems and policies. Wild life management must be recognized as a major phase of public land management. In a broad sense we must, of course, consider the national forests and our national parks as well as the public domain as public lands. Naturally, fishermen and hunters are more interested in our national forests than in the remaining public domain outside the national forests. The forests are more suitable for wild life than the more open public domain. Yet there are numerous areas outside the national forests where big game and little game will thrive if given an opportunity.

It is recognized that there are various interests to be considered in the management of our public lands. Just what status our wild life and recreational resources will finally occupy in our public land management plans we do not know. Just what the future of our wild life will be within the national forests of the west is not entirely settled even though the Forest Service is committed to a policy of wild life conservation.

MARK ANDERSON has for years studied this question of our public lands and has an unusual grasp of the situation. Are we going to heed his advice? The public lands problems in the West are most difficult. Residents of these states would rejoice if Uncle Sam turned over to the states all public lands except the National Parks. Certain sinister interests are constantly trying to turn even those over to private use.

The grazing question has been the real battleground. Stockmen and sheep herders have for many years enjoyed valuable special privileges at the expense of the public. Considering the conditions prevailing when the Forest Service was established, grazing on the National Forests has been regulated with a fair degree of success, but the public domain has been absolutely neglected. Conditions there are deplorable—our public lands are being destroyed at a terrible pace.

It is said that if the public domain lands in the West were turned over to the states, homesteaders, many of whom are barely eking out an existence, would find themselves in far more dire straits because the large stock interests which dominate public opinion would soon have these lands permanently tucked away in their private possession. The average ranchman adjacent to such lands would then be far worse off than he is at present.

The nomadic sheep herders, who are only hirelings of big interests and usually aliens, are the worst curse on the western ranges today. They have no interest in local conditions. They kill game all summer long both for food and because they look upon game as their deadly enemy; their sheep destroy thousands of ground nesting birds by trampling nests; and large game is driven out and robbed of both summer and winter range and forage, especially on the public domain. The cattlemen, most of them nearby residents, are not so objectionable. In fact they are "the gentlemen of the range."

The Department of Agriculture must be given time to work out these problems, even though at times they seem to be moving at a snail's pace. They cannot overcome handicaps of a century in a few years. No further grazing control legislation should be enacted at this time. The McSweeney-McNary Bill (HR 6091 and S 1183), now pending before Congress, should be passed without delay. It includes funds for making scientific studies of these very problems.

EDITOR.

State Rights and Federal Aid

THE states' rights idea, if carried to the extreme, threatens progress in the conservation of wild life as it also threatens the progress of conservation and reclamation generally in the west. We cannot consistently ask for federal aid and at the same time oppose the federal government on every turn. One of the main reasons, if not the principal reason, for the liberal extension of federal aid in these eleven public land states is the fact that there are large areas of land in these states belonging to the federal government.

As a representative expression from a states' rights advocate, the following is taken from a statement by Congressman Winter of Wyoming:

> "The area of the homestead should again be enlarged to from two to four sections, in accordance with the character of the land as the same is classified and designated by the Interior Department. No more reservations for any purpose should be made by Congress. One-fourth of the 11 States are now reserved for one purpose or another. This is absolutely unreasonable exercise of the power to reserve. Ultimately every reservation except the National Parks should be turned over to the States where located."

It would appear from this statement that our federal land policies are limiting settlement where, as a matter of fact, the federal government has done its best to dispose of every bit of ground that even gave the slightest promise of being developed into a home unit. Natural factors, including topography, water, soil and climate, establish the limits of agricultural development rather than federal restrictions. The writer does not know of a single home unit that has been added in Utah in the application of the 640-acre homestead law. The homestead idea has been decidedly overdone in an attempt to dispose of our public lands. The local people are making the fullest possible use of our federally owned lands and where the federal government has not taken a hand to bring about a wise use of these resources we have used them without any thought of the future. I doubt whether a plan whereby homesteaders could acquire public domain lands adjacent to their present holdings would improve conditions.

The homestead idea has outlived its usefulness more than 20 years ago and yet we stick with it as a solution of our public land problem. No one but an extreme radical would question the soundness of the theory of private ownership where agricultural lands are involved, but the idea of parceling out mountainous areas, with watershed and forest values, to private parties is absolutely an unsound public policy. This can be proved on the ground to the complete satisfaction of any open-minded person in a thousand places here in the public land states. Ask the people of Springville, Utah, what it means to have a city watershed owned by private interests. We have many such situa-

As a result of the destruction of the timber cover by cutting and forage cover by uncontrolled grazing, erosion has set in and will continue to increase with this desolate result unless severe restrictive measures are taken.

tions resulting from a mistaken public land policy. Some of these mistakes of th past may be corrected, but many of them are beyond correction.

There are many westerners who agree with Representative Winter in the conclusion that all public lands should be turned over to the states. Some doubt, however, that the west would actually gain anything by any such transfer. For every dollar collected by the United States Forest Service in Utah more than five dollars is spent by the government in the administration and development of the national forests within our state.

Concerning this question of turning public domain lands over to the several states, United States Senator William H. King of Utah, has recently said:

> "I have been trying for a number of years to have the Public Domain except mineral lands ceded to the states. I believe that the states can care for these lands better than can the Bureaus and the bureaucrats here in Washington. I would rather trust the people of the states to deal with the public lands within their borders than trust the bureaus and men in Washington."

Rather than turn over these lands to the states why not work out a cooperative plan of administration that would give us all the advantages that might be expected through state ownership plus the strength, continuity of policy, and financial aid derived from federal control? The stockmen, through their local and national advisory boards, have dictated the grazing administration of our National Forests excepting where it would have been clearly against the interests of the public to approve their recommendations.

Would a state agency have been strong enough to successfully carry on a balanced program from year to year in spite of the opposition of the stockmen? It is our opinion that most of the western states would have failed and that the local agency would have completely succumbed to the influence of the strongest interested group.

The stockmen in the beginning were bitterly opposed to the whole conservation idea and any agency with less strength than the United States Department of Agriculture could never have survived this opposition and the power of local politics.

Now we have no more use for government by Washington bureaucrats than has Senator King. But has our National Forest policy and present system of management developed in Washington or here in the west? We would say that it has not come from Washington but largely from the field force of the Forest Service and the local forest users of the National Forest states.

Even the personnel of the Forest Service is made up almost wholly of western men or those who have had years of training and experience on the ground in dealing with forest and range problems.

Now the stockmen have given us a practical demonstration of the advisory board idea, but why not extend this plan and give us a national conservation board and local state boards representing all major interests involved in this public land management problem? This would put our public land problems largely in the hands of our local people in each state and yet we would not lose the advantages of federal aid, and federal strength.

It would be wrong, of course, to say that no state has the capacity to wisely handle large areas of non-agricultural lands. We have some examples where states have proved their capacity to develop sound land management plans. The most notable examples being Pennsylvania and Michigan. Not, however, until matters had reached a very serious stage did they take any action to restore their public land resources.

Possibly California has the resources and has reached a stage of political maturity that would enable her to immediately outline and put into operation a practical conservation program, but as to the other ten public land states we are doubtful that anything but confusion and conflict would result from ceding the public domain to the states, and surely we see no advantage in taking such action in the case of our National Forests.

An extended public hearing respecting the ultimate disposition of all our public lands should be held here in the west in order that this very great and complex problem may be clarified a little before it is further complicated by hasty legislation.

We are, of course, aware that the matter of state rights will influence to a great extent any future land legislation. Just now, however, while we are asking for large sums of federal aid money to build roads, reclamation projects and duck refuges, we are apt to appear a little inconsistent if we talk too much about states' rights and so little about states' responsibilities. This is our main reason for urging a plan of more cooperation between states and federal agencies in the big problems of conservation and reclamation.

The states' rights theory provides a wonderful opportunity for oratory with slogans and catch phrases designed to make the poor local westerner think that he is being rescued from

a powerful and oppressive central government that is foreign and unsympathetic. We are told that the cost of government has increased tremendously; that government bureaus and commissions are rapidly multiplying. But really, has the cost of government increased any faster than the cost of everything in general? It is a fact that the per capita cost of local government has gone steadily ahead, while the per capita cost of federal government has decreased. If we are getting too much federal government surely we are getting more than our share of local government. Can we afford to do with less?

We must have an army of experts to handle this immense business of the government. Take, for instance, the 180,000 miles of federal aid road. This is an investment, not an expense. Can we afford not to have this road system? This one undertaking of the government requires, of course, a small army of trained employees.

In spite of any interpretation that may be placed upon the tenth amendment to our constitution, our country is rapidly becoming more of a single unit. Not because of any political theory, but because of the rapid improvement of transportation and communication facilities. State lines mean less as each year passes. We are actually in closer touch with Washington today than we were with our state capitol twenty-five years ago. No amount of oratory to the contrary will change these facts. Our conservation policies affect the whole nation and must have the backing of a strong central government.

With proper control there would be plenty of forage for baby elk like this.

Domestic Stock and Game

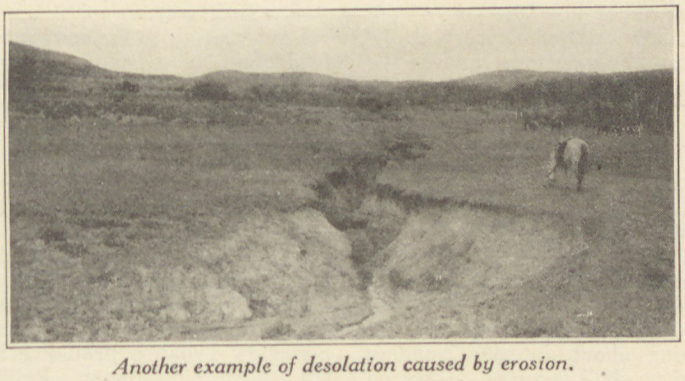
THERE was no conflict between wild life interests and the stockmen 15 or 20 years ago because there was no wild life, but the practice of conservation is beginning to bear fruit. The deer and the elk, and in some instances the antelope have surprised us. They are back again in numbers. Are we prepared for them? They must have range and cover, and the range, whether private or public, is either fully stocked or believed to be fully stocked with cattle and sheep. No owner of private grazing land is willing to furnish free grazing to these animals that belong to the public. The stockmen have also a feeling of proprietorship over our national forests and public domain that makes it exceedingly difficult for them to realize that the public has any rights whatever in the uses of the forage resources of our public lands.

Perhaps the stockmen would be a little more tolerant respecting the game if the forage habits of the deer and the elk were a little better known. Considerable definite information has been gathered relative to the forage habits of cattle and sheep, but practically nothing is known respecting the forage habits of deer and elk. There is, no doubt, considerable difference in the grazing habits of domestic stock and those of wild game. This difference should be studied more thoroughly, not only with respect to forage plant species, but also with regard to the nature of range topography and its influence upon the distribution of game and domestic animals. From what the writer has observed upon the ranges occupied by both game and domestic animals, the conflict is not anywhere near as great as it is sometimes represented to be. Practically every mountain range unit of any considerable size has spots that are more or less inaccessible or undesirable to sheep or cattle. Naturally the deer and the elk seek out these places to find forage and avoid disturbance. Recently I observed deer grazing upon the heaviest stocked parts of the Kaibab Forest and was surprised to find that they were closely nibbling a prostrate woody plant and leaving practically untouched grass palatable to cattle.

Stockmen state that the game upon the range is already working a hardship upon them. We are wondering if the sacrifices they may be called upon to make in behalf of the elk and deer are not trifling in comparison to the sacrifices that the stockmen have forced upon themselves through abuse of the range.

With the public owning the game and the bulk of the range and the stockmen in a position of paying nothing or only an insignificant fee in return for the grazing resources, we believe that the public is very apt to provide for the game even at the expense of asking the stockmen to graze say 10% less stock than previously. Surely the sacrifices that the livestock interests would be called upon to make would never be greater than this.

Increase in game can easily be checked by increases in bag limits and by lengthening the hunting season. We have already demonstrated that it is an easy matter to reduce wild life to the vanishing point and this with firearms very inferior to what we have at the present time, and surely we have 20 times as many hunters as we had 25 years ago.



Another example of desolation caused by erosion.

The Forest Service has followed what seems to be a very sound policy in giving preference to prior users in alloting range, but now what about the public with its game, and what about the long adopted principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number"? Surely the hunters, not to mention millions of other recreationists, outnumber the stockmen ten to one.

Until very recently the forester's "public" in this region consisted almost entirely of stockmen and an occasional timber user. Our foresters are meeting now with a very different situation. More than ten million persons visited the playgrounds of our national forests the past year. In this respect our National Forests become more like our National Parks each year. While our National Parks have been set aside wholly for recreational and scientific purposes, the administration of our forests has proved more complex because the Department of Agriculture has attempted to harmonize a number of wholly unrelated uses.

These uses may possibly be *(Continued on page 83)*

The Wilderness and You

By
SETH W. RICHARDSON

FIRST you had your bow and arrow, hand and home made, and the Wilderness was the bunch of brush just back of your house! Then, after you passed through the slingshot stage, came the big day when you were the proud owner of a glittering air gun, or, wonderful to relate, a twenty-two! And then the great Unknown was the fringe of trees along the river, or the woodlot in Orton's pasture. Then came the first shotgun, probably a single barrel, with the initials of the previous owners whittled on the stock, and the Silent places became the lakes and marshes just a few miles away!

And all the time how you dreamed of the Country just beyond, and how you planned to seek it out one day, with dog, rifle and pack, over the ridges, down the rivers, through the passes, across the mountains, into the Never Never Land, the mystical goal of a million anticipations!

And you are still dreaming! The years have come, and with them, duties, cares, obligations, and—inertia. Financial limitations, quite possibly; some physical infirmities, maybe; but above all, the reluctance to get out of the rut, the hesitation at doing something different,—just really the inertia of habit and location.

And all the old dreams are still in your mind. Some Day—of course, Some Day,—and that day never comes.

Yet the Wilderness is there. The Silent Places are not far away. The Never Never Land is still beckoning. Why not pick out one of those old dreams and watch it come true!

One reads so many accounts of travels into the wilderness. We thrill with the tale of traversing the primeval forest, with the canoe's rush down new rivers, with fishing virgin waters, with tales of moose, caribou, sheep, goats and old Ursus Ferox, the grizzly bear, and our thrill begins,—and ends,—with our Book, in our easy chair by our peaceful fireside. And what we read sounds difficult, the so-called hardships seem too arduous, the tale sounds too expensive, the exact matter-of-fact details of time, place, expense and the like, are never told,—the old inertia of habit does the rest, and Some Day is again postponed.

This article is written by a dreamer just like you, to tell his brother and sister dreamers, how easily, how very easily, all of these wilderness dreams may come true, and in the hope that you, too, may stop saying "Some Day," and fix "der tag," itself!

WHEN I think of the Wilderness Land I always think of Canada, because, despite her wonderful cities, her fruitful acres, and her indomitable people, so much of Canada, lying almost at our doors, is just—"wilderness."

Planning a trip into this north country may be all embraced in a single direction,—"ask the Mounted." These clear-eyed, strong-thewed, red-coated representatives of Canada herself, know everything about all the Canadian trips there are. Verily, ask and ye shall receive! Trips on lake, hill or river; trips to fish or travel or hunt; trips for a week, a month or a year; hard trips or easy ones; trips more or less expensive. The choice is yours. One would have to live a hundred years to exhaust the trip possibilities of northern British Columbia alone.

JUST mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes, forests and meadows, all mixed and jumbled up, and untouched.

Suppose you would like a trip into the British Columbia north country, the most enticing, beguiling, delectable wilderness imaginable! Let me tell you how to go about it. Just figure out the kind of a venture that appeals, and write a letter. I wrote Major A. E. Acland of the R. C. M. P., now at Prince Albert, Sask. While I know the Major isn't a great letter writer, I feel sure that if you should write him, you would get the same invaluable assistance which he gave me. He told me when to leave home, where to go, where to get off, and then he arranged to have a representative take care of me when I landed, and advised me as to equipment, guides, etc., so that really all I had to do was to feed and dress myself. And British Columbia voted against prohibition!

The same thing applies to the Provincial Police. A letter addressed to that efficient organization at Prince Rupert, Prince George or Edmonton would be given immediate and careful attention, and full information would be at once forthcoming, because these people are anxious to have us come into their country.

So much for getting accurate information and help.

Simply take your own ordinary camping outfit, as there is no material difference in the climate from your own country.

Any time from June first to October first is the best. After August first one avoids the mosquitoes. In June and July, as is the case in the woods everywhere, these pests abound, but I was never troubled with mosquitoes in the north after August first. Keep in mind that the climate in British Columbia in August and September is very similar to the climate in our northern states in those months,—warm enough to be comfortable, and cool enough to make living out doors enjoyable.

HOW about taking the family? The best idea in the world! My wife has been my very best pal on practically all of these northern trips. The idea that these adventures are full of hardships, is mostly bunk. Of course the hardships are there if you must have them, but otherwise any man or woman in ordinary good health, will have no difficulty on the score of difficulties or hardships. You can take your grief according to your taste. If you're forty and lazy, as I, you can avoid the grief as I did. If you *must* pack a load on your back up into the hills, why, the hills are there, but you will find that a little of that stuff goes a long way.

I am writing to the inexperienced man, the greenhorn, the tenderfoot, who isn't hard and tough, who has lived most of his life in and out of an office, and who wants to go up into the wilderness, and yet get fun and pleasure out of it, and not physical hardships and difficulties, and what I want such to understand is that these trips,—these fishing and big game adventures,—these canoe and batteau trips, can be taken by such as you without the slightest hardship, trouble, grief or danger. So why not make up your mind to try a trek into the wilderness,—with your men friends,—or with the whole damn family!

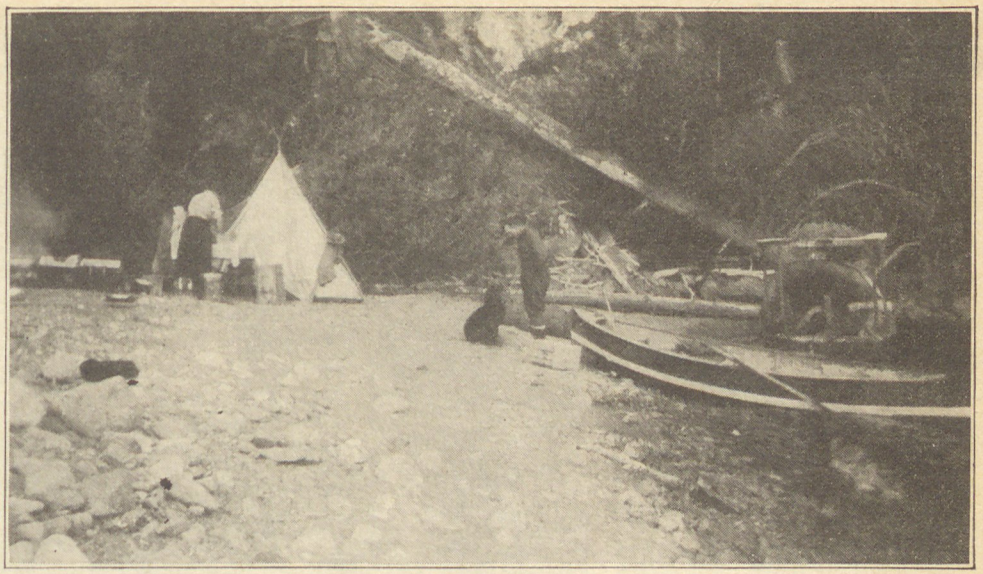
I got a great deal of enjoyment from my experience with the various Indians who accompanied us on these journeys. Somehow I had a prejudice against the humble "Siwash," but I have it no longer. Reliable, hard-working, intelligent, thoroughly human, I found them. Indeed, in many of the attributes which appeal the most to real men, I fancy they registered more satisfactorily than we did. Some of these Indians I count among my good friends. It is exceedingly interesting to observe their reaction to the wonders of the great civilized "outside."

I remember one night up on the mountainside, on a goat hunting trip, when we were all sitting about the huge camp fire, hundreds of miles from civilized communications. The idea of a radio struck me, and I said to the old Chief,—a most remarkable old fellow named Teegee,—"Teegee, almost I bring with me this year a little black box. Put wire on end of box, then tie wire up on tree. Hold other wire up to ear, listen, hear talk, big talk, Vancouver, Victoria,

Prince Rupert, Hudson's Bay." Every Indian's attention was now riveted on me. "Where you hear big talk?" asked Teegee. "Up in air," I said. "Up in air now?" the old Indian queried. "Yes, up in air now, hear singing, everything," I said. "Hear um band?" asked another Indian, Aleck Tom. "Sure," I said, "hear big band, hundred boys every night." Nothing more was said. Teegee went on puffing his pipe. Now and then he would look up into the black sky, meditatively. There was no doubt, no unbelief. Then he burst out. "By gee, my friend, you come next year you bring me box like that!"

I remember the first night out on the trail with Teegee and his family. I heard a peculiar sound coming from the Indian camp, and got up and peered through the trees to find the cause. Teegee had the whole family lined up on a log, saying their prayers *in Latin!* The next morning family prayers were also in order. Teegee was quite evidently a good Catholic. Later, while we were climbing up the mountain side, and when the party stopped to allow me to regain some breath, we started to rag Teegee about saying his prayers. One of our party told him that it was a waste of time and did no good, etc. Teegee stopped smoking and looked him over very carefully, and then said:—"You not believe in prayer?" Hoy shook his head; "Too much trouble—no good," he said. Teegee looked at Hoy for a moment, and pointed dramatically toward Tacla Lake, stretching out in the distance. "Who make um lake; who make big mountain; who make salmon, moose, caribou, goats?" Hoy was getting more than he bargained for so he said, "I don't know who made them." Teegee then dismissed us all with a wave of his hand. "You not know, you not believe, you not pray, I guess you damn fool," and off he went up the mountain, the triumphant victor in what was probably his first religious argument!

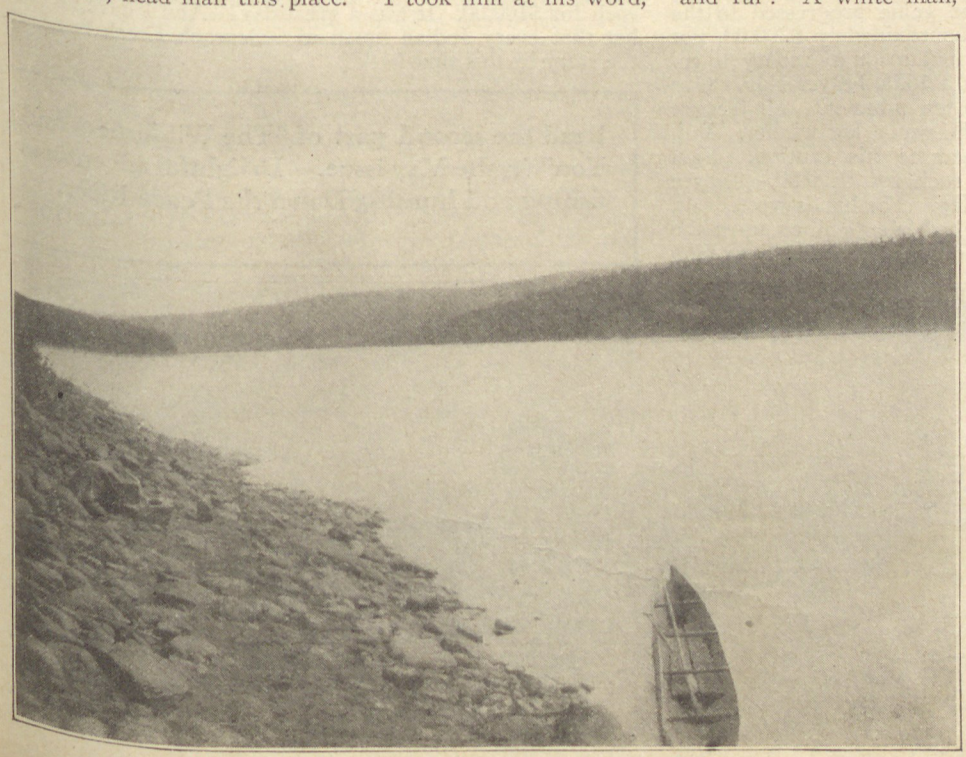
Another time as we went through Bear Lake village, a collection of a few huts on the north end of Bear Lake, I met an imposing looking Indian who said he was "Bear Lake Tom, head man this place." I took him at his word, and recognized his position with a small gift. Later, our head Indian guide, William, came to me, and after some hesitation, asked: "You meet Bear Lake Tom?" I nodded. "He say he head man this place?" "Yes," I said. William shook his head. "He *not* head man. Another Indian, Tacla Landing, he head man this place. Bear Lake Tom he plug hat chief." "What do you mean by 'plug hat chief'" I queried. William explained. "Indian make much money, get lots beaver, rich Indian, he think he smart, say he head man, but he not head man; he plug hat chief, other boys not like him." I got a great deal of amusement out of the explanation, and I assured William I knew just what he meant, and that in my country we too had "plug hat chiefs" who thought because they had a little money, they were "head men," but who were really only, indeed, "plug hat chiefs."



Our camp on Tacla Lake where the Never Never Land beckoned us.

The game habits of these Indians were surprising and educational. Each Indian has "his mountains," where he controls the hunting and trapping. There is nothing legal about it, just the idea. No other Indian will intrude on these mountains, and an Indian can hunt and trap on his mountains for a lifetime, and still keep it stocked with game and fur! A white man, the Indians say, will kill all the game and fur off in a season or two. Naturally, therefore, the Indian does not like to have white men hunt or trap on his domain. The white men of course, do as they please, but apparently the invitation does not come from the Indians. His attitude is only natural. He has to stay there, and the game and fur mean life or death to him, and so, actually, the Indian becomes the friend of both game and fur animals.

I had just shot a bull caribou, my first. My Indian, Aleck Tom, a very competent, reliable fellow, carefully butchered him, and after taking a roast for ourselves, covered the rest up with spruce branches. He then blazed a small tree standing conspicuously near. I asked him the inevitable question—"Why?" The Indian said: "May be next day, may be some Indian boy comes; no meat, no grub; see tree; he know meat stop here." "But suppose no one comes," I queried. "Well, no matter."

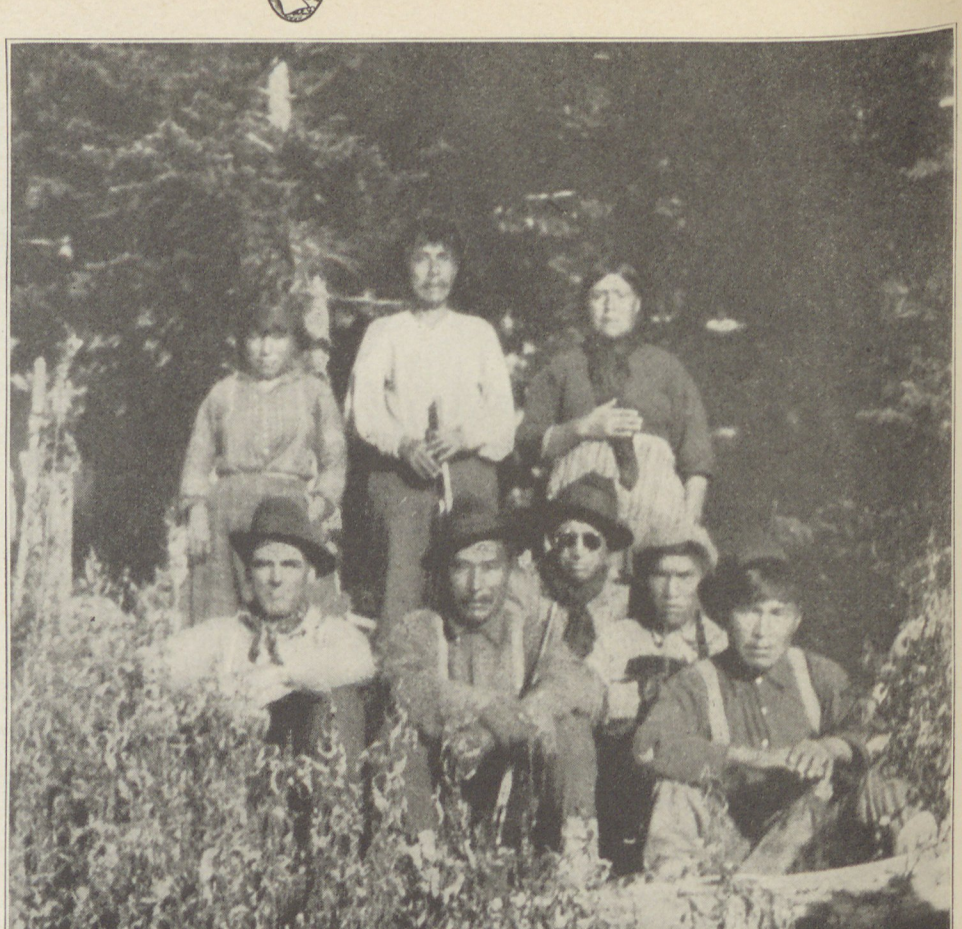


The mighty Peace, one of the greatest rivers of the North.

was the reply. "Just the same nothing lost."

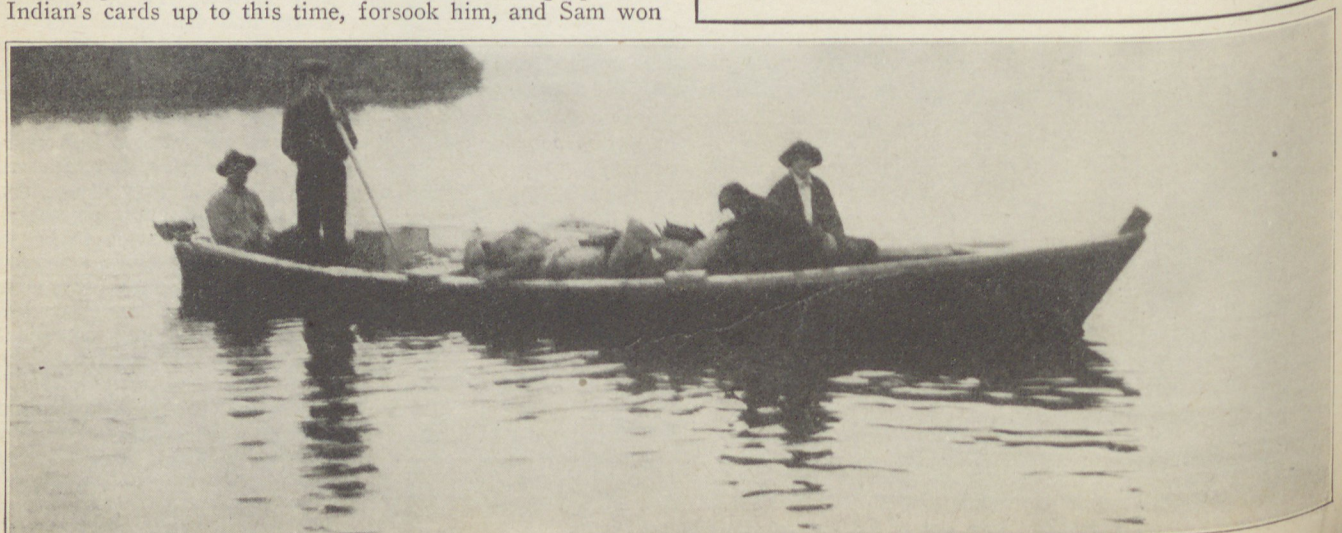
And the Indians are watchful over the game. They do not love the game hog. We came on a bunch of caribou one afternoon, and instinctively Sam prepared to shoot one. "Why you shoot?" Aleck asked. "We need no meat or hide." "What difference is one caribou?" Sam suggested. "Well, my friend," Aleck said, "caribou, Indian's best friend. Give him hide to wear, meat to eat, babitche for snow shoes; very good friend to Indian. Indian only shoot caribou if he need him." I am glad to say we had no difficulty in agreeing with his view, and the bunch of caribou were left in peace.

There are many interesting characters among these Indians. The old Indian Teegee, whom I mentioned before, was one of the most interesting characters I have ever met. He is a man of considerable importance among his people. Indeed, a well known range of mountains in the north is named after him, —The Teegee Mountains. Teegee's great besetting weakness is gambling. He would rather play poker than eat. On our return from one excursion he met us while our boat was being loaded for our final departure. He had one beaver skin, which he priced at $6.00, and he wanted a game of poker with someone. My companion, Sam, wanted the beaver skin, and I suggested that he take on the old Chief, and manipulate the thing so that Teegee got the money and Sam could get the beaver skin, and the game started. It made but little difference what cards fell to Sam, Teegee's cards were better. The game progressed to the point where Sam owed Teegee approximately $200.00, not a great deal of money at home, but a lot of money to an Indian who had no money except a $6.00 beaver skin. Our boat was due to leave in about ten minutes. All Teegee had to do was to play safe, and he was a big winner. But, alas, his gambling instinct overcame his caution. Sam offered to play him two hands, each for $100.00. Teegee never had an idea of not consenting. The hands were dealt, and the goddess of fortune who had been smiling upon the Indian's cards up to this time, forsook him, and Sam won both hands, squared the game, bought the skin from the Indian, and shook hands, and we went off down the lake. Teegee was entirely satisfied. He had had a big game. He had started with a $6.00 beaver skin, and played two hands, each for $100.00. It was a great day! And I have no doubt but that every Indian north of Telegraph Creek has heard the story by this time!



Chief Teegee and his family (Guide Hoy, lower left).

Read the second part of "The Wilderness and You" in the May issue. Delightful adventures fishing and hunting *Down the Peace River.*
—EDITOR.



Putting Human Interest Into Our City Parks

By
HARRY H. HILGEMANN
President Fort Wayne Chapter, I. W. L. A.

A story with a real moral that comes to a point; a glowing example for every city!

ALL Fort Wayne is proud of the Izaak Walton League Fish Hatcheries. In its comprehensive plan of public parks, including its famous rose gardens, the sunken gardens with the Greek pergolas, the illuminated fountains, the quaint reservoir, its grottoes, there is nothing which equals in public interest the fish hatcheries and nursery.

These hatcheries, sponsored by the local chapter of the League, supply a double—yes, a triple purpose. They create a place of beauty, a nature study of surpassing interest alike to young and old, and contribute in no small degree to actual conservation.

From a stock of thirty-nine pairs of parent large mouth black bass, we returned to the waters of the state 59,168 baby bass, from two to eight inches in length in 1927. We also raised about ten thousand blue gills.

Any chapter of the League, with place and water available, can do what was done in Fort Wayne. And to our minds, when hatcheries are generally established, as advocated by Herbert Hoover, and the lakes cleared of predatory fish and our streams of pollution, this branch of the problem of conservation will largely be solved.

We were fortunate in Fort Wayne in having the available place and water. In one of our public parks, Lakeside Park, are located what were called lagoons. They should have been called "dry" lagoons, as they had very little water in them—just enough to raise a fine batch of mosquitoes. In that condition they were not only unsightly but they were a public health menace, and they adjoined the beautiful rose gardens of the park.

Those interested had conceived the idea years ago that these lagoons properly filled with water would make an ideal bass hatchery. The water supply was available in Delta Lake adjoining. The only thing necessary was to get the city to do it.

Now, the first thing to do, in order to accomplish any of the objects of the Izaak Walton League, is to arouse public opinion. No one is against us, but the people are apathetic. And there is no better way to do this than to explain the objects and purposes of the League. When this is done, no one will oppose you any more than they would oppose the American flag.

This was done in Fort Wayne. Our message was presented to practically every civic organization and luncheon club, to women's clubs, to many of the church societies, to schools, at noonday meetings in the shops and factories, and broadcast over the radio. Our newspapers have always given us splendid publicity. As our local historian said, "the Izaak Walton League is now a household word in Fort Wayne." Its objects and purposes are known and understood.

> CITY parks are a vitally essential part of our plans for human progress and enjoyment, and the upbuilding of strong American manhood and womanhood.
>
> We need many more of them, but in planning and developing them we must heed the imperative need for physical, inspirational and character-building values rather than the customary glamour of artificial excitement of doubtful value.
>
> We need in our city parks more things that will arouse and hold human interest, inspire higher ideals, and encourage quiet study and contemplation of Nature's wonders. We can easily dispense with a plethora of red hot carnivals, jazz bands, hot dog stands and other features that tend to befuddle the minds and sear the souls of our youth.
>
> Let's create a more wholesome natural interest in our municipal outdoor playgrounds, our city parks. Follow the example of Fort Wayne!
>
> EDITOR.

When our efficient committee approached the Board of Park Commissioners, under whose jurisdiction the matter fell, they were warmly received. The Board was for us. Why not? We had not come to ask anything, but to do something—something for the city, for the parks, and for conservation.

At the last national convention of the League, we had presented the matter to Henry O'Malley, Chief of the Bureau of Fisheries, and he sent Captain Culler to inspect the grounds. Both approved, and with this governmental endorsement, we came pretty well recommended.

We next circulated a petition at one of our larger meetings, and secured the signatures of hundreds of our leading citizens endorsing the project. An expenditure of no inconsiderable sum was necessary, and we wanted to back up the officials with some show of public sentiment.

Under our system of city government, appropriation ordinances come, of course, before the City Council, and must be recommended by the City Comptroller. This recommendation was secured, and in due time the ordinance asking for an appropriation of $5,000 for the bass hatchery was presented and passed unanimously.

It would have done the hearts of you Waltonians good to hear the arguments of the Councilmen. The main theme was, the Izaak Walton League wants it, therefore it should be done. They were generally for the League, and specifically for the hatchery. We were reaping the fruit of our early sowing.

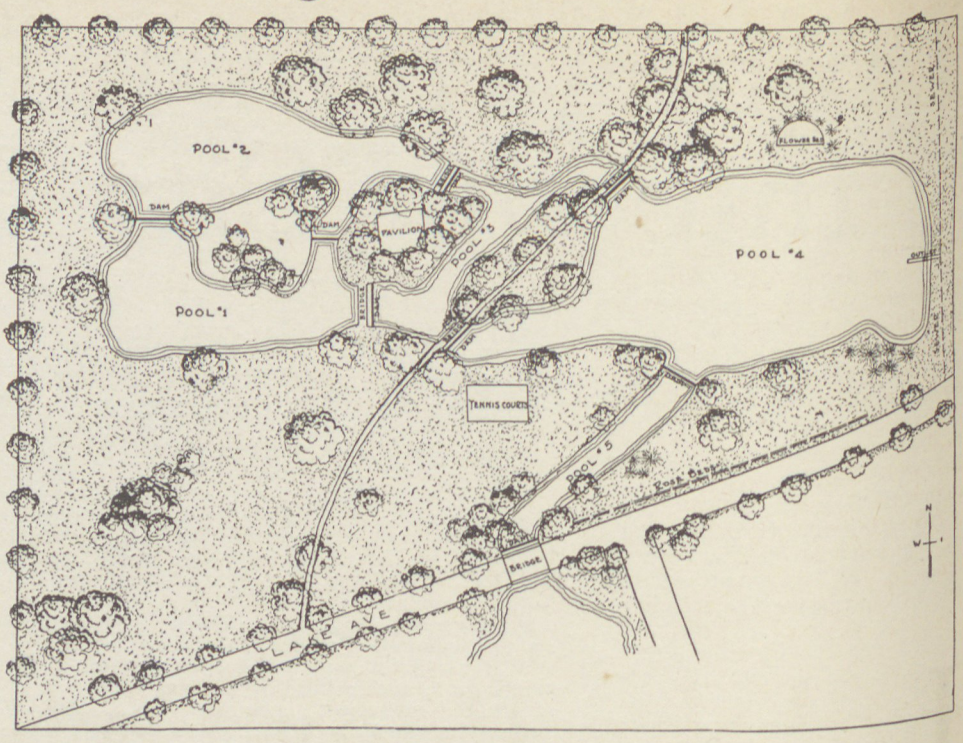
With the money available, the work was commenced immediately. The lagoons were divided into five pools with a concrete dam separating them. A pit was dug to the bottom part of Delta Lake, and water mains constructed to another pit near the center of the hatcheries, and thence pumped to the various pools, through fountains in the center of each pool. These fountains serve not only for beauty, but to aerate the water. From the pools the water returns by natural flow to Delta Lake. This gives us a gentle easy circulation. The bottom of the lagoons was sealed with clay to prevent seepage.

We were now confronted with our most serious problem, viz., to get the parent bass. We found in Fort Wayne that if you want black bass, even for breeding purposes, there is only one way to get them, and that is to go out and catch them. No agency, governmental, state or private, that we were able to find, could supply us with the parent stock. The first of the pools was made ready to receive bass just one week before the close of the season, April 30. The situation was really desperate. The money had been expended, the work had been done, a great deal of publicity had been given the project. But a bass hatchery without bass did not sound so good.

An S. O. S. went out to the members of the local chapter, that if they had ever fished in their lives to fish now. It was not a case of "fish or cut bait," but just fish and fish for dear life to save our good name. Under our laws we could not use nets or seines, and we would not violate the law even for this worthy purpose. So we had to get them with hook and line, and we had one week, the last week in April, 1927, in which to do it. The weather was the worst imaginable for fishing. It froze, it blew, it snowed.

The effort to get these fish can be described by only one word—it was heroic. When midnight, April 30, came, and the bars went down as the closed season came on, eighty-four large mouth black bass had been placed in the pool that was ready. They ranged in size from three-fourths of a pound to three and one-half pounds. We found that the smaller bass make the best parents. Besides the larger ones are more apt to be injured in handling. We lost a number due to handling. About forty blue gills had been furnished us from a private pond.

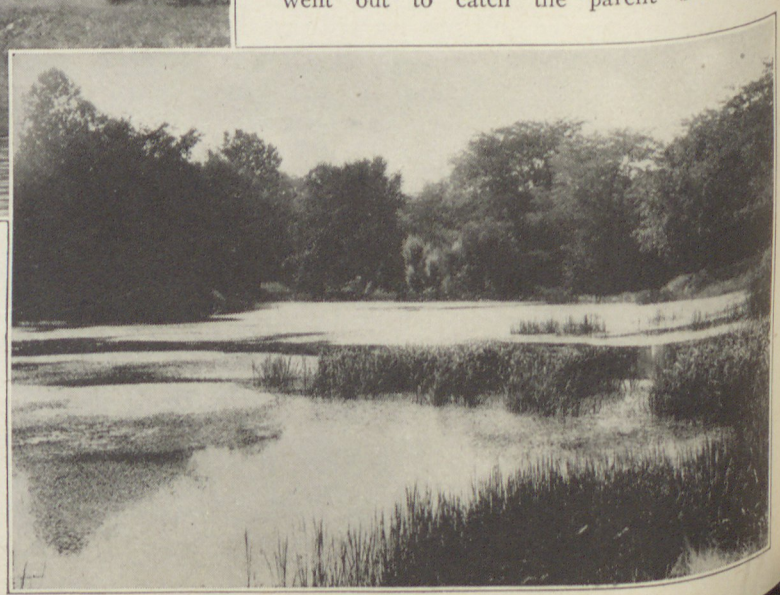
The Park Board employed an experienced man to take charge of the hatchery. The bass were mated and distributed to the various pools according to acreage. The total area of the pools is four and three-fourths acres, and we were advised that this would support ninety pairs of bass. We did not want to put in that many, however, as we wanted to carry out the Hoover nursery idea and let the bass grow to a decent size before distributing them.



Sketch of Lakeside Park Lagoons at Fort Wayne.

Pool	Area	Fish Reared
No. 1	40,000 square feet	Intended for blue gills. Reared 600 bass.
No. 2	50,000 square feet	7,000 bass*
No. 3	18,000 square feet	4,000 bass
No. 4	90,000 square feet	47,000 bass
No. 5	Used as a nursery for small mouth bass.	
	Total area about 4¾ acres.	Produced 58,600 bass

*Heavy losses occurred in this pool due to inadequate facilities for distribution



Views of two pools in Fort Wayne's Lakeside Park.

The spawning season in 1927 was late and this was in our favor. From the success we had, we do not believe it takes bass very long to become acclimated. The first nests were observed on May 22. Six days later, May 28, the eggs began to hatch.

The parent fish were fed in a systematic way and not by placing minnows in the pools promiscuously, or in wholesale quantities. An analysis had shown that our water was bountiful in plankton, and the vegetable growth was abundant. The minnows put in for food for the bass would have to live on this plankton and vegetation, and we wanted to save it for our baby bass when they came. Also, the minnows are destructive to young bass. Our first distribution was made on July 12 of a few thousand No. 2 fingerlings. With this exception our young bass, ranged from three to eight inches. The last deliveries were made on September 14.

The almost 60,000 bass we distributed to the waters of Indiana were the huskiest youngsters you ever saw. You will allow me a little figure of speech, I am sure, and let me say they were deep-chested, and so broad of shoulders that you could imagine you could sit on them and take a ride. When the members went out to catch the parent bass with

hook and line, the various groups had selected lakes where they knew the bass grow big. And we are convinced that "wild" bass make the best parents.

We were amazed at the rate bass will grow. Some individuals, we found, had grown to eight inches in length and enormous girth in nine weeks' time. This, however, presents another, and an important, problem. These fast growing individuals have certain predatory traits. They are cannibalistic. Instead of gaining their sustenance in the regular way, they start in eating their brothers and sisters. We found we had to make distributions a little earlier than we had anticipated, as these big fellows cost us too much to board. We were raising bass to stock, not to feed to big lazy drones.

We were not so successful with blue gills. The reason was that a pair of bass got into the blue gill pool; how we do not know. We had distributed about ten thousand blue gills early, as we thought we had too many. When we came to distribute the rest, we found we had about six hundred bass of about six inch length, but no blue gills. Blue gills cannot be raised in the same pools with bass.

About the middle of the spawning season we held a public dedication of the fish hatcheries and hundreds of people attended. You will bear in mind that our hatchery is in one of our popular parks. Throngs of people continually visit them. We feel that in addition to this direct contribution to the cause of conservation, perhaps a greater work was accomplished in the awakened public interest in the general cause, and particularly in fish culture.

I wish I could adequately describe the interest of the public. The banks of the pools were lined with people excitedly pointing at the bass working over their nests. And how interesting to learn that the daddy bass and not mother bass raised the family. And what a wonderful father he is! How zealously he guards the nest, and you must not get too close, or he may jump out at you. This actually happened, and in one instance space had to be roped off to prevent people from annoying the bass. And how proudly he displays his family of from five to ten thousand babies!

Will not these thousands of men, women and children who viewed these operations have an entirely different conception of conservation matters, and especially that of conserving the black bass in the future? Will they not see something more in him than merely a meal? There is not a better cure for the "fish hog" than a bass hatchery.

Every city with a park system and a suitable water supply can and should have a fish hatchery or Hoover rearing pond. Public parks are for public interest and enjoyment. Put some real life into your city parks, make them more interesting and make them serve a worthy double purpose with a limited outlay.

Lo! the Poor Fisherman

With a Few Pertinent Remarks on Pollution

By
JOHN C. COSSEBOOM

"Consider the bold fisherman; he arises at the voice of the bird;
He disturbeth the whole household; he goeth forth laden with gear and his mouth is filled with boastings.
Far into the night he returneth;
He smelleth of strong drink and the truth is not in him."

THERE have been many versions of the above, but this one is a fair conception of the general idea that people have of the fisherman. What there is about him that excites ribald merriment and raucous laughter I have been unable to discover. It may be that he is long-suffering and has not cared to defend himself. It may be, that being of a shy and sensitive nature, he shrinks within himself when laughed at. This may have encouraged the thoughtless and callous to believe he is really an object of innocent merriment. Yet I know from my own experience that many times he has been deeply hurt and has suffered in silence at the unfeeling mirth and obtuse, ignorant incredulity that his simple and harmless stories have provoked.

I shall endeavor to defend him. I shall tear apart this popular conception of him and let the light of truth and knowledge shine through it into the hearts and brains of the unthinking and uninformed until the fisherman stands before them as the temperate, truthful character he really is.

I shall take up the two principal libels against him: namely, "He smelleth of strong drink; and the truth is not in him."

All fishermen are not drunkards, in fact very few are. A more temperate and abstemious group of men cannot be found. I might go further and say they are mostly total abstainers only I would not seem to exaggerate. I can say, however, that as I have known the fisherman he seldom if ever touches a drop, and then only when the exigencies of circumstances make it almost imperative. To be sure, if he gets wet and cold, he may be excused if he takes a wee drappie to keep him warm. Or, if the sun is hot and the day sweltering or looks as though it might be, a little nip may be permitted to keep him cool. If he hooks and lands a particularly large fish, he certainly may be allowed a bumper to celebrate the occasion when he brings his catch triumphantly home. Or if the fishing has been bad, or if the biggest one got away and some unfeeling friend has laughed at the story of how he lost it, he may be allowed to soothe his lacerated feelings and revive his drooping spirit in the cup that cheers.

There is one thing, however, that I have learned from close observation of the fisherman and his ways and that is he never drinks without an excuse.

I was once wading up and down the beach on the Atlantic side of Long Key catching blue crabs in a net when an ardent fisherman, who incidentally is a well known artist, came along. He was dressed in white flannels, white buckskin shoes and white socks. He seemed very much interested in the proceedings and asked me what I was doing. I told him I was catching crabs for bonefish bait. He said he ought to have some crabs also and would help me only he hated to get wet. He followed me along the beach and finally said: "Before I came down here I promised my wife I wouldn't take a drink while I was gone, unless I got my feet wet." Then he waded in, white shoes and all, and helped me fill my pail. Every evening after that he and I caught blue crabs until there were none left on that side of the island.

We have many discussions in camp concerning drink and the effect it has on different individuals. I am a teetotaler and generally take the dry side in these discussions. I remember once that I got into a violent controversy with a legal friend, who, after frying a lot of camp doughnuts, mixed himself a drink, insisting that it would cool him off. For some reason I objected, and expatiated upon the deleterious effect that alcohol has on a young and callow constitution. I said it must eventually injure the brain, provided there is one present. I must have waxed unusually disagreeable because presently he put down his glass, turned on me with fire in his eye and said, "You eat doughnuts and from what I can judge they must do something awful to you." I answered hotly, "Well, they don't make a fool of me." And he said softly, "I have often wondered."

In all seriousness, my observation has been that few fishermen use liquor to excess, and many not at all. Any man who makes the beautiful pastime of fishing an excuse to get drunk, is no true fisherman but a disgrace to the sport.

—"And the truth is not in him":—There was never a grosser libel on an honorable class of men than this. How comes it that every man presumes to be a judge of the truth of a fisherman's story whether he knows anything about fishing or not? Why does he always decide in advance that the fisherman is about to stretch the truth? How does he know? He doesn't. It seems to have become a legend with him dating from his earliest childhood, when a stern parent convinced him that his salvation depended upon his believing everything in the Bible. The story of Jonah stretched his credulity to the breaking point, but he finally believed that also, with the reservation that he would never believe another fish story as long as he lived. This is the only excuse that can be used to extenuate the gratuitous discourtesies handed to an inoffensive fisherman whenever he starts to tell of his experiences.

The fact is, the fisherman is the most truthful of men. Why were Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother, and James and John, the sons of Zebedee, and Philip who lived in the same city with Peter and Andrew, and Thomas, made Apostles? They were fishermen. At least six of the twelve apostles were fishermen. Why? He might have chosen men of other walks in life but he didn't. He called fishermen. He chose men whose reputation for truth would stand the test of time. The very foundation of the Christian religion stands on the testimony of fishermen. And in the face of this how any man has the temerity to impugn the integrity of a fisherman is a mystery to me.

I do not find that Ananias was a fisherman. On the contrary, I should judge from a study of his character, that he was one of those men who had no sympathy with fishermen and scoffed at their stories and made himself so obnoxious that when he fell down and gave up the Ghost, no one mourned him.

I have heard a great many fishermen tell of their experiences and in all their stories they are very sticklers for truth. But if the smooth current of their tale is in danger of being broken by the rough edges of facts sticking above the surface, they may deem it necessary to eliminate these facts in order that their narrative many sweep smoothly on to an uninterrupted harmony of truth. Occasionally they may think it necessary to make startling statements in order to bring out a certain point and thus, add an air of "verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

Early one morning, my lawyer friend and I crawled out of the blankets at the outlet of Second Lake where we were camping; took a canoe and headed down river for Upper Scot's Brook. This brook contains some very large trout and at times they take the fly. It was one of those still soft mornings early in May before the mosquito had arrived to make life miserable. James handled the paddle while I sat in the bow casting flies into any likely bend in the river. We entered the mouth of the brook and paddled up stream. This part of the brook is almost without current, deep and calm. Every bend formed a pool where trout might lurk and occasionally one rose for the black May flies that flitted over the water. We made a turn and entered a long stretch of water. The surface was like a mirror. At its upper end a white birch bent over and across the stream with its roots on one bank and its top touching the other bank just at the water's edge. This with its reflection, formed a great white oval frame of wondrous beauty. As we approached, a trout rolled leisurely up in the very center of this frame, sucked in some insect and slowly sank from view. "Whoa! James," I yelled, and cast for the wake. James was so surprised he almost forgot to stop the canoe and I overcast the mark somewhat. My flies sank and before I could recover line there was a swirl under water near them. I struck as best I could and felt the rod fetch up solid and bend almost double as a monster trout came wallowing to the surface, showing the Royal Coachman dropper fly imbedded in the side of his mouth. "Holy smoke!" gasped James, "What a fish!" James backed the canoe so that its stern rested against the bank, its bow jutting out into the pool. This gave me plenty of room to play the fish. He was a game old fellow although not very fast. James gave me instructions in that calm, irritating, judicious manner of speech of his until he nearly drove me crazy. "Don't hurry," he said, "take your time; we have all day; look out; be calm; be careful; be calm." I said with suppressed emotion, "If you don't shut up I'll throw this whole thing overboard, upset the canoe and drown you."

It took about fifteen minutes to get the trout on the surface and in a position where James was able to slide the landing net under him and lift him into the canoe. I believe the brook trout when first caught is the most beautiful thing that swims. I do not know what he weighed as he lay there in the bottom of the canoe, but twelve hours later, after he had been dressed, he weighed three pounds and a half.

As we admired him, we noticed that his belly was much distended. We wondered at this and decided to open him and find out what caused it. This we did and found a small mink about eight inches long and apparently very recently swallowed.

A year later James and a friend and myself were having lunch together. James told our friend about the catching of this trout. He told the story much as I have, until he came to where we noticed the trout's belly was distended. Then he said: "We opened that trout and took out a *full grown mink!*" Now James did not say this to lie or to make out a big story. He is the soul of truthfulness, and exaggeration is foreign to his nature. He made this startling statement to impress upon our friend the fact that large trout eat mink. Had he said we took out a little mink, our friend would not have been impressed. But a *full grown mink!* that got his attention at once and impressed him so deeply that he never forgot it. I have heard him speak of it many times, showing great interest in the habits of trout. Thus the end that James strove for was attained and no one is justified in questioning his truthfulness.

How the unthinking laugh when we tell them the biggest one got away! Of course it was the biggest one that got away. The biggest one is older and larger and wiser than the others. Also he is infinitely stronger. The fisherman knows when he has hooked a big one and is consequently more excited. He is more anxious and is likely to hurry a little too much and something breaks. This would not happen while playing a little fish. But when he tells of it, he is met with an outburst of ridicule.

The true fisherman differs from the layman in one cardinal respect. He has educated his credulity to such an extent that he is able without effort to believe all that is told him regarding the catching of fish. He only asks in return that his listener shall believe him. The layman has no such educated credulity and almost, perforce, he sits in the seat of the scornful.

I have noticed that the story of a big fish creates a greater sensation in the minds of the layman than the story of a small one. This may account for the seeming exaggeration in the size of fish that are caught. The story teller gets much more attention when he tells of a seven-foot sailfish, than when he tells of a two-pound trout. This may tempt the story teller with the best intentions in the world to stretch his trout story to meet the demands of the sailfish listener. But he only does this to please. It really is as hard to catch the two-pound trout as to catch the seven-foot sailfish, and very often infinitely more fun.

After all, the fisherman tries to share with you his joy in the spring breeze, the budding woods, the pure streams and their deep mysterious pools. He tries in these days of rush and speed and jazz to take you where you may walk through "green pastures, and beside still waters." What matters it, if in the exuberance of his desire to give you pleasure, he adds a pound or two to his fish? He sings to you a pæan of pure joy. He lures you on to find the peace that has been his; and facts are minor and paltry things, if only he brings to you the great truth, that happiness may be found amid these peaceful scenes.

And who are you to scoff at him—to condemn him? You who have never felt the thrill of the bended rod and singing reel? You who have never caught the flash of the mighty salmon as he turned to go down with your fly? You who have never trembled when the bronze backed black bass leaped into the air shaking his head? You who

have never raised your rod aloft while the bonefish bulged the water in his long mad rush for freedom? You who have never prayed as your trout neared the ugly snag? You who have never gasped when the silver sided tarpon split the water and shook his hundred and fifty pounds of strength ten feet above your head? You who have never shouted with joy, as the sailfish walked on his tail and churned the water into white and green foam with his blue and silver sides as he struck it again? You who have never felt the strength of the tuna nor the weight of the swordfish? What right have you to condemn the fisherman or scoff at his stories? He pities you with a great pity, and turns sadly away to overhaul his tackle and study his maps.

The fisherman finds he must go farther away each year. The march of civilization has ruined his nearby streams—that is, if we can call the making of beautiful rivers into open sewers, "civilization."

Clear rivers and streams with their forested watersheds are the beauty and glory of a land. There seems to be inherent in man a perverse inclination to destroy them in every conceivable way. He cuts the forest from their banks and dries them up. He builds dams across them and floods out their beautiful valleys. The drains from his sties and stables he runs into them. The sewage of the cities is vomited into their midst. They are made to carry away the waste of industry. Dead animals and everything that is particularly nasty and rotten, man throws into his rivers to swell the flood of filth. Swarms of fever bearing mosquitoes and contagion spreading flies hover over them. Their banks are festering desolations of mire, inhabited by foulest vermin. The stench from them rises to high heaven and they are an abomination in the sight of God. They are a travesty on human wisdom and decency; and yet man calls this progress. If we progress in this direction much farther, may God help us.

Not only is the beauty of our land threatened, but the very health of our people endangered. Every city in this country is anxious about its water supply. Vast reservoirs must be constructed at enormous cost, miles from these cities, so that the inhabitants and their posterity may have water to drink.

And yet, pollution goes on. New streams are polluted every day. The beautiful brook of yesterday is filled with filth tomorrow.

A wave of public indignation that must be reckoned with is sweeping over the country. The health, happiness and recreation of the people is also progress, and the people are looking with anger at that which interferes with it. There must be a remedy. It is folly to quarrel with that which has already been done. We must concede that we have all been to blame and are responsible. We cannot tell our industries and our municipalities that the rivers and streams and brooks must be cleaned of their pollution at once. It would ruin them. But we can do this: we can insist that further extension of pollution shall cease.

All states that have not done so, should make a survey of their watersheds to ascertain the last points of pollution. And when these last points of pollution are established on all the watersheds of the several states, laws should be passed to insure that from these points to their sources, every river shall be immune from pollution forever. Those watersheds that in the mercy of God have thus far escaped pollution must be preserved, no matter what the cry of progress, so called, may be. This would save what we have left and work no hardship on anyone.

Watersheds that have been stripped of their forests should be reforested. Gradually, with the co-operation of the cities, and industries, the states should work downstream, cleansing the rivers as they go until we may say, "These are rivers, the streams whereof make glad the cities of God." And when this has been done this blessing of old shall be ours: "Then it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live."

Then if one of our brethren shall say to us as Simon Peter said of old, "I go afishing," we shall say unto him, "We also go with thee."

AND when he climbs the golden stair,
And St. Peter meets him there,
Do you think that he'll condemn him for his tales—
How he lied about his trout,
Chubs and salmon, pike and pout,
And made us all believe them large as whales?
No. St. Peter'll wink his eye,
And slip the sinner by.
And throw the record book upon the shelf.
And shake his casting hand,
And say to join the band
Of the chosen of the land.
The lucky elf!
And he'll say, "You cannot lie
About your fishing, if you try.
I was somewhat of a fisherman myself."

J. C. C.

Bass Rearing Ponds

By

HENRY A. SCHUIL

HENRY SCHUIL was President of the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League for three years. He is now Supervisor of Michigan's Rearing Ponds. Every State Fish Department should employ an expert to promote this good and necessary work.
EDITOR.

FROM time to time the writer is receiving requests from nearly every state in the Union, asking information regarding the building and operation of Bass Rearing Ponds. Judging from the many questions asked, it would seem, although many ponds have already been constructed, of which some are in successful operation, that the majority are discovered to be lacking in what the writer would consider fundamental facts, so necessary to *continued* success. Many states seem to be working along the line of least resistance, laboring under the impression that just a hole in the ground, like an abandoned gravel pit, will suffice. The beginner must first of all learn, and then follow nature's plan. Not unlike the fruit grower, he soon discovers nature is unruly. Overnight his fruit blossoms are killed by frost. So the fish culturist may have an entire year's work go for naught, unless he has builded well to successfully meet adverse conditions.

Before proceeding, it might be well to become better acquainted. First by a confession that the writer is not a Fish Culturist, Biologist, or a Scientist. Rather, what the latter are wont to term "a radical experimenter." It seems the longer one continues in this work the less one knows. Therefore, I heartily agree with the words, "what we know of nature is nothing; what we do know is astounding."

Six years ago it was my privilege to become more closely associated with the late Dwight Lydell, considered in his lifetime the greatest Smallmouth Black Bass Culturist extant. For six years he superintended the building and supervision of my ponds, of which I now have seven. At his death, which occurred February 6, 1927, he left to his memory at Comstock Park, near Grand Rapids, a living monument, the largest Black Bass Hatchery in the world. He was one of God's noblemen, in the fullest sense, ever ready to give of his knowledge and advice freely, without thought of financial remuneration.

For three years I was President of the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League, during which time that organization was instrumental in getting many of its Chapters to build Rearing Ponds. Last spring, with the election of a new President, I was requested by the Michigan Conservation Commission to continue the work, and I am now doing my mite as Supervisor of Michigan's Rearing Ponds.

Through the development of the miscroscope we have learned many of nature's mysteries, more especially of those pertaining to the aquatic life (mostly microscopic) inhabiting our waters. The knowledge gained thereby is now included in the new branch of science called Aquaculture. To study and improve the products of the waters; even as agriculture is of value to the harvest of the land. It is hoped, ultimately, to raise and harvest as much protein food value on an acre of water as on the same area of land.

The late Dwight Lydell who built up the largest black bass hatchery in the world (left) and Henry A. Schuil.

Things to Guard Against

IT is obvious that conditions change with location. In selecting a site for Rearing Ponds one must thoroughly investigate natural conditions in that locality, and must devise means to control or modify any features adverse to satisfactory results. Kind and temperature of water, amount of flowage, and many other essential matters must be taken into consideration. Do not overstock the pond. That has been the trouble in the past. The sportsmen have been laboring under the impression that the more planted the more adults would be obtained, whereas, by so doing the very purpose has been defeated. The question of food supply has been given little or no consideration. For example, a dairyman would not graze one hundred head of cattle on an acre of cut-over land and even hope for success. The writer believes this latter question to be the most sadly neglected, not only in Rearing Pond work, but one to which our Federal and State Commissioners have been hitherto strangely blind. This is testified to by the many stunted species found in our lakes, rivers and streams. Without food, cannibalistic tendencies the sooner develop, for as you well know "big fish eat little fish." In short, put yourself in place of the poor fish! Ponds should be stocked by nearby hatchery-men and then restocked according to results obtained.

Do not attempt to rear two carnivorous species at the same time in one pond, unless you wish to ascertain the truth of the theory of the "survival of the fittest."

Selection, Location and Procedure

AS in all other work, much time may be wasted unless the work is thoroughly organized. Therefore the following suggestions:—when a sportsman's organization or an individual signifies an intention to build Rearing Ponds they are advised to appoint a "Rearing Pond Committee." The committee then studies the proper procedure and selects sites. In Michigan the selected sites are then examined by the writer or nearest State Hatchery Overseers as to water temperature, flowage, soil, etc., and at the same time surveys are made as to water-levels. Later when building operations are under way, they are given assistance in the building of the Raceway. All completed and stocked, these ponds are given periodical inspection and continued help through competent experts supplied by the Department.

In order to "cut down the overhead," it may be well to understand from the start, it requires no more work to handle and oversee a large pond than it does a small pond. It has been estimated that 10,000 fingerlings can be reared on one acre of water.

Splendid locations are oftimes found in valleys, having springs of sufficient flowage in the uplands. Under

Views of Seining Trout Pond at Schuil Acres near Grand Rapids, Michigan.

"Heinie" Schuil himself, whose Rearing Ponds have become famous.

Above, Attorney Jay Linsey, of the famous Collins Gerhardt Trespass case, is shown with an eleven inch beauty. Opposite is Walter Hastings, Michigan's well known Naturalist, trying his luck. This pond produced 1600 fingerlings below seven inches, and 1700 from seven to eleven inches, in eight months.

such conditions, especially so when the valley is not overdeep, thus allowing for needed shallows, little expense is involved.

Building

A REARING pond must be built featheredge, to four or five feet at draw-off (Raceway). This allows for necessary shallows, for of course the sun will more easily penetrate shallows than depths. Thus necessary vegetation and animal life are more abundantly produced. Work on a pond should not be started until after a thorough survey as to water levels, keeping ever in mind: "water must be under absolute control." There should be a fall of at least one foot from intake to Raceway, allowing for complete drainage. Thus you are enabled to raise the temperature of water, through closing intake, when frost or cold weather is encountered. If subsequent ponds are built, requiring water from the initial pond, allow for another fall. I do not know whether the so-called fool-proof Raceway, extensively used in Michigan, is used elsewhere. Through its use ponds may be drained without the loss of a single fish, by simply opening the drainage valve. This valve is placed in the center section of the Raceway, when the Raceway is entirely constructed of cement. When splashboards are used in the center section of the Raceway, the valve is not necessary. Where water is taken from a river or creek, care should be exercised by placing a screen of sufficiently close mesh at the intake to keep all vermin from getting into the pond. The same is true where water will be used for subsequent ponds. The pond thus completed, let in the water, going over carefully every connection.

Aquaculture

IN the spring draw down water until a four foot shore area is exposed, and leave it in that condition for a few days. Then spread fertilizer on the exposed area. For this purpose bonemeal or clammeal may be used. Remember, the successful agriculturist tills and fertilizes his fields. He would not even dream of planting seed in barren soil. (In this regard I often think of the trillions upon trillions of fry, of different species, planted in our natural waters, throughout America, in past years and even today in *barren* waters.) The pond should be well supplied with aquatic plants to not only afford a haven of safety for the smaller fish, but also to insure the presence of animal life which constitutes food for the fry. Although many aquatic plants (Potamageton) may be cultivated, we of Michigan have been very successful in propagating an abundance of Chara (belonging to the family of stoneworts, or submerged thallophytes) a weed common to many small lakes and streams. This latter is another point in favor of *(Continued on page 39)*

POLLUTION

A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Head of Zoological Department, University of Illinois

Michigan Moves to Rid Its Streams of Filth

A summary of the accomplishments in Michigan in its campaign to clean up its lakes and streams

Compiled by

HOMER S. MURPHY

Chief of Pollution Control Division, Michigan Department of Conservation

THE purpose of this report is to present briefly the results which have been accomplished in stream pollution control work in the State of Michigan.

In 1925 co-operative plans were worked out and agreed upon by the Department of Health and the Department of Conservation and representatives were appointed to devote their full time to the subject. These individuals constituted a pollution control division and were charged with making a complete waste survey of the State both industrial and municipal; with the formulating of plans to effect relief.

This stream pollution control division first classified the municipalities according to the river basin in which they were located and the industries with respect to the nature of their wastes. Representatives of these groups, comprising thirteen in number, were then requested to attend conferences which were held in Lansing early in 1926. Of the group of thirteen conferences, seven were held with the industries. In each of these conferences, the purpose and intent of the State Departments was clearly defined and the cooperation of the group sought. It was made clear at the conferences that each municipality in the State which discharged untreated sewage into any public water would be held responsible for all of the wastes so discharged through its sewers whether it be industrial or sanitary and each industry which discharged polluting materials into the public waters directly would be held individually responsible for any pollution which they might create. Out of the various industrial conferences, five permanent organizations were established designed to act as intermediaries between the State and the industries.

As a result of these conferences, Michigan has an established working basis for the carrying on of this clean up campaign.

State Institutions

A COMPLETE survey of 26 of the State institutions of Michigan reveals the fact that 19 are amply provided with legal means of sewage waste disposal; 2 are working on their plan of sewage treatment and only 5 have a problem yet to solve. During the year, the Michigan State College of Applied Science and Agriculture reached an agreement with the city of East Lansing whereby a joint sewage disposal plant has been made possible, capable of efficiently disposing of the wastes of that institution and East Lansing.

The Traverse City State Hospital through the State Welfare Commission at their meeting at Kalamazoo on June 21, 1927, recommended to the State Administrative Board, an appropriation of $40,000 as the State's share of construction costs plus $1,000 per year for a period of ten years, as the State's share of operation and maintenance cost toward a joint sewage disposal plant with the city of Traverse City.

Representatives of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson are negotiating with city officials of the city of Jackson relative to a joint sewage disposal plant and the matter is now in the hands of a consulting engineer who is to determine the most equitable arrangement.

Municipal

THE Flint sewage disposal plant is about ready to be placed in operation. Grand Rapids is progressing satisfactorily with her interceptor work and will be ready for sewage disposal plant construction work next year. The pumping station is under construction. There are about thirty municipal sewage disposal plants in operation in Michigan at this time.

Jackson has completed her interceptor sewer work and all sewage is being discharged at a point well below the city at their proposed disposal site.

The intercepting sewer work is well under way in Detroit, Kalamazoo, Owosso and Petoskey.

There are 77 municipalities in the lower peninsula which received orders less than two years ago to prepare a sewage disposal program. Of this number, we have the following results, January 1, 1927.

Municipalities which have submitted reports	28	36.5%
Municipalities which have consulting engineers employed	15	19.5%
Municipalities working locally on plans	13	17.0%
Municipalities which have taken no action	16	20.5%
No report necessary	5	6.5%

Progress can be shown by the following table:

	L. P.	U. P.
Municipalities which have submitted reports	43—60.5%	10—62.5%
Municipalities having outside engineers employed	15—19.5%	0—00.0%
Municipalities working locally on plans	9—11.7%	0—00.0%
Municipalities having taken no action	12—15.5%	6—37.5%
No report necessary	6— 7.8%	0—00.0%

In reference to those municipalities which have taken no action, a letter was addressed to the Attorney General in June requesting that he ask each municipality for this report. If it is not obtainable, that he proceed through the Courts if necessary. There were 41 sewage disposal plants in operation in Michigan up to October, 1927, and under construction and 8 interceptor projects under construction.

INDUSTRIAL

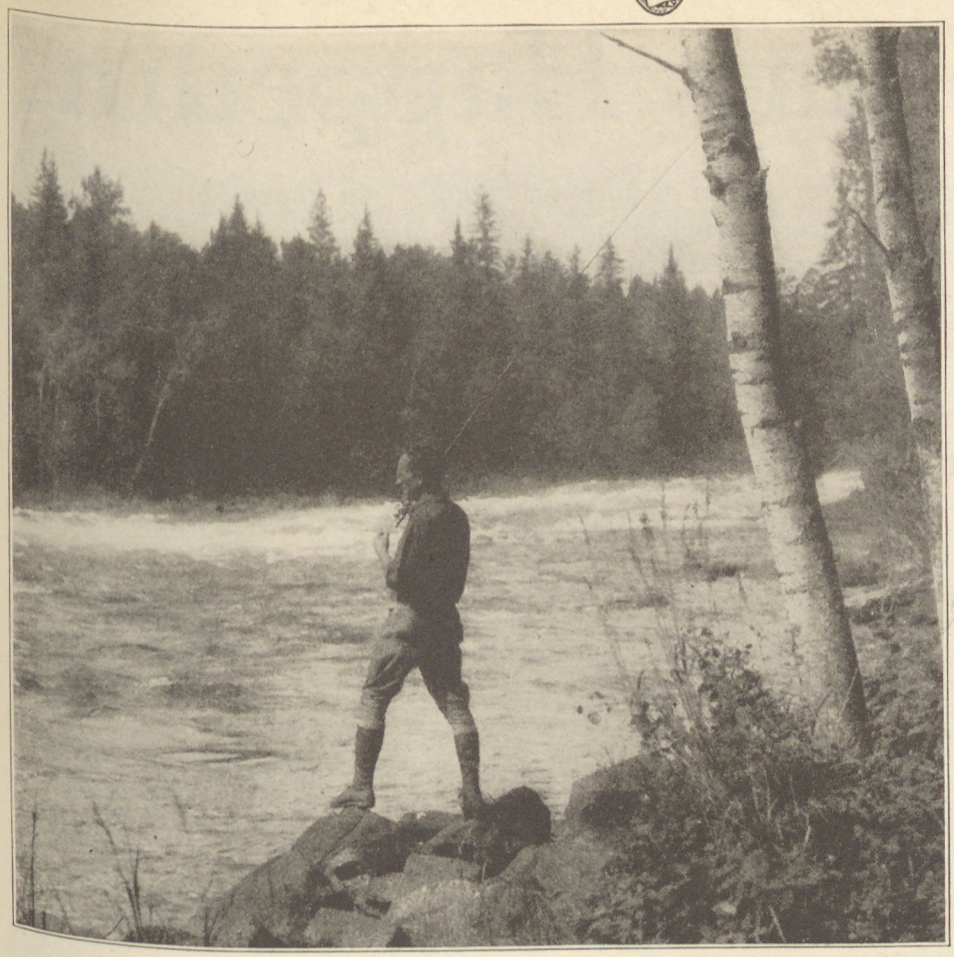
Paper Mills

THE majority of the paper mills have made a great deal of progress towards the elimination of polluting material from their sewage wastes. There are 43 paper mills operating in Michigan. Of this number there are less than 10% that are not making satisfactory progress and not giving the problem of pollution their vigorous attention.

A group in this and other States which have the problem of lime pollution to meet have joined forces and will conduct an elaborate experimental project at a Michigan mill during the summer of 1928. A sum of $75,000 has been made available for this project.

Sugar Mills

MICHIGAN has 16 sugar mills within its borders, a majority of which are located in the Saginaw Valley. The majority have 4 types of waste known to the industry as their lime waste, pulp press waste, battery water and



What the control of pollution evils means to the fisherman.

flume water. A very few mills have one other waste which is known as the Steffens. This waste is produced in a process used for the further recovery of sugar from the molasses. Companies engaged in this business have constructed huge settling basins to care for their lime wastes. In many instances these settling basins are acres in size but their worth has proved valuable in the elimination of polluting material in the public waters. Flume water has a dual purpose; conveying the beets into the mill and washing foreign material from the beets such as soil, leaves, stems, roots, etc. Therefore, this waste contains an organic material which is detrimental to fish and other aquatic life. Various types of screens have been employed in each mill to remove this foreign material and they have been found to be partially successful. All other wastes in the mill are screened but not to such a degree of success as the flume water. The State Officials are now working on other means of waste purification for the sugar mills which it is hoped can be placed in operation before next fall when the mills will again be placed in operation. The only known remedy for the Steffens waste is ponding as no chemical treatment has as yet been devised which will make this waste safe to be put into public waters.

Tanning Mills

THERE are 17 tanning factories operating in Michigan. All those plants having a waste disposal problem contributed to a fund making possible an experimental plant, the purpose of which was to work out a practical and reasonable solution of the stream pollution problem as pertaining to the tanners of the State. By the construction and use of settling basins which could be so constructed that they can be used on alternate days and reducing the velocity of the flow through the settling basins, the polluting material of the wastes has been reduced 76%. Much technical data has been compiled which when placed in actual operation will materially reduce the polluting qualities of the remaining 24%.

Canning Factories

THE canning factories located in Michigan operate, of course, only a short time during the late summer and fall months. They have, through the Michigan Canners Ass'n, operated an experimental station at Kent City. This plant was operated most efficiently last year and is in the hands of the same chemist this season. In addition to this experimental plant, the Michigan Canners Ass'n was prevailed upon to construct a portable experimental plant according to designs drawn and approved by the Department of Health engineers. There is in this industrial group, a few concerns that are not cooperating with the Association or with the State Departments in this experimental work. Those canners who have cooperated have done extremely well in devising ways and means of purification. Plans outlined by the Association and the Departments, if followed, would in the majority of the cases reduce the harmful effect of their wastes about 85%.

Milk Products

THROUGH the solicitation of funds and the receipt of same from the Michigan Allied Dairy Association, there was made possible an experimental station at Standish to study milk waste treatment. There is no known method of handling milk wastes efficiently and economically except in extreme cases, such as discharging a small quantity into the sewage of a large city. This plant was operated most efficiently during the summer of 1927, a full time chemist being employed by the Dairy Association. The state's technical staff acted in an advisory capacity.

The city of Bad Axe has a city sewage disposal plant and the milk wastes from a large plant in that city upset the operation of the sewage disposal plant filters. The Dairy Association assisted in experimental work carried on at Bad Axe on milk wastes and the results are being carefully checked at this time. An expenditure of something over $10,000 has been made at this one plant.

There are a huge number of milk product plants in Michigan, records indicating there are over a thousand both large and small. The problem of each one of these plants will have to be met individually according to the results of the experimental work that has been carried on this summer.

Gas Wastes

THERE are 30 gas companies in Michigan operating 59 gas plants. These companies are in no way organized to study their problem. However, a vast amount of work has been done along experimental lines to devise ways and means of waste treatment now unknown to the technical world. Tar separators and oil filters have been installed in such plants as empty their wastes into a stream and have cared for the sewage of these plants in accordance with law and recommendations of the Departments. Experimental work is being carried on in two plants in an attempt to devise a way to further treat their wastes. Experimental work and present installation completed are operating 75% efficient.

Miscellaneous

IN this group, there are such industries as silk, woolen, and knitting mills, reduction plants, rendering works, wood distillate, alkali plants and chemical companies and any other type of plant that can not be classified in a standard group. *(Continued on page 79)*

What's Happening

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Living Monuments

AMERICANS habitually deplore the shortcomings of other nations and while so doing overlook their own failures. Our neighbors say we Americans have no sense of beauty, no artistic taste, and that all an American sees on anything is the dollar mark.

This criticism is only too true in a great many instances, but fortunately not all Americans are so shortsighted. There is a growing tendency to recognize the aesthetic, spiritual and character-building values of the things surrounding us, and it is high time this is so.

The Izaak Walton League has been leading the fight to safeguard the outstanding scenic splendors of each region; to encourage more universal enjoyment of them; and to pass them on in undiminished and unimpaired splendor and usefulness to coming generations. A few shining examples of this changed attitude are worth citing.

Cook Forest State Park

IN 1927 the Legislature of Pennsylvania appropriated $450,000 of public moneys to match $200,000 contributed by popular subscription for the purchase of one of the few remaining tracts of primeval timber in that great state, which two generations ago led the country as a lumber producer.

The Cook Forest Association, in which Thomas L. Liggett of Pittsburgh has been one of the dynamic crusaders from the beginning, has raised most of the necessary $200,000 to match the funds appropriated for the purchase of this wonderful living monument. The tract contains approximately 7,200 acres, and will be known as the Cook Forest State Park.

Several thousand acres of this Park are covered with virgin white pine and hemlock. It is the only available tract of timber of its kind in all that part of the country, and, thanks to the efforts of the Cook Forest Association and its friends, it will be preserved as a monument to the great forests of Pennsylvania for the enjoyment and edification of coming generations.

It is truly a great outdoor cathedral where the whispering pines sing sweet music and impress one with man's insignificance in Nature's great scheme of things. This is destined to become one of Father Penn's great show places and an inspiration to all mankind.

The Old Man of the Mountain

ANOTHER example is the effort being made by the State of New Hampshire and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests to bring into public ownership 6,000 acres in Franconia Notch, including the Great Stone Face made famous by Nathaniel Hawthorne, James Russell Lowell and others. In that case New Hampshire has appropriated $200,000, a considerable sum for a small state to set aside for the perpetuation of a shrine, and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests has made splendid progress in raising the balance of the $400,000 needed.

Those having charge of the purchase of this famous area are "selling" trees in the Notch at $1.00 each, and urging public spirited men, women and children to contribute enough money to purchase "family groups" of trees—a rather novel way to raise money to perpetuate a noteworthy area.

Another New Michigan Park

THE latest monument to America's forests is a gift to the State of Michigan by Mrs. Karen Hartwick of Ann Arbor as a memorial to her husband, Edward E. Hartwick, and her father, Nels Michelson. This gift constitutes the sixtieth and largest of Michigan's state parks. It is a tract of 8,236 acres near Grayling, eighty-five acres of which boast virgin white pine, said to be the only stand of its kind left in the Lower Peninsula.

This area will be known as the Edward E. Hartwick Pines Park. The tract was sold to Mrs. Hartwick for $50,000, who in turn followed the example of many others of Michigan's public-spirited citizens and presented it to the state.

I don't believe that Michigan can boast any more public-spirited citizens than can the average state, but they are certainly alive to the value of state parks. Practically all of the sixty Michigan state parks have been donated; not purchased out of public funds. However, there is no good reason why the general public should not be asked to contribute to such an admirable cause. We need many more such areas set aside in every state.

Harvesting the Surplus

GAME will produce an annual harvest when properly husbanded, but to perpetuate a species the seed stock must be conserved at all times. Sometimes it is desirable to reduce game birds and animals in larger number than ordinarily takes place in order to maintain a proper breeding or food ratio. Examples of the latter are rare, but the Izaak Walton League believes in and encourages proper game management so as to reap the largest possible returns and at the same time perpetuate the species and guarantee the stamina of the stock.

In some cases officials have really encouraged more hunting to keep large game herds within the available food supply. In other instances large numbers have been trapped for stocking elsewhere, but this is not always feasible.

Kaibab Deer Killed

IN a suit carried to the higher courts, the government was given authority to reduce the mule deer on the Kaibab National Forest in northern Arizona.

During the 1927 season, the United States Forest Service again provided special facilities and 1,001 hunters, 532 of them residents, 413 Californians, and the balance from Utah and other states, killed 887 bucks. It is reported that a number of times this kill by hunters died of starvation during the past year.

Jackson Hole Elk

LAST spring the Elk Commission, on which the Izaak Walton League was represented, recommended that steps be taken to buy more haylands in Jackson Hole, and especially to connect the government ranch and the Izaak Walton League ranch recently deeded to Uncle Sam.

Congressman Winter of Wyoming has introduced a bill (H. R. 478) appropriating $275,000 for that purpose. The Commission recommended that the Jackson Hole herd be kept down to 20,000, and made certain other recommendations for its perpetuation which are being carried out. Last winter the census showed over 19,000 elk.

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nation-wide. Read his answers to queries concerning conservation problems on page 54

—Editor

Our Vanishing Fur Supply

THE fur industry has always been one of America's leading commercial enterprises. The demand for furs in recent years far exceeds the supply. To make matters worse valuable fur-bearing animals are becoming scarcer and scarcer. The fur resources have diminished rapidly due to unregulated and over trapping, and a general tendency in many sections to class certain fur-bearers as enemies to be killed on sight; also due to a rapid reduction in the fur-producing areas through a wholesale destruction of forests, drainage of swamps and marshes, and the general encroachment of civilization.

Contrary to the common conception, the bulk of our valuable furs comes from the occupied portions of the country rather than the large unbroken wilderness areas. The annual fur harvest garnered by the rural men and boys of America, much of it on and close to the farms, amounts to many millions.

Fur Industry Organized

A FEW years ago the fur buyers and manufacturers organized a National Association, of which Mr. David C. Mills, New York City, is the Director. Many splendid things have been done by this Association to improve conditions generally. One of the first steps of the Association was to discourage fur-buying firms from sending out their price lists before furs were prime in the fall, thereby saving many thousands of dollars worth of valuable fur. All of the reliable firms now adhere strictly to this plan, and trapping unprime furs has been discouraged.

From the standpoint of the ultimate purchaser another laudable result of this organization's efforts has been the use of correct designations for the different types of manufactured fur sold over the counter. All reputable firms today advertise and sell their furs under their proper names, and instead of selling rabbit skin as Hudson seal, or any of twenty-five or thirty other names, the rabbit is now credited with producing it. This is just one sample of many similar misleading names heretofore used. More of this spirit of fairness will benefit everyone.

Fur Farming Progressing

THE business of producing furs on farms is rapidly growing. Much valuable work along that line has been accomplished during recent years, but unfortunately it has been retarded greatly by cut-throat promoters who have deliberately used a legitimate business as an excuse for mulcting the public of millions of dollars by selling them "gold brick" fur-farm stocks. The public should be just as wary of uncertified fur farm stocks as they would be of other well-known gold brick schemes of the past. Beware of the fur farm stock swindler.

In both the United States and Canada legitimate fur farming is being encouraged. Under proper management fur farming is bound to become one of the reasonably lucrative fields of endeavor, and should be fostered and encouraged.

Raise Muskrats and Beavers

A GOOD bet that has frequently been overlooked is the production of muskrats in suitable marsh areas, many of them right on the farms. It has been proved that many of these marsh areas will turn off a far larger annual return in furs than could be harvested from the same lands if drained and cultivated in farm crops. Those same areas left in marshes have numerous other valuable uses. Another example of the late Dr. Conwell's "Acres of Diamonds" being overlooked right at our own back doors.

Another field that is just coming into its own is beaver farming on our vast stretches of cut-over forest lands with good stands of aspen, birch and other suitable food trees for beavers which are of little value commercially.

In both beaver and muskrat farming care should be taken to start with the most valuable types of stock. There is a wide variance in the commercial value of both beaver and muskrat pelts. Furnishing good stock for breeding purposes will alone produce excellent returns for a number of years to come.

The fur resources of America constitute one of our most valuable economic assets, and deserve more favorable consideration at the hands of our lawmakers. This does not mean that species destructive to game should not be held in check.

American Forest Week

APRIL 22 to 28 inclusive has been designated American Forest Week. That is the time to put on special forest programs in the public schools, before all civic organizations, chapters of the Izaak Walton League and similar groups in every part of America. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Vice President of the Izaak Walton League, is National Chairman of the American Forest Week Committee. One of the outstanding citizens in every state is acting as the chairman to promote the activities within his or her state. Chapters of the Izaak Walton League will cooperate in every possible manner.

Mr. Ovid M. Butler, Executive Secretary of the American Forestry Association, Washington, D. C., is chairman of the Executive Committee. A special staff working under his direction has been preparing suggested programs for distribution to all organizations interested in helping to promote forest protection, reforestation, etc., during the week designated. A card to Mr. Butler at Washington will bring further details.

Nebraskan Originated Arbor Day

IN some states the spring Arbor Day will be observed during the same week. The official father of Arbor Day was Hon. J. Sterling Morton, a member of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture, later Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland. In 1872 Secretary Morton offered a resolution setting apart April 10 of that year as "Tree Planting Day," and special prizes were offered both to the county and to the individual planting the largest number of trees. It is reported that on the first Arbor Day more than 1,000,000 trees were planted throughout Nebraska.

Other states quickly followed the lead. Pennsylvania celebrated its first official Arbor Day April 16, 1885, when the Superintendent of Public Instruction issued an order to all the schools of that state to encourage tree planting and such other special programs for that day as might be helpful to promote the planting and protection of trees by the school children.

American Forest Week is largely the outgrowth of springtime Arbor Day celebrations in the various states. Everyone interested in promoting forest work should encourage tree planting. Trees are always a valuable investment and the influence upon the younger generation is beyond estimation.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Founded by WILL H. DILG

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Water Power

NO one is so absurd and so bigoted as to make wholesale anathemas of power dams. We are far too comfort and luxury loving a race to deprive ourselves of the comforts and conveniences incident upon the operation of power dams.

But are there not other essentials we also need? Are not some outstanding beauty spots of an incalculable value to us as a nation? Are not some spiritual assets as important to our growth and our well-being as material ones? *Yes.*

Therefore, obviously needing both, cannot we have both? Cannot a compromise be made between sheer beauty and practical utility?

There are many notably beautiful rivers and streams that should be kept inviolate. And others can be so regulated and managed that there need not be a constant reason for contention between those who would preserve the rivers in their untrammelled freedom and those who would harness them.

A variable water flow draining the river at one time and flooding it at another, as in the case of the Tippecanoe in Indiana, is not reasonable. But this according to expert knowledge is not necessary.

Scientific handling of the dams; satisfaction with a fair amount of power pressure to be obtained, above all, proper and decent observance of the rights of fish life in the streams; namely *fishways;* these are essential. There should be no toleration of greed under the masquerade of *big business* or *necessity* attempting to utterly destroy without reason and without limit.

There should be, admittedly, a sensible understanding of utilitarian needs. A man cannot expect to enjoy all the comforts incident to the use of water power at home and then expect to go off into the outdoors and find the rivers identically as they were when the pioneers lived without our modern conveniences.

This reasoning is sound, but unfortunately too often abused when used by exponents of the power interests.

It must not be forgotten that the man who at home enjoys the benefits of water power productions has a right absolutely as necessary to his spiritual well being, to go forth into the wilderness away from man-made comforts and *find there* the God-made consolations of *primitive and unspoiled beauty.* There is more than enough water power in the United States to satisfy both our material and spiritual needs, and both are *essential* to our welfare.

The Izaak Walton League believes in a sensible, and an honorable course towards America's rivers; their useful and harmless utilization where necessary for the greatest good for the greatest number, instead of as has so often been the case, their complete ruination for private gain.

When OUTDOOR AMERICA condemns the exploitation of a river, it is a case where that river is wrongfully treated. It is not a case of wholesale denunciation of all normal progress in water power projects.

We advocate sane, fair usage of water power with every restriction necessary for the preservation and restoration of our priceless heritage of free rivers and streams.

We stand unalterably opposed to the useless sacrifice of any river, to the greedy misuse of any outstanding scenic beauty spots, and to the selfish, corrupt commercialization of any part of America's outdoorland.

Women

THERE is not a national issue in America today of such surpassing importance to the women and mothers of America as the outdoor cause of the Izaak Walton League.

Every woman who has herself experienced the joys of the outdoors, or who has known them through an outdoor loving father, husband or son, wants these blessings always for her children.

Health, happiness, strength, the best in manhood and womanhood is built up through contact with some phase of the outdoors.

Therefore, the conservation of the outdoors is of vital importance to the women and the mothers of America.

The successful carrying on of the program of the League is not alone a man's job. It is a job for all parents, for all citizens, for all women, for all Americans.

Church and Fishing

DURING a recent religious canvass one man naming his preference as to churches, added facetiously, "in winter, but fishing in summer."

The minister of this particular church writes us, "Of course this was meant as a good-natured joke and has been so construed by the committee and myself.

"However, we believe that it is a joke that carries with it some pretty good religious sense. It seems to us that it is encouraging that men today can think of the church and fishing in the same moment. And we believe that it is encouraging to know that men are thinking of religion and connecting it up with the joyous side of life. Our opinion is that the man who loves life, wholesome, clean, out-door life makes a pretty good church member. And we believe that it is a compliment to any church for a man to feel that its kind of religion makes him a happier fisherman.

"God bless you, brother fishermen. Don't go fishing every Sunday next summer and leave the church out. But go fishing when you can and come to church when you can. And we hope that the church will be as clean and free and helpful as the great out-doors and the clear water where you fish. And we hope that you will be just as patient and persistent and as good a sportsman in your relation to the church as you are in your fishing. And, by the way, it would help the church a good deal if you would take the preacher fishing occasionally!"

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

Drawings by
CLEMENS GRETTER

By DAVID WHITTAKER

WE are receiving many appreciative comments on the woods-lore contained in these reminiscences of fifty years ago. "Alaska Dave," as Mr. Whittaker is called by the old timers, has led an exceptional outdoor life and recounts his experiences with exceptional charm. — *Editor*

Ruses to Stop Bears

I WAS telling you about the time two big black bears followed me. I ran across a creek on a log. I picked up one end of the log and threw it into the water, so as to break the scent of my trail, as I knew the pursuers would fool around the log in the water, and give me a chance to get away. The stratagem had the desired effect. When the bears came to the stream, they both stopped and sniffed the air, then went into the water and smelled the log. I knew they were for mischief when they went into the water. Now it was for me to get away or fight, so I started on a run.

I wasn't afraid, but I didn't want to fight two bears in a thick, dark wood, when one of them could finish me with a single blow of his paw. I thought of my poor bones bleaching in the woods until the porcupines came and ate them up.

By the way, that's why you never find any deer horns in the woods. The deer lose their horns every year, and the porcupines eat them up.

With bounds and jumps I cleared the logs and stumps. I came to a rise on the ground from which I could see both ways; so I tore the sleeves off my last shirt, wiped the perspiration off my face and neck and hung the sleeves on a bush. The rag stopped the bears, and I watched what they did. I looked back, and sure enough they were on my trail. The large one was angry, for he was swinging his head from side to side, the way bears do when going to fight with one another. I broke into a run, and, when far enough away to be safe, stopped to see what they would do. When they came to the rag, they stopped and walked around it.

"Take care," they said; "look out—there's a trap on a set gun!" They walked round and round it and did not touch it, and it stopped them.

That put me in mind that when I was in Alaska one time at Lake LaBargo two Englishmen were hunting big game. An Indian came in and reported a large grizzly out in the brush. The two big game hunters got guns, and the Indian showed them where the bear had gone into the brush. They followed and they came out on the run. The grizzly had chased them with a wow. They told their story to Jim LaBarge. He got up and said, "I can chase that big bear with a newspaper. You got fifty dollars?"

The money was put up. So Jim took the newspaper, tied it on the end of a fish-pole and went after the bear.

When the bear saw Jim coming, he chased him. Jim lit the newspaper. When the bear saw the burning paper, he stopped and got up on his hind legs. Jim poked the burning paper under his nose. That was too much for the grizzly. He never had had anything bite his nose like that. So Jim LaBarge, chief of the Pelly River Indians, whipped a grizzly with a burning newspaper, and was a big man amongst his people.

My shirtsleeves had saved my life, because bears are like wolves sometimes. They don't want any trespassing in their pasture, and those two big black fellows were of that kind.

I made up my mind that if those two bears ever tried that game on me again I would put some holes in their hides, whether they were summer or winter hides. Did you ever get mad after something happened and be sorry that you didn't give the fellow a good licking? That was my case with the bears.

Wolves and Strange Indians

IT was getting late, so I sped along and soon came to the lake. It looked cheerful and nice to me after my experience in the dark balsam forest. My big toe was hurting, and when I took off my moccasin to examine my foot I found that I had knocked the nail off. I did not swear at the bears. I did worse. I wished them at a place to which I hope never to go.

I fixed up my toe, and hopped along the beach down to near my camp, where I came upon the trail of a caribou cow. She had been wounded, as there was blood on her trail. She was lame in her front foot. She had taken to the water and swum out into the lake.

I felt sure my Indians had come back and were out after some meat, but when I got to my camp, I found no signs of them. I thought there must be a strange band of Indians on some of the lakes nearby, and I wished some of my Indians would come up to me, for you never can tell when the heart of an Indian turns to hatred and his brain burns for revenge. This wounded caribou might have come ten or twenty miles. In that case I would be pretty safe from them. But if she had come only four or five miles, they would follow her up, and might come through to the lake and find my sign and trail me.

I found no signs of anything, except of a pack of wolves which had come down to the lake to drink, and after they had satisfied their thirst had lain down and slept in the sand. They had had a hard run in the open, which showed they had gotten their prey and were well filled and not hungry. This was the same pack that was at my camp at the other lake. This pack had seventeen; the other had but eight or ten; doubtless the rest had joined them. The identical she-wolf that was lame and dragged her hind leg after her was with them. The leader of the second pack was with this one, too. He was the largest wolf in it. He, too, had a crooked front leg, as he made an imperfect step and print in the sand. Those two large wolves were mated, for they always lay down together, and whenever another wolf came up to make friends with the female, the male wolf always got up and drove him away or struck him down, as dogs do to one another, and stood over him, to show that he was boss.

The prints in the sand showed that wolves are only wild dogs after all. The dogs of Alaska prove that, for they run in packs like wolves, and do not hesitate to kill and eat any strange dog that may come in their way when they are hard pressed with hunger.

Wherever this big wolf went, the pack followed him. That showed me he was the leader and boss. The pack made their home around these lakes, and as I often came across their tracks and resting places, I became quite well acquainted with them, and studied them up, at a long distance. I never called upon them in person, or disturbed them in their festivities when they were having a feast.

The wolves in the north are much larger and stronger. They are more fearless than the wolves southward, and run in larger packs. Their principal food is the young moose, reindeer and caribou, though rabbits constitute most of their food in years when they are plentiful.

The Eagles' Graveyard

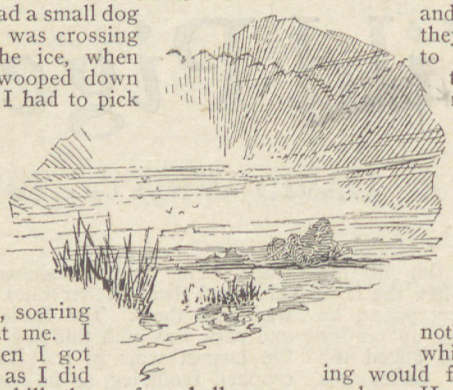
THOSE eagles surely had a museum of their own in skulls. I wanted to know what they had killed, as I had heard of their carrying off young babies, lambs, young goats, cats and puppy dogs. I know they carry off the lambs of the wild mountain sheep in Alaska, as I have seen that myself, but they don't get many. The mother sheep keeps watching the sky, and when she sees anything up there she warns the lambs and they run under her belly, and she fights the eagles off with her feet and head.

The principal food of these eagles had been fish—the heads and fins proved that. They had also eaten muskrats and all kinds of water-fowls. There were wings of mallard ducks and rice-hens. I found a pair of wild goose wings, and quite a few of the great blue heron wings, as well as the wings of the night bittern. But what surprised me was to find a dozen or more of badgers' skulls, about half-grown, and the skulls of two half-grown wild kittens.

When hungry or in search of food for their young, eagles will attack anything of a size they can manage, and kill it. Wild ducks are an easy prey for the eagles, if they get them in clear, shallow water, say from three to five feet deep. Wild ducks

feeding in shallow water, if they see an eagle coming, fly to deep water, so they can dive down out of his sight. Even there he often gets them, as they have to rise to the surface for breath. Then if he sees them he pounces down upon them.

I had some experience with two eagles once. It was in the Great Slave Lake Country. I had a small dog with me, and was crossing a lake on the ice, when two eagles swooped down on the dog. I had to pick him up and hide him in my mackintosh, fighting the eagles off with my gun. They followed me into the timber, soaring and diving at me. I was glad when I got under cover, as I did not want to kill them, for shells were scarce, and game was scarcer. Those two eagles would have killed my little dog if I had not saved him from them. The eagles, I suppose, were starving, as that was a hard, cold winter, and the snow was very deep, and the rabbits and partridges and grouse could dive under the snow and hide from the eagles.



CHAPTER X

A Friendly Blackfoot

I HEARD a caribou grunt out on the island, so I stripped myself and went after him. I made the island all right and crept up through the brush. There in the middle of the glen, stood a caribou within easy range. I pulled up on his shoulders and he sank down.

I pulled the caribou into the water and lashed him to a log to keep him afloat. When half-way across I looked up, and there stood an Indian on the shore, watching me. His rifle lay across his arm. He held up his hand, the sign of peace, and I held up mine. When I swam across the channel he came into the water and helped me pull the caribou onto the shore. I saw he was very strong. We hung the game on the limb of a tree. The Indian took out the heart and liver, which we had for supper.

After supper I fixed a place for him to sleep and heated stones to keep him warm. He was friendly in response to the way I treated him, and started to talk in the Indian tongue. He told me he was from Montana, a member of the Blackfoot tribe. He had fought and killed a Crow Indian, whose brother had killed his father's brother, and the cavalry wanted him, but they did not get him, as he had the best horse, and outran them.

He was a handsome fellow!—six feet two, and as straight as they make them; small feet and hands, skin dark, with a hue of copper, hair raven black, with two long braids hanging down his back. His head was a typical Indian head, and when he shut his mouth and set his face he looked as though nothing had ever scared or conquered him in all his life. When I told him about the two big bears and how they had followed me, he had his gun ready to go after them before I was through. I saw in him the true type of an Indian yet unconquered. He took to me, and thus I had a new companion in the forest, as wild as the forest itself.

This handsome Blackfoot was a renegade from the plains and mountains of Montana, and, like all his tribesmen, was forever on the alert in a strange country. Nothing escaped his eyes or ears. I saw he was not used to the timber like the other Indians I had had with me. He had spent a good deal of his time on horseback, and had the cowboy gait when on level ground, and he was like a wounded deer, always watching his back trail.

When deer are wounded, and run away and lie down, they always lie so they can watch their back trail, to see anything that follows them, and as all their enemies man hunt them by the scent of their trail, their natural instinct to watch it goes far to protect them from being taken unaware. So it was with the Blackfoot.

His moccasins were ornamented with the skin of the Diamond rattlesnake, and he told me that nothing would follow his trail while he had them on, as nothing would follow the trail of a rattlesnake. He was suspicious of places which snakes were likely to hide in, such as tufts of grass and thickets of brush. If he had to go by them or through them he scanned them keenly to be sure that there was nothing in them. He often beat them with his stick, to drive the snakes out if there were any there. That showed me there must be plenty of rattlers in his country. When I told him there were no bad snakes in this country he evinced surprise and incredulity. He often gave me the danger sign. When in the forest he would stand still and point to some object far away—a stump or broken off tree, where a shadow playing on it would transform it to a man or a bear or some other wild animal. Thus the Blackfoot would see strange things in the depths of the Canadian forest.

One day a moose called from across the lake and another one answered. The Blackfoot pointed toward the end of the lake, and I looked up and saw a moose go into the water and swim down along the shore.

We were just laying plans how to get that big bull across the lake, as we were short of meat, and the weather was growing cold when we saw another come out of the woods. When he came to the water he stopped and raised his head and smelt to see where the other had gone.

"He can smell the others," the Blackfoot said, and he touched me on the shoulder and beckoned for me to follow him. He went back from the lake about two hundred feet and climbed into a tree. He looked all around, and beckoned me to come up, so I climbed up to him.

We could see the moose nicely from our perches in the tree. He came along very carefully. I could see him turn his ears backward and forward to catch any sound that was about.

The Indian whispered to me, "He can't smell us, as our smell goes up."

"How little do we know what's before us!" I thought, as I watched that wild creature of the forest moving along so carefully, watching, listening, smelling, yet coming on to its death.

The sharp, wicked crack of the rifle nearly burst my eardrum, and the powder burned my face. The bull raised up on his hind legs, pawed the air with his front feet, and sank down in the brush. The Indian shoved his rifle into my hands and swung himself out on a limb and dropped to the ground; then he ran over and finished the moose.

I looked from my perch in the tree, and saw a band of thirty or forty caribou across the lake, standing close to the water. They looked frightened. I called to the Blackfoot, and we went to the edge of the lake. Just then the band took fright, and went off at breakneck speed, up the shore and out of sight into the woods.

While we were watching for the band to come out, three others broke from the cover of the woods, and took to the water at once, coming straight across for us. There were two bulls and a cow. When they landed, we pulled on the bulls, and they went down. The cow stood bewildered. When she got her senses, she cleared the brush with a bound and was gone. We would not kill a cow but we had meat enough for half the winter, and had gotten it all in half an hour.

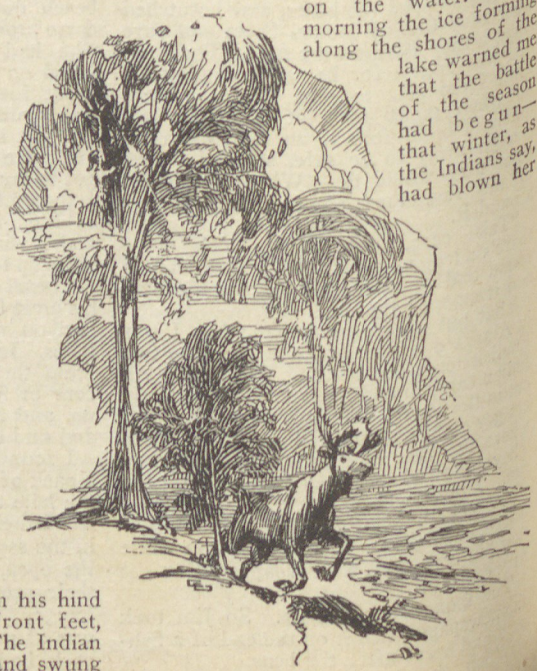
That would seem like good hunting to most hunters; and I think it would be, too. But to the Indian and myself it was like a farmer killing an ox or sticking a pig to put into a barrel for winter.

Indians as Conservationists

I NEVER saw an Indian kill anything he couldn't use. Yet often I have heard people say the Indians killed and destroyed everything that they got their hands on. There are those of the white race to whom such an indictment would more justly apply. Does not the fate of the buffalo and the wild pigeon tell a story? Yes, and the list can be extended. Consider the diminishing numbers of wild waterfowl. The ruby or copper duck, the butterball, the spoonbill and the rice-hen will soon disappear from our lakes and rivers, as they are not difficult to kill. The wood duck has become very scarce, but as it can be easily domesticated, the wood duck may be saved.

We pulled the moose over to the lake beside the caribou and made a fire, and the Blackfoot got some of the meat, and as we had not eaten much that day, we laid in a good store. Then we got some stones, made them hot, and buried them in the sand, to keep us warm. We put our meat between us, so the bears or wolves would have to deal with us before they got to the meat. Then each of us got a good, strong club, and we went to our beds of sand and stone.

I went to sleep looking out at the moon on the water. Next morning the ice forming along the shores of the lake warned me that the battle of the season had begun—that winter, as the Indians say, had blown her



death breath over the land. Soon she would blow her breath across the lakes, and they would become as hard as flint. Then the winter would be upon us; and I still had a long way to go.

I saw an interesting sight that morning. On a point of sand running out into the lake was the Blackfoot renegade making rings of smoke with some balsam boughs he had in his hand. He had built a mound of sand, hollowed it out in the center and built a smudge fire in the top. He had covered it with boughs of balsam tied together for a blanket. When the hole in the sand mound was full of smoke, he pulled off his balsam cover, and as the smoke rolled up he beat it into rings. If the rings were not perfect he slashed them to pieces with his strip of mountain lion's skin with a tail on it. This tail and strip of mountain lion's skin was ornamented with beads, bear's claws and rings of buffalo horns, antelope hoofs and horns, eagle's claws and heads, and two small hoofs of the elk at each end of the tail. The bone of the tail had been pulled out, and in the pocket thus contrived he kept his ammunition for his rifle. Thus the renegade was making incantations to the medicine man of his people. At the end of each braid he had a fetish made of antelope skin, to keep him from harm.

CHAPTER XI

My Friends, the Latours

AFTER breakfast we started to build a raft to float our caribou and moose down to the inlet of the lake. On the way back to Petrie Latour's camp on the upper lakes we cut some vines for ropes to haul our craft, which we built out of logs. We put our game on the raft. The Blackfoot took the vines and started to pull. I stood on the raft with a push-pole, to keep it off the shore.

When half a mile down the beach, the Blackfoot stopped and pointed toward the inlet. On looking down I saw two canoes coming out. They were heading for us. The Blackfoot did not like that, and said, "Let us go into the brush till see if you know them. Maybe when they see we kill their deer, they get angry and do us harm." Then he observed, "My people would get angry if some strange people came into their country and kill their deer."

So we went into the brush and watched them. I took my glass. In the first canoe sat Louis Latour and the Oneida; in the other, Honkepoti and the Ojibwa who had joined us at the Kaministiqua Falls. I told the Blackfoot they were friends of mine, but he hesitated to come out of the brush. When he looked at them coming straight for us, his black eyes sparkled. He kept changing his rifle from one arm to the other, which showed me he was uneasy.

As the canoes kept coming closer to us, he started to walk into the forest. I told him again, in his tongue, they were my friends. He turned, and the look he gave me I shall never forget. It seemed to say, "Betray me and I'll kill you!" and again he changed his rifle from one arm to the other.

Then I put my hand over my heart. This is a sign of honor the Indians have amongst themselves, which means, "If I have betrayed you, kill me." I said, "Bazhu, Bazhu."

At last he came over to me, put his hand on my shoulder, looked me straight in the eyes, and said, "I believe you."

Thus I convinced the wild Blackfoot that I was his friend.

The canoes were approaching at a rapid pace, but when we showed ourselves on the beach they stopped and came alongside one another. My old friends too, it seemed, were suspicious; so we gave them the sign of friendship, and they came on.

As they landed on the beach, their eyes were on the Blackfoot. He stood there, a picture, his arms folded round his rifle; not a muscle of his face moving. He looked each one over from head to foot as they stepped out on the sand of the beach.

They all shook hands with me, except the Oneida. He went up to the Blackfoot and gave him a sign. The Blackfoot stepped forward, and they shook hands. Then they came over to us.

The Oneida pointed his finger at us, one at a time; then he shook hands with all of us. The Oneida showed that he was a gentleman, making us acquainted in a nice way. The Blackfoot and the Oneida became fast friends.

Honk came out of the woods with a load of dry limbs, and started a fire.

The others were looking down the beach. I looked and saw two Indians coming, carrying something black on a pole. I took my glass. It was Ahmoor and Nolegs. They had a bear between them. It turned out they had killed him at the lower end of the lake, and, seeing us, had brought up the carcass, thinking we had no meat.

Nolegs asked the company what kind of meat they would have: moose, deer or bear. One of them had a penny. They tossed it up. Though none of them had said head or tail while it was in the air, when it fell head-up they all cried, "Head up! Bear meat!"

So the bear was hung up and skinned. Everyone got his own firewood and got the piece of meat he liked best, and cooked it to his taste.

When they finished with that bear he hadn't much use for his hide.

So I feasted with the Indians on the shores of the Big Fish Lakes.

Louis Latour Goes After the Caribou

LOUIS, Petrie and the rest of the band had come up to get meat for the winter, as they had heard the caribou were coming south for that season, and they knew they must get them before they passed through their country, as they might not get any if they let the critical moment go by. It was evident, therefore, that matters were on the eve of a grand hunt.

The Indians made a bow-house, building a small fireplace in the center with stones, and fixing it so it burned "just so"—not too high nor too low, but kept the fire through the night. It put me in mind of the Eskimo in the north, with their oil lamps. The Eskimo have a kind of thermostat method for arranging that the flame should neither rise nor sink, but continue burning as they set it, and the Indians had a plan of their own for effecting the same purpose.

Later in the day, two Indian runners came into camp. They had been sent out to tell their tribesmen around the lake that big bands of caribou were only sixty or seventy miles away, and, well scattered out in the forest, were moving south through the lake country. When they had told my Indians about the caribou, one of them went into the forest and came out with wood to make a fire.

Honkepoti came over to me and said, "Look, he will take all the good meat for him!"

I suppose he was picking out the tenderloins for himself and his companions.

Poor, hungry Honk! His eyes were always bigger than his belly.

(To be continued in May)

He turned, and the look he gave me I shall never forget. It seemed to say, "Betray me and I'll kill you."

Conservation in New Jersey and Future Plans

Written for
OUTDOOR AMERICA

By
J. HENRY HARRISON

MODERN civilization has brought us many blessings, many comforts and conveniences. It has probably made life more worth while, but it has brought us problems that our grandfathers did not have. One of these problems is the preservation of the wild life of the country.

The Izaak Walton League is today one of the great actuating forces which, throughout the United States, is giving new form, new meaning, and comprehensive direction to the conservation movement. Farseeing men and women of vision, with appreciation of the aesthetic and utilitarian value of conserving the forests, the watersheds, the streams, and the wild life in the woods, the swamps and the waters, have long since realized that with the rapid growth of our population and our industries, a serious menace was before us. Left solely to private initiative and enterprise, unregulated and unrestricted, exploitation of natural resources and food supply on a purely profit basis was inclined to be ruthless and heedless of consequences.

Our great National forests were established as object lessons in the value of the new science of forestry, in protest against the wasteful methods which prevailed in the production of our lumber supply. Natural gas stored in the earth, which, properly developed, would have afforded a supply of cheap fuel for centuries, was allowed to escape and be lost through crude methods of use which well-nigh exhausted the supply in a single generation. Scenic beauty spots, wonderful creations of nature impossible of reproduction, like the Palisades of the Hudson, were threatened with destruction by commercialism and private greed. The pollution of streams was fast causing disappearance of the natural food supply, in the form of fish and crustacean life in our waters, as in the case of the oysters in Newark and Raritan bays, which a few generations ago were an important factor in the food supply of New Jersey, but which, because of pollution, have now wholly disappeared.

Lands denuded of forest growth and overrun by fires were laid waste, and destroyed by erosion so that they became barren. The natural growth and deposits on the forest floors diminished the storage capacity of our watersheds. Breeding places of birds and small animals constantly decreased as their natural coverts were destroyed.

Without the various movements for conservation of natural resources of forests and streams and the wild life they sheltered for the preservation of the purity of our streams and the protection of the natural forms of life in the waters, we were headed for an age when the earth would have been almost a graveyard. On the western plains the vast herds of buffalo had been exterminated. Ruthless slaughter had brought extinction of the once numerous flocks of wild pigeons. The deer was passing, the flying squirrel largely a memory, the water fowl which once filled the swamp, lake and bays with life, were disappearing. It required no great stretch of the imagination to foresee a time when there would be no birds in the air, no music in the woods, no furry denizens in the underbrush, no life left in the streams or even along the ocean shelf to which salt water fish life is largely confined, save the repulsive forms which were able to live in polluted waters.

What a picture! Great cities separated by tracts of treeless, desolate, barren spaces with occasional farming settlements. Bare, eroded lands. And over all a grim silence unbroken by the song of a bird, save perhaps the chirp of an English sparrow or the caw of a crow. Streams and lakes running with sewage and factory waste, between banks on which the vegetation has been killed. Imagine the ghastliness of an excursion into the country under such conditions.

The Izaak Walton League is an organization of sportsmen. There is an idea in some minds that sportsmanship is confined to shooting and fishing; that the sport consists in killing and the degree of sport enjoyed is measured by the size of the bag or the catch. I doubt if that view is correct. Sportsmanship is largely a state of mind or a point of view. Are not hunting and fishing merely expressions of the out-of-doors instinct which shows itself more or less in all of us, but in different ways? And while the Izaak Walton League is popularly supposed to be devoted to making hunting and fishing better, is it not true that just increasing the number of game birds and animals and fish, in order that there may be more to shoot and catch, important as this may be, is only a small part of the greater work that this league is doing in making possible greater opportunities for recreational out-of-door life by everybody, whether their enjoyment finds expression in skill with the rod and reel, the rifle, the camera or the mere pleasure of more intimate contact with the air, the sky, the water and our fellow man.

New Jersey is well to the forefront in conservation of both the native flora and fauna, in taking steps for the preservation of the purity of its fresh waters, in protecting the forests and their wild life, and in conserving the fish and game supply. The Essex county parks were one of the initial steps in this movement. Essex county has spent about fifteen millions of dollars in the purchase, construction and maintenance of approximately 4,000 acres of parks and reservations. In the park reservations, are hundreds of acres of woodlands which are wild life sanctuaries. Millions have been spent in sewerage works to purify the Passaic River. The oyster production has been increased by wise and fair laws to encourage the propagation of shellfish. In more than 22,000 acres set apart in state forests, in both North and South Jersey, scientific methods of forestation are being demonstrated. Natural game reserves, shooting, camping and recreation grounds have been created and are open and practically free to the public, under reasonable regulations. Without expense to the state there have been established, by investment of the license fees paid by over 150,000 hunters and fishermen, fish hatcheries from which, this year, more than 76,000,000 fish of all kinds will be taken for restocking lakes and streams. With funds from the same source, two game breeding farms have been established, one of 538 acres and one of 146 acres, from which thousands of pheasants, quail, partridges and rabbits are distributed annually throughout the state.

By means of closed seasons and a short shooting season, such increase has been brought about in the herds of wild deer in the forests and wild lands, that whereas thirty years ago these animals were practically exterminated, hunters are now enabled to shoot several hundred bucks a year in the five days annually in which shooting is permitted, without endangering the natural increase.

Not only sportsmen, but all lovers of the outdoors, owe a big debt of gratitude to the members of the Fish and Game Commission, who have rendered to the people of New Jersey services that have been invaluable. This without compensation or thought of reward.

If we consider only its monetary value, this work has been worth while. In 1925 only 60 per cent of those who took out hunting and fishing licenses reported what they had caught or killed, but the market value of game and fish taken in that year by 60 per cent of those licensed to hunt and fish, amounted to almost a million dol-

FORMER State Senator James Henry Harrison of New Jersey is a member of the legislative committee of the Verona, N. J., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, and is one of the chief exponents in New Jersey of the ideals for which the League stands. All Waltonians are grateful to him for his unfaltering allegiance to the cause of the conservation of the outdoors. EDITOR.

Ex-Senator Harrison of New Jersey.

lars. That is, through intelligent conservation and control, at no cost to the state, there was produced food of this great value which otherwise would not have existed.

And this does not take into account the recreational value of the time spent out of doors by those who did the hunting and fishing, and who might not have enjoyed the open spaces if the presence of fish and game had not provided the lure.

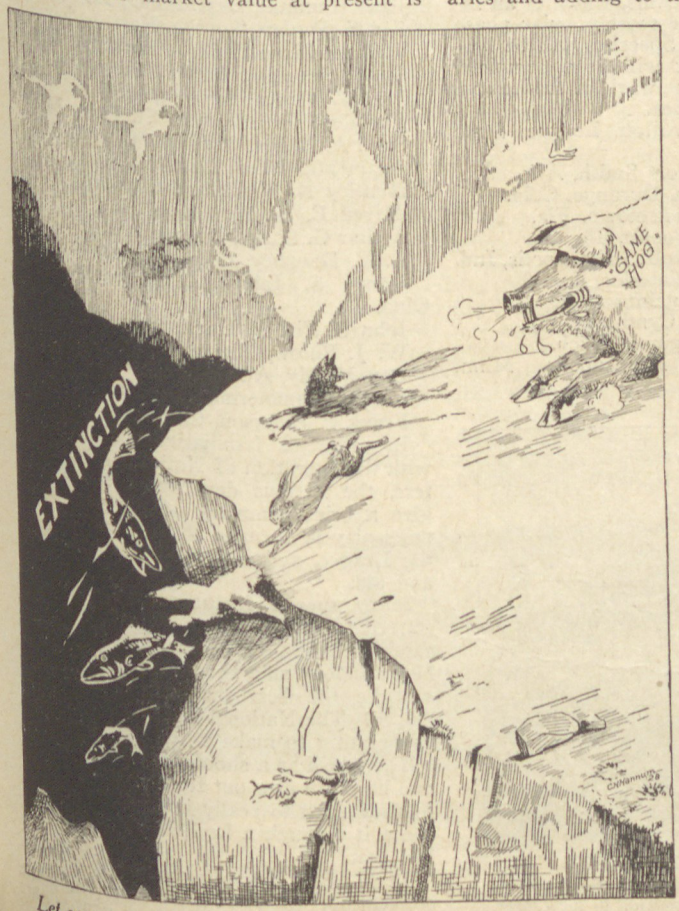
Nor can it be figured, because there is no data on which to base the estimate, the value to the state resulting from making the hinterlands more attractive, because of the fishing and hunting opportunities, to thousands of visitors who leave a great amount of money in the state.

New Jersey, despite the fact that it is the third most congested state in the union, abounds in wild life, because of the application of policies of conservation and preservation of the out-of-doors and its wild life, the principles on which the Izaak Walton League is founded. But because New Jersey is to the forefront in application of these principles and ideas, it does not mean that there is no room for the Izaak Walton League in New Jersey. On the contrary, it has a vast field of usefulness open to it.

With its great number of members in other states, the league should have 200,000 members in New Jersey, and the vast influence that can be wielded by this great body of men and women who love the out-of-doors and have the instinct of fair play, should be potent in supporting and cooperating with the Fish and Game Commission, and other splendid agencies which have done and are doing so much to preserve and improve the wild life.

The state forest system is capable of expansion with benefit to the entire state. Almost half the land surface of New Jersey, more than 2,000,000 acres, is still forest land, swamps, barrens and waste lands. Their market value at present is very small and at comparatively small cost the state could create new state forest reserves that would be of large value in producing forest growth, demonstrating the value of scientific methods of forestry to private owners, protecting watersheds from pollution, diminishing fire loss, encouraging development of backward sections where public progress depends largely upon control of the forests, providing more public camping and recreational grounds, creating natural bird and wild life sanctuaries and adding to the area of shooting and fishing grounds open to the public.

Fishing Hole in South Mt. Reservation, one of the beautiful parks in the Essex County Park System for which Ex-Senator Harrison has done splendid work as counsel.



Let every state and every good sportsman fight against the Game Hog.

I am strongly in favor of more state forests, and believe the state can make no wiser or more profitable investment of public money than in this work, and if state funds for the purpose are not immediately procurable, the Izaak Walton League may be able to further this work by arranging for leases of lands to be administered by the Fish and Game Commission or under its regulations.

Bird and wild life sanctuaries in the existing state forests and in all watersheds and other reservations controlled by municipalities and private owners, are objectives towards which the efforts of the league may well be directed. To set aside parts of these reserves as sanctuaries will provide nesting and breeding grounds where the birds and animals will multiply rapidly, the overflow furnishing the shooting grounds in their neighborhood with a continuous supply of game.

Extension to the salt water fish on the coasts of some of the wise protection that has kept the fresh water fishing good is another object of joint state and federal legislation to which the League can give its support with telling effect and profit.

And above all, the influence of the League is needed in New Jersey to cultivate and encourage the spirit of true sportsmanship in the out-of-doors, which is the spirit of conservation. The sportsman who kills for the mere pleasure of killing and without regard to the rights of others or to the preservation of the game supply, is a poor sportsman and as much an opponent to real sportsmanship as the pot hunter who kills wild game for commercial gain, without the excuse of the latter's motive. The fisherman who catches more than he can carry away and wastes the fish, is the enemy of the true angler. The true sportsman always gives both the game and the other fellow an even break.

The modern conception of sportsmanship is a democratic conception. Instead of reserving the game for the rich, the Izaak Walton idea, and the New Jersey idea of conservation, is to make the out-of-doors and its attractions, including fishing and hunting, more available for the average citizen. One does not have to have money to hunt or fish in New Jersey. Pheasants, deer and rabbits, game reserved to the aristocracy of Europe, are free to all in New Jersey who pay the nominal cost of a license and respect the laws and regulations. Streams, teeming with trout, bass and other gamefish, are available alike to the clerk and the banker, the truckman and the millionaire, who like angling. And in the state forests, of which there should be more, the family of the workman may camp close to nature and enjoy a vacation out-of-doors at little cost, and with as much freedom and delight as the rich man finds in his private preserves and lodge.

New Jersey has made a good start towards keeping the outdoors attractive and available to the people of the cities, but it is only a start, and a great many chapters of the Izaak Walton League are needed to encourage and carry on this good work.

Come to the Convention

The Sixth National Convention at Omaha, April 18-19-20-21 will be the greatest and most important gathering of outdoorsmen and conservationists ever held in America

By

FRED H. DOELLNER

General Manager, Izaak Walton League of America

THE plans for the Sixth Annual National Convention of the League and the National Sportsmen's Show to be held at Omaha, April 18 to 21, are rapidly nearing completion.

Theodore Roosevelt, Col. Charles Lindbergh, Ex-Governor John Parker of Louisiana, an outstanding national figure in flood control, and J. B. Harkin, Ottawa, Commissioner of Canadian National Parks, have been invited to speak.

Ex-Governor Parker has been asked to discuss flood control and prevention from the standpoint of holding back flood waters and increasing recreational facilities and wild life conservation. Mr. Harkin has been asked to speak on the development of an international recreational area in the Quetico-Superior region as the first example of its kind in a hands-across-the-border plan; also international cooperation on wild life conservation, and what Canada is doing along this line.

Others invited to address the convention are:

Mr. I. Zellerbach, President, California Fish and Game Commission, who has been asked to speak on the western waterfowl and the commercial fisheries situation.

Henry O'Malley, Commissioner of Fisheries, on the commercial fisheries question.

Dr. A. M. Buswell, Chief of the Water Survey Board, University of Illinois, on the subject of stream pollution.

The Governors of all states, especially those having state divisions, will be urged to attend. Some of them will be asked to discuss special phases of conservation activities.

The conservation officials in Washington, including Col. Greeley, Chief Forester, Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Biological Survey, Stephen D. Mather, Chief of the Park Service, in addition to Mr. O'Malley, will be asked to appear on the program. Invitations will go forward to all the state conservation officials and to the heads of other conservation organizations with which we are cooperating.

A program of the most active conservation discussions, participation in shaping League policies on recreational and conservation questions, is being drawn up.

In a general way, the principal subjects to be discussed at the convention will be flood control, reforestation—with particular reference to flood control—pollution, the commercial fisheries situation, the grazing problem.

The Western Duck campaign, the movement to create an international recreation area of the Superior Forest and Quetico Park will be thoroughly explained and discussed by experts, and the discussion will be thrown open to all present. The same will be done in regard to all major activities of the national organization.

An especially interesting part of the program will be that in which the presidents of all state divisions will tell, in brief talks, what their divisions are, have done, are doing, and plan to do.

It is expected that this, which is an innovation, will be the most popular phase of the convention. Speeches will be limited, and the result will be a complete, rapid summary of the work of the League in all parts of America.

Presidents of Walton League State Divisions are:

Dr. C. E. Laws, Fort Smith, Ark.
Richard T. Nelson, Durango, Colo.
A. F. Knotts, Yankeetown, Fla.
Robert Scholes, Peoria, Ill.
Charles L. Biederwolf, Indianapolis, Ind.
A. C Willford, Waterloo, Ia.
A. C. Malloy, Hutchinson, Kan.
J. Quincy Ward, Cynthiana, Ky.
H. A. Savage, Saginaw, Mich.
Dean Rundlett, Minneapolis, Minn. (Acting President.)

This is the Omaha Auditorium in which the National Sportsmen's Show will be held April 18th to 21st, and where special events of the Sixth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League will be staged

George S. Johns, St. Louis, Mo.
Frank J. Brady, Atkinson, Nebr.
Major A. Erland Goyette, Peterborough, N. H.
Ward B. Edwards, Utica, N. Y.
A. M. Christianson, Bismarck, N. D.
Joseph Pflueger, Akron, Ohio.
Judge Frank B. Burford, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Dr. Wm. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.
William T. Huxtable, Deadwood, S. D.
Dr. John A. Stanfield, Fort Worth, Tex.
Wm. P. Aberg, Madison, Wis.
J. L. Greer, Yellowstone Park, Wyo.
J. A. Bottkol, Menominee, Mich.

The governors of all states in which there are Walton League divisions have been invited to attend the convention as guests of honor.

These are:

John E. Martineau, Little Rock, Ark.
William H. Adams, Denver, Colo.
John W. Martin, Tallahassee, Fla.
Len Small, Springfield, Ill.
Edward Jackson, Indianapolis, Ind.
John Hammill, Des Moines, Ia.
Ben S. Paulen, Topeka, Kan.
William Jason Fields, Frankfort, Ky.
O. H. Simpson, Baton Rouge, La.
Fred W. Green, Lansing, Mich.
Theodore Christianson, St. Paul, Minn.
Sam. A. Baker, Jefferson City, Mo.
Adam McMullen, Lincoln, Nebr.
Huntley N. Spaulding, Concord, N. H.
Alfred E. Smith, Albany, N. Y.
Arthur G. Sorlie, Bismarck, N. D.
A. V. Donahey, Columbus, Ohio.
Henry S. Johnston, Oklahoma City, Okla.
John S. Fisher, Harrisburg, Pa.
W. J. Bulow, Pierre, S. D.
Dan Moody, Austin, Tex.
Fred R. Zimmerman, Madison, Wis.
Frank C. Emerson, Cheyenne, Wyo.

In order to familiarize the delegates with the operation of National Headquarters, the various department heads will give a brief summary of the part their units play in forming the central body of the League, and will ask for suggestions and aid.

Many special features have been arranged for the evenings. There will be a casting contest, of course, and there will be an indoor rifle shooting contest which will be the best that can possibly be staged. The National Rifle Association is cooperating to make it the best ever.

There will be a shooting exhibition, too, and lines are now out for an expert caster to show how to really manipulate a fly—shoot it through a keyhole, or something like that.

The League is gaining strength for this convention. Chapters are increasing memberships, divisions are adding new chap-

Take In the Sportsmen's Show

This stupendous exhibit of outdoor equipment in conjunction with the League convention opens one day in advance, April 18. At the Omaha Auditorium. Bigger and better than ever

ters, new divisions are being formed. The most recent division to enter the ranks is the Arkansas, that of Arkansas. It was recently formed at an enthusiastic meeting of the Waltonians and other sportsmen of that state.

An important report to be presented to the convention will be that of the Will Dilg Memorial Committee. Since the last convention this committee has been working faithfully on this matter, and since last August has made every effort to obtain ideas and suggestions from the rank and file of Waltonians. Many of these have been received, and during the winter have been compiled, duplications eliminated. The chairman of the Committee, Mr. H. V. Teegarden of Winona, Minn., has drawn up a list of all ideas and suggestions that have been submitted, and its report will be submitted.

Before the convention closes it is certain that a course of definite action will have been decided upon to fittingly memorialize the founder of the Izaak Walton League so that his memory and his work will be perpetuated.

Probably the tensest moment of the whole Omaha gathering will be the awarding of a handsome Hupmobile Century Straight Eight sedan to the writer of the best League slogan. Any visitor to the Sportsmen's Show may win this beautiful car as the contest is open to all and upon entering the Show every visitor will be handed a blank on which to write his slogan.

The fortunate winner of this magnificent Hupmobile will be selected by a committee of five judges and announced as a feature of the grand finale on the last night of the Show. A brilliant array of other wonderful prizes will be awarded; the kind about which we all dream and seldom possess. Description of these will be furnished later.

The Hupmobile, of course, will be the chief award. It is the latest model Century Eight, unsurpassed by any American car in its class. This great 80 horsepower, five passenger, four door sedan will be literally a $2,100.00 gift to the winner of this contest. The royal distinction of the car is evident from a glance at the accompanying illustration and everyone knows the name "Hupmobile" guarantees unrivalled quality and performance.

An exact duplicate of the sedan to be awarded will be on display in the Hupmobile booth at the Sportsmen's Show in the Omaha Auditorium, as will also other models of the Hupmobile line. This will give everyone an opportunity to see the car, sit in it and try it. The winner will be announced at the close of the Show and the car will be delivered immediately by the dealer located nearest to the winner. Driven up to his door and turned over to him without one penny of cost. It will be completely equipped with two extra wire wheels, bumper and all other accessories.

Come to the Show as often as you wish and turn in a slogan every time you come. Now is the time to start thinking about your slogans—and to prepare to win this car.

The new publicity department of the League will be in full operation at the convention, and news, pictures, and feature stories will be broadcast to the press. The radio will be used to further disseminate Convention news and proceedings.

"Build for the Convention" is the slogan of many chapters and divisions. These realize that the convention, which will be the first since the new "Do and Grow" era was started, will largely decide the course of the Waltonian ship for one of the greatest years in its history.

The coming year will be a significant one in the League. Attendance at the convention and active participation in shaping policies should be the aim of every chapter.

The conventions of the League are recognized as the most important conservation gathering of the year in America. They shape conservation destiny. The most important and best known conservationists, statesmen, and outdoor writers appear at these annual gatherings.

While the summer season will not be under way at the time of the convention, delegates will be interested in knowing that Nebraska is a real outdoor state. It has thousands of miles of running water and 1,200 natural lakes, according to the Omaha Chamber of Commerce. There are eight game refuges in the state with a total of 400,000 acres.

Nebraska, the native state of Arbor day, is forging to the front among the states in forest planting. In 1927 a total of 2,736,000 trees, more than a tree for every inhabitant, were planted within the state. Of these, 186,000 were distributed to the farmers and private land owners under the Clarke-McNary law, which provides for cooperative distribution of forest planting stock by the state and federal government. Two hundred thousand trees were distributed under the provisions of the Kincaid law. As a result of this reclamation Nebraska's sandhill country is slowly becoming one great forest, annually covering the once barren hills with a layer of good rich soil, the decaying leaves.

Though little advertised nationally as such, Nebraska is really a great fishing state. In many of the lakes there is almost virgin fishing as compared to the "fished-out" waters of more widely known haunts of anglers in other parts of the country. A systematic planting of game fish in the streams and lakes for several years, has borne results.

There are fish to be found in the Big and Little Blue, the Republican, the Platte, the Loup, the Niobrara, the Snake, the Elkhorn and dozens of lesser streams.

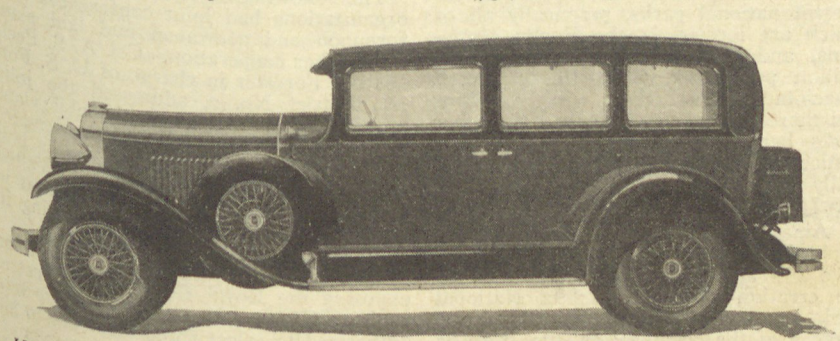
In waters of Nebraska there are 25,000,000 bass, according to an estimate by Frank O'Connell, chief game warden.

Cherry county, which is larger than Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island combined, is a real mecca for bass fishermen. In addition to bass there are rainbow trout, crappie, perch, catfish and bullheads with some pike in the Platte. In Cherry county it is possible to stand on a certain hill and see eight different lakes, all thriving with finny creatures.

At Valentine, Benkleman and Gretna, hatcheries are maintained where fish are raised for propagation throughout the state. The Valentine hatchery, containing dozens of breeding ponds nestling between buttes, is said to be the largest of its kind in the country as well as being one of the most picturesque.

Nebraska has always been a favorite haunt for hunters since the days when buffalo and antelope, in countless thousands, roamed the prairie. These animals are gone now but there's still plenty of shooting. In the fall it's no trick at all to bag the limit most any day of ducks and geese, though not as plentiful as a few years back, still abound in great numbers in certain parts of the state. Pheasants, planted under the direction of the state game department several years ago, have flourished so that it was necessary during the past fall to declare an open season in several counties to protect the farmers' crops. Their abundance promises much good shooting in future years. Wild turkeys are to be experimented with next at the various refuges and elsewhere.

Nebraska has long been known as the home of the prairie chicken and one-half of all in the United States are said to be within the borders of the state. They are however, rapidly becoming extinct, and steps have been taken to save them. Rabbits, from little cottontails to monstrous Jackrabbits, almost as big as a burro, are found by the thousands in all portions of the state. Raccoons and opossums live in the wooded sections, especially along the Missouri, where a few red fox have also been killed recently.



THIS CAR AWARDED FOR BEST SLOGAN

Here is the brand new Hupmobile $2100 Century Eight, a leader in motordom in America, which will be awarded at the Sportsmen's Show for the best slogan submitted about the League. Somebody who attends the show is going to have this magnificent car delivered at his door immediately after the convention.

Arkansas Division Convention

ORGANIZATION of the Arkansas Division of the Izaak Walton League of America was completed on January 9 at Arkansas. The division was organized three years ago, but the recent convention really marked the active entrance of Arkansas into the lists of the League, and was the first step in an expansion and conservation campaign in that state which its sponsors declare will put it in the front rank of Waltonism.

The Little Rock Convention also was the opening gun in an aggressive campaign for the establishment of the Ouachita National Park in Arkansas. A resolution passed by the convention pointed out that the South contributes millions of dollars to the support of the present National parks, practically all of which are in the Rocky Mountains. There are forty million people to whom the proposed park would be nearer than any of the others, according to the resolution.

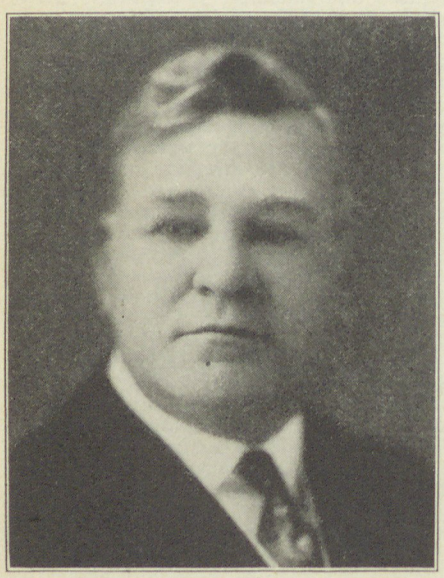
The National Conventions of the League in 1925 and 1926 gave full approval to the plans for the Ouachita park, and accepted the task of bringing this about as a definite purpose of the organization.

Members of Congress were memorialized to pass the necessary legislation, and the plans were laid to conduct an intensive campaign in the interest of the region in question.

Dr. C. E. Laws, Fort Smith, was elected president of the division; H. T. Royce, Forrest City, first vice-president; Russell Hollis, Pine Bluff, second vice-president; J. F. Lennon, Little Rock, treasurer; W. D. Mitchell, Little Rock, secretary.

Mr. Smith was empowered to appoint seven regional vice-presidents and fourteen district chairmen. Dues were set at four dollars in order to allow chapters a dollar and the state division a dollar for administration expenses.

Governor John E. Martineau was the principal speaker. He pledged his hearty support and cooperation in the work of the League in its effort to benefit the state of Arkansas. He outlined flood control, and paid a special tribute to the proposed Ouachita National Park, and urged cooperation in making the park a reality.



Dr. C. E. Laws, President of the Arkansas Division, I. W. L. A.

Fred H. Doellner, Chicago, general manager of the League, was present and spoke on "Brotherhood of Sportsmen." Mr. Doellner assisted in forming the foundation of a solid state division organization.

Judge Lee Miles, chairman of the Arkansas game and fish committee, was toastmaster.

Mr. Guy Amsler, secretary of the commission, welcomed the formation of a strong state division of the League, pointing out that education and enlightenment are the surest agencies in the protection of game and fish, and much preferable to prosecution as a means of stopping illegal practices.

Mr. Mitchell spoke of the work that had been done by the League in Arkansas, and of the vastly greater work just ahead. He pointed out that a strong state division is essential to real accomplishment.

The text of the resolution regarding the Ouachita National Park follows:

RESOLUTION
ARKANSAS DIVISION
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

WHEREAS, The Ouachita Mountain Range extending from a point in southeastern Oklahoma on the west to and beyond Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the East, comprising a tract of about eleven miles wide and thirty-five miles long, mostly in Polk and Montgomery counties, Arkansas, an area of extreme natural beauty, and because of this beauty and its outstanding altitude, its rugged mountains, its scenery, its myriads of streams of pure water, its health-giving climate and its geographical location, it is peculiarly adapted by nature to become a playground of rare interest, and,

WHEREAS, bills for the creation of such National Park are now before the Congress, and an effort will be continued during the present session of the Congress of the United States to cause this certain very rugged and extremely desirable part of this Ouachita Mountain Range, to be transferred from the control of the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior, thereby creating of this area a National Park and public playground easily available to the people of the great central south, and

WHEREAS, The South contributes millions of dollars to the support of the present national parks, practically all of which are located in the Rocky Mountains, and there are more than forty million people to whom this proposed Ouachita National Park will be nearer and more easily accessible than the other parks herein mentioned, and it is but justice to these millions that this centrally located park be created, and

WHEREAS, The Izaak Walton League of America in National Convention assembled in the years of 1925 and 1926 gave full approval to the campaign for the creation of the Ouachita National Park, and accepted the task as a definite purpose of the organization, therefore be it RESOLVED, that the Arkansas Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, in its third annual convention assembled in the city of Little Rock, Arkansas, this January 9, 1928, deems the time ripe to put in force the expressed will of the Izaak Walton League of America and approves and goes on record as an ardent and determined supporter of the effort to create the proposed Ouachita National Park and urges that the parent organization through its officers and directors re-affirm the action of the National Conventions of 1925 and 1926 and take steps to definitely and forcefully support the cause to which they stand pledged.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the members of the Congress of the United States be and are hereby memorialized in the interest of humanity and fair play to the entire southland, to pass such legislation as will create the Ouachita National Park.

C. E. LAWS, President.
Arkansas Division, Izaak Walton League of America.
Attest:
W. D. MITCHELL,
Secretary.

January 9, 1928, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Colorado Division Meets

The Colorado Division of the Izaak Walton League held a joint state meeting with the Colorado Game and Fish Protective Association at Denver, January 16 and 17.

On Monday, the sixteenth, the Waltonians and the Colorado Association each held separate conferences. Both were well attended. Representative members from all parts of the state were present. On Monday evening they staged a joint banquet which was addressed by Mr. John Scott of Casper, President of the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission, who told them about the operations of the Wyoming Commission and the things they are attempting to do.

Among other things, Mr. Scott thanked the Izaak Walton League for the splendid work they have done in saving the elk herd in Jackson's Hole.

Another speaker was Dr. Benjamin H. Matthews, of Denver, on the subject of game farms; another, Miss Catherine Craig, Superintendent of Public Instruction, on the educational value of wild life.

Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director of the Walton League, was the principal speaker of the evening. Mr. Gordon spoke of the work of the Walton League, discussed conservation generally, and brought out the problems that are facing Colorado, and stressed the need for better cooperation among sportsmen and among conservation groups.

The following day, January 17, the two organizations had joint conferences both forenoon and afternoon and laid plans for further cooperation. Col. A. S. Peck, District Forester in charge of U. S. Forest District No. 2, addressed the joint meeting on the subject of public land problems, and assured those assembled that the Forest Service will do its best to cooperate with both the Izaak Walton League and the Colorado Association in bringing about a better understanding in many phases of those problems.

Both groups passed strong resolutions opposing the Royal Gorge hydro-electric project. The president of each group was authorized to select three members to sit on a joint committee to confer upon a legislative program for 1929, and such other matters as the committee may deem wise to bring about still better cooperation.

Original Hold 6th "Fifty-Four" Reunion

JANUARY 14th six years ago in one of the private dining rooms of the Chicago Athletic Association, fifty-three well known sportsmen of Chicago and vicinity met with Will H. Dilg, later President of the Izaak Walton League, to consider ways and means to conserve the fast-vanishing wild life of America.

This was the modest beginning of what is now the Izaak Walton League of America, with 3,000 Chapters distributed throughout forty states, with a membership of more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand. In the state of Illinois alone are 225 Chapters.

The "Original Fifty-Four" has an annual Get-together in the room at the Chicago Athletic Association where the movement was launched.

This year twenty-four answered to roll call. Nine have already crossed the Great Divide.

Dr. Preston Bradley presided, and there was held a very interesting meeting.

Frank K. Reilly was elected Chairman of the seventh annual meeting.

Below is a list of the names of the "ORIGINAL FIFTY-FOUR" with their occupations at that time. Some of these are omitted as the writer has no means at hand to secure the information. They were all sportsmen who felt the crying need for some attempt to conserve the wild life of our country and its out-of-doors. None was a man of means as fortunes are reckoned but all gave freely from their little stores to assist the cause during the first dark and perilous year when they were helping with all their might to launch the movement which was destined to become the great IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

Thomas Ambrose, School Book Publisher.
Charles Antoine, Sporting Goods Dealer.
*Jackson Boughner, Sporting Editor.
Preston Bradley, Pastor, People's Church, Chicago.
*W. T. Brown, Railroad Telegrapher.
Clarence Cole, Operator, Board of Trade.
John K. Cook, Manufacturer, Sporting Goods.
R. E. Crosby.
Herbert J. Daniels, Salesman and Printer.
Redmond P. Corse, Architect.
H. A. DeVry, Salesman.
*Will H. Dilg, Advertising.
W. A. Eberman, Engineer.
*G. Felsenthal, Manufacturer.
Donald M. Frame, Salesman.
*Alex. Friend, Real Estate.
A. S. Gormley, Hardware Dealer.
Guy Guernsey, Attorney.
Wm. P. Hammond.
Rodney D. Heetfield, Artist.
Albert H. Hopkins, Sales Manager.
Leonard P. Hopkins, Salesman.
*W. J. Jamison, Manufacturer, Tackle.
R. S. Jeffers, Stage Carpenter.
Walter S. Johnston, Salesman.
Griffith G. Jones.
R. L. Jones, Real Estate.
Thomas M. Jones, Tailor.
J. Ronald Kay.
Edward M. Kazmar, Real Estate.
Frederick J. Lane, Principal, Public School.
Frank S. Leach, Contractor.
Everett E. Lowry, Cartoonist.
Charles C. Lucke, Executive.
Wm. C. Luebbert, Editor.
Donald S. Martinez, Salesman.
A. P. Morey, Insurance.
*Hawley A. Newkirk, Manufacturer, Glass.
C. B. Nichols, Advertising.
T. D. Nolan, Plumbing Contractor.
*John Milton Oliver, Attorney.
Fred N. Peet, President Laundry Co.
W. Peterson, Contractor.
*Charles Pfanschmidt, Manufacturer, Barber Supplies.
F. Harry Proudfoot, Manufacturer, Colors.
Frank K. Reilly, Publisher.
Charles G. Richards, Managing Salesman.
Charles H. Rose.
Peter J. Schwab, Author.
Charles E. Shaw, Salesman.
Dan B. Starkey, Publisher.
Frank Sturges.
Edwin F. Sutter, Jeweler.
H. A. Vandercook.
Benj. H. Winchell, Salesman.

NOTES—* Deceased. Fifty-five names are listed here as one name was unintentionally omitted when the FIFTY-FOUR were originally listed. George E. Scott, later Chairman of the Executive Committee of the League, was made an Honorary member and then the list was forever closed.

Bass Rearing Ponds

(Continued from page 25)

a valley for a pond site, as in most instances vegetation in abundance may be found there. In such instances destroy as little vegetation as possible in the building. Where no vegetation exists in a newly built pond, it is often advisable not to stock same until the second season. Under such conditions secure a seeding of Chara from a nearby hatchery. Being prolific, this will assure an abundance. Keep in mind that without food fry cannot possibly grow to catchable size in ponds or in natural waters. *Please remember that.*

At the Comstock Park State Hatchery remarkable results have been obtained through the use of ordinary horse manure as fertilizer. When this is used care should be exercised to sort the straw which has a tendency to clog screens. Through the use of this manure an abundance of Daphnia (a genus of minute fresh water Entromostracan Crustaceans) are propagated. They are ideal food for fish fry, especially bass, who demand live food. We now even have ponds devoted to the propagation of Japanese Daphnia, again as large as our domestic Daphnia, but that is another story. The fundamental food supply in our waters comes back algea for the creatures to feed upon. It might be well to guard against an over abundance of heavy green algea on the water of the pond when fry are introduced. Remember they are babies, so to speak, and often become entangled with consequent loss.

In the fall, when ready to seine the fingerlings, the water in the pond should be lowered to a degree offering easy and complete seining. In Michigan this work is done by the nearest hatchery personnel.

The pond should then be thoroughly cleaned and allowed to remain dry until soil or bottom is frozen to a depth of a few inches. This is done to destroy all vermin that although not carnivorous, might have a tendency to develop and eat the food that should go to the fry. Again, not unlike the agriculturist who cultivates his field to destroy the weeds that sap the strength of his crops. Water should remain in ponds during the winter months, thus avoiding damage by frost to the Raceway and other cement work. These ponds, containing as they do, clean, pure water, are often used for harvesting an abundant supply of ice.

In the spring the water is again drained and the pond allowed to remain dry for some time, thus allowing the soil to sweeten, so to speak. Then follow the program outlined above, always being sure no vermin remain in the pond.

In Conclusion

A FEW afterthoughts. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Conditions change with localities. Make a careful and patient study of nature's methods and adapt yourself to them, instead of trying to impose your own. Do not over fertilize for you are liable to produce an oxygen deficiency. If too much vegetation is found in a pond, crayfish and adult goldfish are often introduced. The latter are not carnivorous, and as the goldfish usually spawn about a month later than bass, their young make excellent food for the bass. Careful observation, made during the past few years, have proven that goldfish do eat fry (up to Advanced Fry stage) although not to an alarming extent. Golden shiners may be substituted without fear of cannibalistic tendencies. Ducks, Herons, Bitterns, Kingfishers, etc., should be kept from the ponds. They destroy many fingerlings in a single day. A load of buckshot is often used to good advantage, and is heartily recommended in this instance.

Throughout all if possible get in touch and work wholeheartedly with nearby hatchery employees. They are competent and for the most part men with hearts attuned to the work, ready to do their share. Although the preparatory work, above outlined, is also necessary in the rearing of trout, remember *the fry must also be fed.*

To a beginner the above may seem a "large order." To the contrary, however, the work in connection does not entail much time and expense. A completed pond, backed by an organization whose appointed committee functions, thus giving it the attention it so richly deserves, will return splendid results. And the workers will find no more fascinating and instructive work anywhere. And above all, the entire membership will have the heart knowledge of having done their bit for the "man of tomorrow."

THE Izaak Walton League is sweeping into the front ranks of American public welfare work—public welfare work that attains its highest service to others in the same proportion that it serves ourselves. It is the greatest undertaking in America today. The present program of expansion of size, scope, and activities is rushing onward with ever-increasing momentum. As special marks of distinction in this "Do and Grow" program, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. Special gold fobs to officers whose units exceed their quotas. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, will be printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges. Does your name appear here? If it does not, it should. Add your name to this splendid coterie of unselfish patriots. Place your name among these real leaders of this great movement for your country, your community, your League and yourself.*

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

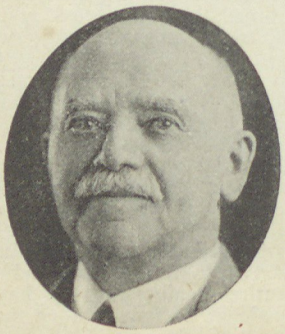
HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM, WHO HAVE GIVEN THE UTMOST IN SERVICE—FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER.

R. BRUCE FINDLY.....Colton, Calif.
B. F. TRAPP.....Hemet, Calif.
LESLIE GEORGE.....Cross City, Fla.
LARKIN CLEVELAND.....De Funiak Springs, Fla.
M. L. DUNCAN.....Marianna, Fla.
L. B. JETER.....Panama City, Fla.
CARL FLEMING.....Sparta, Ga.
ROBERT L. SMITH.....Pekin, Ill.
J. E. STRAUCH.....Washburn, Ill.
H. M. MARKER.....Peterson, Iowa
HILTON CROWTHER.....Dalton, Mass.
OSCAR M. WHITTEMORE.....Lenox, Mass.
M. J. CAVANAUGH.....Palmer, Mass.
ROBERT D. BARDWELL.....Pittsfield, Mass.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Here are the men who are in the front line trenches of Waltonism. They are doing a great work. Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members, are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members. Are you numbered among this select group? These men are workers. Do not let them do your share as well as their own. Get in the game!

H. T. ROYCE.....Forrest City, Ark.
W. D. MITCHELL.....Fort Smith, Ark.
R. M. BUSHEY.....Los Angeles, Calif.
FRED BOHL.....Denver, Colo.
GUST WILLIAMSON....Edgewater, Colo.
J. E. MAUGHAN.....Golden, Colo.
T. C. ROGERS.....Jacksonville, Fla.
BERT R. LUCAS.....St. Augustine, Fla.
DR. H. E. WHITE.....St. Augustine, Fla.
R. L. CLINE.....Glenns Ferry, Idaho
E. F. PEROUT.....Cicero, Ill.
WM. A. BARRETT.....Chicago Heights, Ill.
E. G. BASTAR.....Harvey, Ill.
J. R. DAY.....Harvey, Ill.
WILBUR DAY.....Harvey, Ill.
RAY DUNLAP.....Harvey, Ill.
LOUIS KOELLING...Chicago Heights, Ill.
T. H. PERRY.....Harvey, Ill.
BERT TIMMONS.....Harvey, Ill.
HENRY IPPEL.....South Holland, Ill.
G. W. WEEKS.....Tremont, Ill.
CHAS. KNAPP.....Burlington, Iowa
N. C. BURNETT.....Des Moines, Iowa
BILL FICKEL.....Sac City, Iowa
W. J. WATSON.....Claflin, Kans.
W. A. FINK.....Garden City, Kans.
M. F. RAMAGE.....Little River, Kans.
ED. E. STEPHENSON..Little River, Kans.
C. W. TROYER.....Little River, Kans.
C. H. ALTER.....Kansas City, Kans.
W. T. BORDENO.....Kansas City, Kans.
D. A. GRAY.....Kansas City, Kans.
L. E. ZIMMERMAN.....Moundridge, Kans.
W. L. BABSON.....Topeka, Kans.
E. G. MATHEUS.....Topeka, Kans.
DR. JOHN F. POWELL.....Topeka, Kans.
GEO. W. STANFIELD.....Topeka, Kans.
BEN O. WOLFE.....Topeka, Kans.
ALBERT SCHWARTZ.....Newport, Ky.
DANIEL J. CARROLL...New Orleans, La.
FRANK E. CARROLL...New Orleans, La.
RICHARD H. WADE....New Orleans, La.
ERNEST WALTON GIBSON..Fitchburg, Mass.
E. M. GUILD.....Springfield, Mass.
JOHN J. HALPIN.....Springfield, Mass.
DR. RALPH B. OBER.....Springfield, Mass.
S. W. PUTNAM, 3d.....Fitchburg, Mass.
EVERETT E. WILBAR.....Fitchburg, Mass.
DAN E. LEVIN.....Cadillac, Mich.
THURMAN, MC CRACKEN..Fenton, Mich.
HARVEY SWANEBECK.....Fenton, Mich.
LAWRENCE VANDERCOOK.....Kaleva, Mich.
ELLSWORTH BILLMAN....**Midland, Mich.**
CHAS. LOWRY..... Midland, Mich.
GEO. MITCHELL.....**Midland, Mich.**
ELVIN STONER.....Chisholm, Minn.
A. C. BORGESON..... Chisholm, Minn.
WM. CLEMENS.....Chisholm, Minn.
JOHN MACDONALD.....Chisholm, Minn.
MOSE SAPERO.....Chisholm, Minn.
JAMES STEINBRECKER..Chisholm, Minn.
ALGER SYME.....Chisholm, Minn.
O. F. WECKERLING.....Cromwell, Minn.
NORMAN LARSON.....**Hanley Falls, Minn.**
N. A. SIMONSON..... Keewatin, Minn.
A. J. BUDREAU.....Keewatin, Minn.
LOUIS GINSBERG.....Keewatin, Minn.
E. H. MURPHY.....**Kimball, Minn.**
DR. E. L. BALDUS..... Kimball, Minn.
R. M. KINGSTEDT.....**Lanesboro, Minn.**
N. L. MOE.....



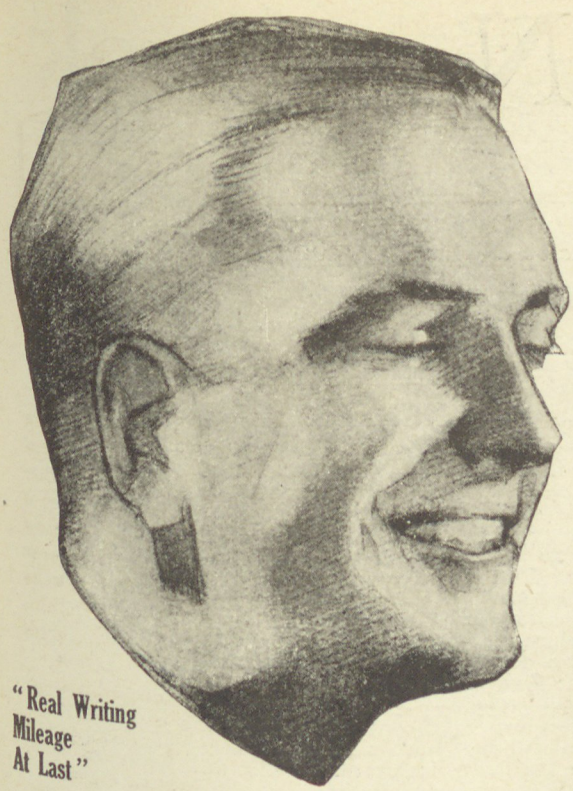
He Has Turned in 356 New Members!

THOMAS AMBROSE, secretary of the Chicago chapter, perhaps holds the record for new members obtained. *He has personally signed up 356, entirely aside from his duties with the chapter!* Mr. Ambrose is one of the Original 54 founders of the League, and has been active since its birth. But even so, 356 new members *personally* obtained is a wonderful record. Names and pictures of others who have made long-distance records will be printed here in following months.

Only One Way You Can Get This Remarkable Pen!

You must try it THIRTY days before you can keep it!

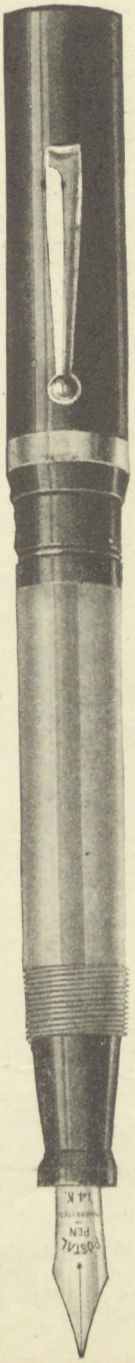
Equal to Any $7 or $8.75 Pen in Quality. Superior to Any Pen at Any Price in Performance.

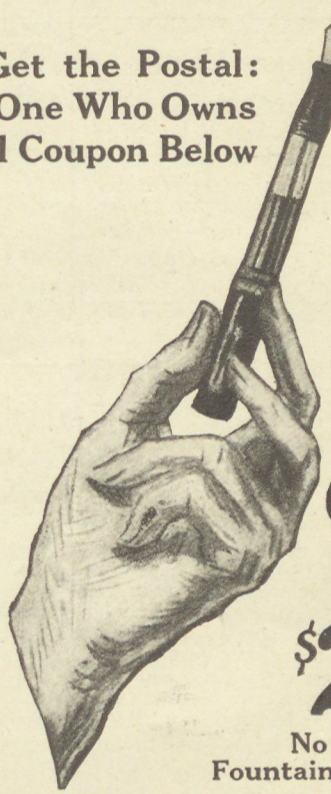


"Real Writing Mileage At Last"

Only Way to Get the Postal: "Buy through One Who Owns One"—or Mail Coupon Below

Actual Size Men's Model Shown Below





You Can See Right Through This Pen!

Costs Only $2.50

No Other Fountain Pen Like It!

THE man who invented this amazing pen consented to let us sell it only under one condition—that we work out a plan whereby the price would be within the reach of everyone, instead of selling it at $7 or $8.75, the price of other pens of equal quality.

Of course, it was impossible to sell this remarkable pen through the stores. Their profit on a $7 or $8.75 pen is **more than what you actually pay for the POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN.** And so we decided to let Uncle Sam do the selling for us through the United States Mails.

The Pen That Says "Fill Me Up!" Before It's Empty

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) is distinctive in design and contains features which are not found in any other pen. It is transparent, so you can always see when it needs filling. It is self-filling—employs an entirely new method, the easiest ever devised. Holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen. Manufactured from same materials as used in highest priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

How to Get the Postal Pen
SEND NO MONEY

Postal Pen Co., Inc., Desk 329, 41 Park Row New York City

Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may give away or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman $2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 30 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Send me the model I have checked.

☐ Men's size. ☐ Women's size.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you live outside the United States, send International Money Order with coupon.

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Do not send a penny! When you get your Postal Pen, you will also receive 5 post cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another pen. Every Postal Pen owner finds that his friends admire his remarkable pen and ask where they can get others like it. You can easily sell your premium post cards for 50c each and earn back the full price of your pen. You **do not** have to sell the cards—dispose of them any way you wish—whatever you make on them is yours to keep.

Don't Wait—Tear Off and Mail Coupon NOW

Read These Remarkable Postal Features

It Is Transparent—You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.

It Is Unbreakable—You can even **step** on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for lifetime service.

It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Every Saw—Big, solid 14-Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

It Is Self-Filling—The easiest of all pens to fill.

It Holds 3 to 4 Times More Ink than Any Other Self-filling Pen—Fill it once a month—and get real "writing mileage."

And Remember—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed to be equal or superior to those found in **any** other pen, whether sold at $7, $8.75 or more.

Thirty Days' FREE Trial

Send for your POSTAL Pen NOW. State whether you want men's or women's model. Use it 30 days and if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. You are to be the sole judge. Compare it with **any** pen at **any** price. **Remember the price is low only because our sales policy of** manufacturer-to-user eliminates all in-between profits, **commissions and handling.** Send the coupon NOW and learn what real fountain pen satisfaction is!

Postal
RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., Inc., 41 Park Row, Desk 329, New York City

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Preliminary Cast

Spring is here!
The robin is shouting it over the way, while down in the marsh pussy-willows are arching their furry backs to the caress of the South Wind.
Spring is here!

Early Spring Trout Fishing

IS there any day in the year quite comparable to the first day on trout? There may be other "Opening Days" in the sportsman's calendar, but none can quite measure up with this. I can well remember when the trout season in Wisconsin came in on All Fools' Day, which usually was quite appropriate, for we often waded through knee-deep snow to observe it; but observe it we did to be sure. As a German neighbor of mine once said of Christmas, "We keep it worse than we do Sunday." I have been caught out in April blizzards more than once, and even since the season does not open until May First, which is plenty early enough, too early for fly fishing usually, I have had trouble reaching my chosen stream. Well do I remember one May First when we enjoyed a two foot fall of the beautiful, but I observed Opening Day: caught trout too, but not on flies.

In my experience there is little use to lay flies never so adroitly unless there be natural ephemera upon the surface of the water. Oh, there are exceptions to the rule, just about enough of them to make the old saw regarding the exceptions proving the rule sufficiently accurate. One can, by dint of attaching a shot to his leader and going down deep, compel the perverse rascals to take counterfeit presentments, but that is not fly fishing per se. I have a well defined feeling that artificial flies should be employed only when conditions are absolutely right. Oh, you can take trout on flies in the midst of a thunder-storm, I have so taken them when snow flakes were sifting down; but it was not as enjoyable or as pleasurable as when insects were everywhere present and a bright warm sun smiling on foam-flecked surfaces. Fly fishing before warm days arrive somehow offends my aesthetic sense, if you get what I mean. Then, too, as I remarked at the opening of this paragraph, fly fishing before fly-time is not apt to be overly successful.

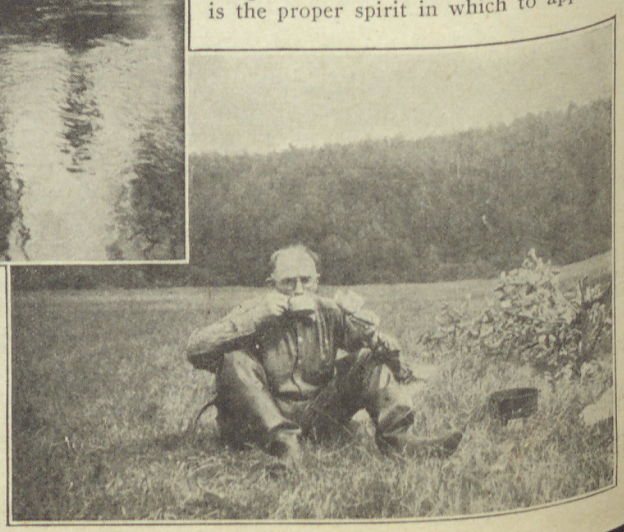
Appears that "scrap of paper," the cause of many an ichthyic battle. It is ever sportsmanlike to use worms? My position on the question is well known. It is not altogether the tackle or the method which makes one man a sportsman and another something else. Sportsmanship is the spirit of the individual, the sum total of his qualities. A man can use a cane pole and worms and be just as true a sportsman as the fellow who employs only the lightest of split-bamboo rods and most delicate of flies. Upon the other hand, the expert fly-man in fly-time has the opportunity to be the very worst variety of bounder. I know this, where the stream is open and known to me, I can take five trout on flies to your one with worms, when the fish are feeding on the surface. As I have defined it before, sportsmanship is the love of fair play raised to the N-th power. Primarily has little to do with tackle. The man of porcine proclivities will disclose his nature even if using the most sportsmanlike of tackle, while the sportsman will be a sportsman if accoutered with nothing more pretentious than a tamarack pole from the swamp and a twisted cotton line.

Yes, I use earth worms early, though I do not catch my fish as easily as I do later when fishing fine and far off with dry-flies. Then, too, I usually hunt out a brushy, tangled woods creek for Opening Day, because somehow the gray trunks of the friendly trees are so much worth while. I look for "cow-slips," spring beauties and hepaticas. I hear the birds, the home-spun robin and retiring hermit thrush. Sometimes I become so enamoured of my surroundings that I forget to fish, and that is observing Opening Day properly.

I remember several years ago visiting a certain north Wisconsin woods stream with a party of men. The season was backward. There was plenty of snow and ice in the woods and the little river was bank full of turgid brown water. The sky overhead was gray and forbidding, almost touching the tops of the tall trees, it seemed to me. There was quite a party of us and we started out up the stream, fishing wherever we could reach the water through the thick brush, then running around one another until we could find another opening. The thing degenerated into a miserable foot-race disgusting in the extreme. No one took any fish. Of course not. I at last sat down and let the party go on up, hurrying around one another, hoping for a good place somewhere. I had my lunch, frypan and tea-pail, so was sufficient unto myself.

After perhaps an hour, when the stream had quieted down, I set out up the bank, searching for the sort of hole I wanted. In time I discovered it. An elbow in the stream, forming a deep, quiet pool, approachable from one bank only. Without paying any attention to the fish, I gathered some dry wood, and kindled a little fire on the high bank hard by the stream. I even lopped off a few branches from a green hemlock to make myself a comfortable couch. I just didn't give a hang whether or not I took a fish. That is the proper spirit in which to approach

A beautiful trout stream on Opening Day.



"O. W." having a solitary and frugal but highly enjoyable lunch along a streamside.

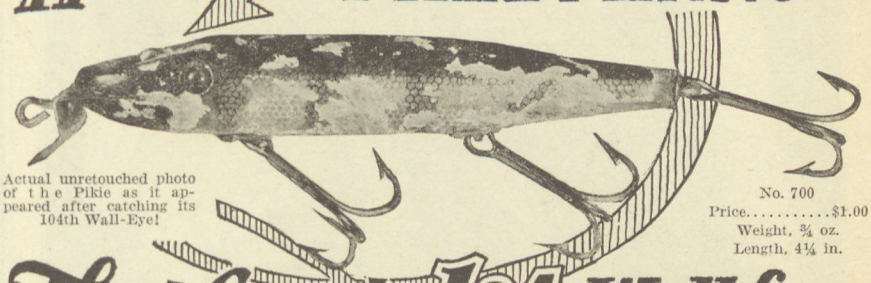
the Red Gods, for then they will prove kind. When I had everything fixed just as I wanted it, I got out my worm-box and baited up.

Might I pause long enough to describe briefly my tackle? The rod was my regular 8½ foot, 3 ounce split-bamboo, the rod I use ordinarily in trout fly fishing. The reel was the click, which filled with double-tapered line, weighed once and a half as much as the rod. The very refinement of tackle you see. I did not attach a leader, but used some large hooks I had snelled myself with foot long strands of gut. Hooks large enough to discourage any fingerling from impaling himself though he might easily gnaw away the worm. However I have never been one to find fault with little trout so long as they do not hook themselves: I am perfectly willing to contribute a few worms to their up-growth. A single shot was pinched to the shank of the hook just below where the gut was whipped on.

My theory was that the fish were feeding on the bottom, deep down, but hungrily. You will remember I said the stream was bank full of dirty water. I dropped in my worm-baited hook at the very head of the pool and let the current tease line from the reel as it carried the hook down, down until it came to rest. "On the bottom?" Perhaps. I don't know. I stretched out on my fragrant couch of hemlock and invoked my soul. A red-start, unaware of my presence, came through the interlacing brush, progressing by fits and starts, tail spread, wings set. I looked for the female but was unable to locate her. A mourning-cloak butterfly, flitted out into the open, coming to rest on my rod. So blessed, I knew it could but take a fish. Even as the butterfly came to rest, the line began to move, slowly, so slowly. I did not strike at once. I didn't want to disturb that mourning-cloak, anyway one should never strike too quickly in such fishing. The butter-fly departed and I set the hook with a strong upward sweep of the rod and was in a good fish. Of course the battle was deep down in the water, that goes without saying, and I enjoyed it to the full. When at last I reached down with my long-handled landing net and gathered in the shining one, I was well content. A twelve inch native brook or char, firm and cold.

Before noon I had four such fish, all caught in the same way, and I had seen eleven varieties of birds, and had gathered a bunch of flowers to take home. Then came the solitary but far from lonely lunch. I took all the time in the world to its preparation, for I had all the time there was. The coffee had to be cooked just right and the bacon browned just so, then came the high religious function, cooking the first trout of the season, which should always be done in the open. The fat had to be piping hot, the fish, two of them, plunged in quickly and cleanly so that the fat would cover them immediately. Then after they were thoroughly cooked, the superfluous fat was emptied out and the fish browned to a delectable turn. They were not ragged and tattered, as you sometimes see them served, but perfectly cooked, which takes time plus previous experience. Then I dined leisurely, luxuriously. No, my rod was not fishing, I hung it in a willow tree as the Children of Israel did their harps, but not for the same reason. Came the mellow interregnum which follows a hearty meal in the open, and like Caliban i'the mud, I sprawled on my hemlock couch and let the minutes pass unheeded, unregarded. After an hour or more I returned to the

Here's the PIKIE MINNOW



Actual unretouched photo of the Pikie as it appeared after catching its 104th Wall-Eye!

No. 700
Price.....$1.00
Weight, ¾ oz.
Length, 4¼ in.

That Caught 104 Wall Eyes in one season

HERE'S THE PROOF!

Monticello, Minn.,
November 10th.

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY,
GARRETT, INDIANA.
Dear Sirs:

Wall-eyed Pike fishing has been fairly good this season up here along the Mississippi, but nothing extra, 'til one of our local business men—Paul Rymel—was seen coming home with the limit of the finest Wall-eyes seen for some time!

This naturally aroused our local fishermen and the town was soon a scene of daily fishermen! But lo! Our catches were very small compared to Paul's! Then I had the pleasure of accompanying him on a Pike fishing trip up the river and only caught one Pike to his eight again!

This was getting too much for me and others who fished alongside of him in the same water and all using some kind of an artificial bait—so I asked him—"How do you do it?"!

Paul then showed me his bait, called the Famous Pikie Minnow No. 701. The next day our local sporting goods dealers were sold out of Pikie Minnows No. 701. Our local dealers soon were stocked with Creek Chub Baits and all that used this Pikie No. 701 had fine results!

I believe that Mr. Rymel has caught more Pike than any other fisherman on the river this season. The last fishing trip he registered his 104th Pike on the same bait! This, I believe, is a record that should be brought to your attention. The signatures below will verify this man's record with your Famous Pikie Minnow No. 701.

Yours truly,
Fred Holzman, Sec. Izaak Walton League.
A. W. Falk, Falk Hardware Co.
Paul Rymel, Mgr. DeSoto Produce Store.
A. W. Swanson, Mail Clerk, U. S. A.
Orin Bailey, Garage Prop.

Battle scarred and weather beaten—this Famous Pikie Minnow—after catching his 104th Wall-eyed Pike—comes up smilin'—ready to take 'em all on!
No wonder he has been dubbed "Old Faithful" by thousands of fishermen—'cause there's no stoppin' a Pikie Minnow! And Boy, how he fools 'em—the tricky little devil—swimming peacefully along—like a natural, live Pike Minnow—and smilin' saucily to himself—he turns his nose up to all of 'em—Pike, Pickerel, Bass and Muskie—which makes 'em so all-fired, fightin' mad they rush viciously to kill him! And WHANG—the battle is on—reel singin'—water splashin'—but the Pikie Minnow fearlessly holds on—'til they're all landed!

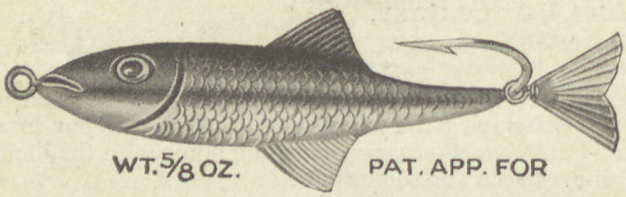
Remember—the Famous Pikie Minnow and any of the five other size Pikies as well as the other Creek Chub True-to-Nature Lures—is sold with a guarantee to catch fish—or money back! At your dealers or direct! Our Beautiful new colored catalog sent FREE upon request.

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY
324 S. Randolph St. GARRETT, IND.
Manufactured in Canada by Allcock, Laight & Westwood, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., for Creek Chub Bait Company.

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

PIKE (some calls 'em pickerel) too easy caught on my

TIN LIZ



Such a natural lookin' cripple! Layin' over on her side—wobblin' along—that tail spinner workin'! Natural iridescent color, too!

Poor old Pike grab this easy meat, then that single hook jest naturally slays 'em! Picture shows part of one day's catch strung up in a hurry so's not to hurt 'em. We ketched and put back alive mor'n ½ ton in a couple days at Six Mile Lake!

Pike is considered vermin, but they strike hard and make a slashin' fight on my Tin Liz! Ontario better get a limit on 'em, 'fore many fellers throws this metal baby around up there! Price $1.00.

FRED ARBOGAST

World's Champion Bait Caster

Barwell Street **AKRON, OHIO**

THE BAIT FOR BASS

KEELING'S

BABY TOM

PAT. 94-32

TOM THUMBS ALL — REAL WIGGLERS

SURFACE-TOM A TOP WATER WIGGLER

PIKE-TOM FOR WALLEYE PIKE

AT DEALERS OR DIRECT 75¢

FRED C. KEELING-ROCKFORD, ILL.

A.L.&W. FAVORITE

TROUT FLIES

Biological survey and scientific study of trout streams enabled us to design the

A. L. & W. SELECTED SIX.

Striker, Black Witch Mink, Kingfisher, Blue Heron. A. L. & W. Favorite—proven to be the best assortment for American waters after years of experience and testing. Exclusive designs.

Sizes 8-10-12—T.D. eyed flies to gut. Send $1.00 for sample set of six along with free literature on

FISHING IN CANADA.

Also authentic fishing and hunting information on request. Write Now! (stamps not accepted)

ALLCOCK LAIGHT & WESTWOOD COMPANY LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 64 YEARS

226 BAY ST. TORONTO CANADA

The King Minnow Net

THE BEST BY TEST

Made for 25 years, and going stronger every year. Only highest grade material used in its construction.

Sold on unconditional guarantee for one year. Broken or damaged nets should be sent direct to maker for repairs or replacement without cost.

Made in three sizes: 4x4 ft. $3.25, 3x3 ft. $2.75; and 2x2 ft. $2.25.

Ask your dealer for the King Net.

MADE BY

The W. H. REISNER MANUFACTURING CO.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., U. S. A.

fishing and when my ambitious and dead-weary companions came sifting back I had six as beautiful and perfect trout as one ever saw, all dressed and ready to take home. I honestly had more trout than any other single individual, and I was rested, rested in mind and body. Now that may not be "sportsmanlike" angling, as some count sportsmanship, but I am from Missouri. I had had my day, and I had been in close touch with old Mother earth and she had ministered to my soul-need. Too sadly often we take our fishing as we take life, too strenuously. If we would only be a bit more moderate, more willing to let the world go by, and go home from lake and stream with creel guiltless of fish, we would have better times. It is not, and never was, all of fishing to catch fish. On top of my basket of trout that day, lay a wonderful bouquet of spring flowers!

So if you can't see your way clear to some good fly fishing this spring, though I hope your season will be forward enough to make fly fishing worth while, try my method of worming and see for yourself whether or not it is enjoyable, and the word of my experience for it, it will prove successful. My wife says I always bring home four fish from my Opening Day excursion, and my wife is not so confirmed an angler that she is not to be believed.

ANENT ICE-FISHING

OUR wee bit article on ice-fishing in the January magazine has set a swarm of epistolary bees swarming about our devoted head, and we acknowledged that we liked to fish through the ice. Seems as though the question needed thorough discussion. I cannot behold without a qualm the hosts of ice-fishers busy on every inland lake. They tell us few fish are caught and we must believe it, but what we can't understand is why there are so many men busy all the time unless they get something other than fresh air. We are from Missouri in this matter, and we do most sincerely want to be shown. I know this, thirty years ago anywhere along the shores of Lake Michigan, from the middle of May on, we could catch all the perch we wanted, fishing from docks or anywhere, but to-day such is not the case. With increased summer and winter fishing I can see nothing but complete destruction of all fishing. As always, the fellows who fish are most loud in their protests against any curtailment of their rights. So they talked about the pigeon, the heath-hen, the grayling, et al. Come on, you fellows, get it off your chest. To ice-fish or not to ice-fish, that's the question. Whether it is nobler in the angler, to suffer the fish to rest in peace beneath their icy roof, or with hook and spear lift them from their safe retreat, and so destroy them? To catch the year 'round—to catch and eat, until we can catch no more. What shall we do? Ay, there's the rub.

O. W.

IN the January issue of "Outdoor America" there appeared an article on ice fishing by O. W. Smith, Angling Editor, in which he seemed to have formulated the idea that it was unsportsmanlike and unethical.

As in trolling on the lakes, ice fishing has its dangers. In the Straits of Mackinac the ice holds all winter but at either end there is open water most of the winter. At each end also are good fishing grounds and when fishing on them the fisherman has to be constantly on the alert for the very pan his shanty is on may break off and go cruising. In the early winter and late in the season this is liable to happen at any time. I have often fished in perfect safety one day and on turning out for the next day's fishing found that during the night the ice had moved out leaving open water right to the shore. Experienced fishermen always fish where they can see the bottom. Then at the first movement of the ice they can make for safety before it is too late. The first lesson the novice learns is to "watch for the bottom going by."

With trout at the present time bringing around $.20 per pound and perch $.14 many men temporarily out of work, as often happens here, find a welcome method of replenishing the larder in

fishing. A man can fish if there is no work and so can make both ends meet in January and February when times get dull and the labor market is flooded with no demand except the woods work. It is no uncommon sight to see from fifty to a hundred men and more fishing through the ice for perch in Cheboygan River and as you drive along the shore from Cheboygan to Mackinaw City the ice is dotted with shanties, each shanty containing one or two men watchfully waiting for trout. Around Mackinac Island, on the shores along Bois Blanc Island and in the neighborhood of St. Ignace are other favorite places for the ice fisherman to ply his trade. If legislation were passed to prohibit this form of fishing it would work a hardship on many families in all our neighboring towns and in some instances affect the entire community.

As to affecting the supply, ice fishing does not yield enough to have any effect on the supply, and the legal limit in size assures a plentiful supply of breeders being left to carry on the propagation of the species.

ALLEN F. GEROW,
Cheboygan, Mich.

My Dear Mr. Gerow:

I thank you for your courteous letter of recent date re the ice-fishing question.

I can't just understand. You say that ice-fishing tides many a family over the winter months, when work is hard to get, and in the next paragraph you add, "As to affecting the supply, ice fishing does not yield enough to have any effect on the supply." Yet enough are caught and sold to tide workers over a dull time. I live in a resort section and a man told me the other day, an ice fisher, that he thinks more fish are taken in winter than summer. As to spearing, well, I once speared one fish, a poor, lone bullhead, and after it expired on the steel, I threw the whole thing away. Don't think I say this in any holier-than-thou spirit, simply that was the way it affected me. What I want is to have a thorough discussion of this ice-fishing proposition and see if we may not get more light upon it. Glad to hear from you at any time.—O. W.

DYEING FEATHERS

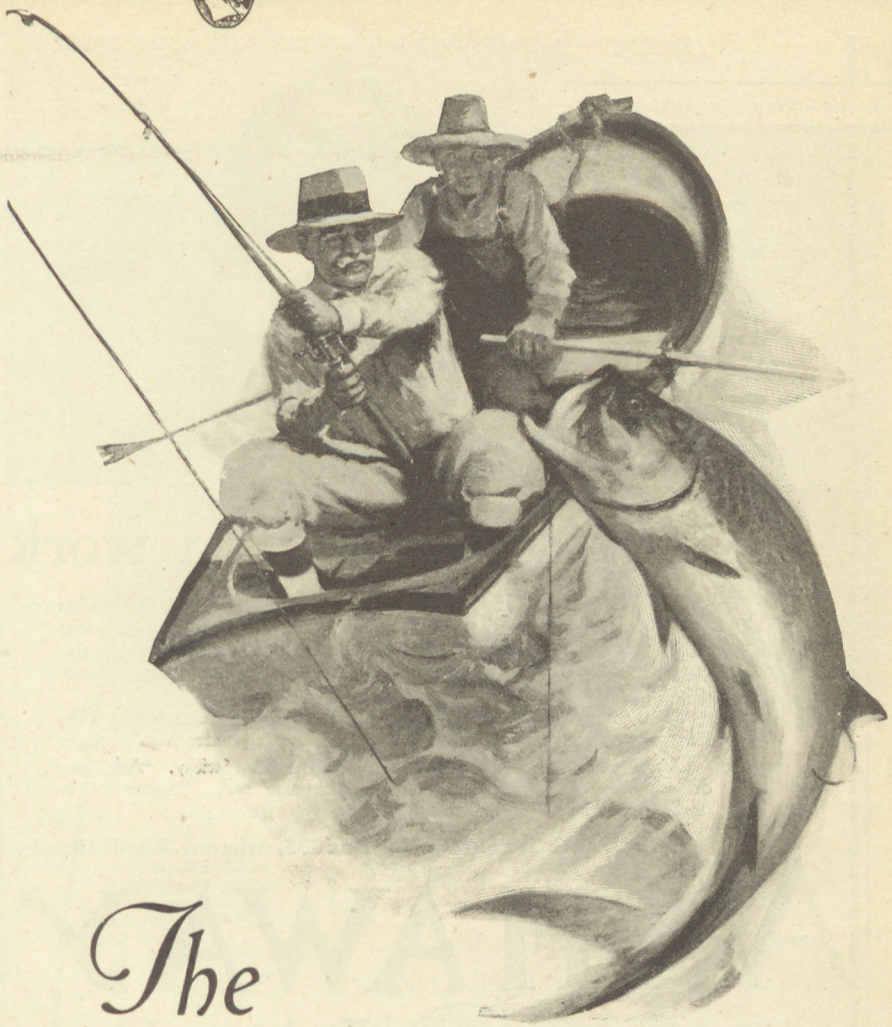
My dear Sir: Your good letter relative to dyeing feathers for fly-making has been forwarded to me. I have had considerable experience in the whole matter of fly-making, consequently have done some dyeing. I never had any difficulty in getting a good dye when I was careful to wash the feathers thoroughly before dyeing. The secret of success lies in getting rid of the natural oil in feathers. Wash through several changes of water, luke warm, using plenty of Ivory Soap. You will find that if you add a lump of common starch to the last rinsing water, say the size of a walnut, sufficient to make the water milky, it will aid in fluffing the feathers when dry. I have used the regular commercial dyes, following directions on the packages. Have experimented with so-called "natural dyes," but have not found them as good as the commercial products. M. Schwartz & Son, 312 E. 3d St., New York, can, I think, supply you with dyed feathers.—O. W.

CROSS BROWN AND RAINBOW?

My dear Sir: In answer to your recent communication regarding article in an outdoor publication concerning the possibility of a cross between brown trout and rainbow in New Zealand, I would say that such a cross seems hardly probable, at least as we know the fishes here. You are right, the brown spawns at practically the same time as does the brook, from Oct. 5th on. In our Middle West you will find both on the beds. I cannot, therefore, see how it would be possible for a cross to take place between the rainbow and brown, the former being a spring spawner. Crosses between the brown and brook have been forced, and might possibly take place in Nature, though Nature is jealous of her species. I have seen such crosses six or eight inches long, bearing more marks of the brook than the brown, though the larger scales of the latter are in evidence and the brownish color. I have always supposed that such crosses were "mules," though one culturist friend doubts that all are. Hope the foregoing may help you out a bit.—O. W.

PLANTING BROWNS WITH BROOKS

My dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter requesting information regarding the advisability of planting ouananiche and brown trout in one of your club's rivers. I note you say the water already carries



The MONTAGUE TRAIL

TODAY . . . as *you* read *this* . . . the Silver Kings of the briny deep have been fighting, racing, plunging, battling against the combined skill of their captors and the seasoned craftsmen who make Montague rods. Off the Florida Coast. Off the California Coast. Throughout the world wherever tarpon and sword fish, tuna and king fish, bonita and sail fish are captured.

For wherever the fishing is marvelous . . . . there goes "The Montague Trail." It's the merry trail of the fine hand-worked rods which originate in the famous Montague workshops, where more than half of the world's split bamboo rods are made.

FEATURED BY THE BEST SPORT GOODS STORES EVERYWHERE

Write to Dept. "D" for Descriptive Booklet

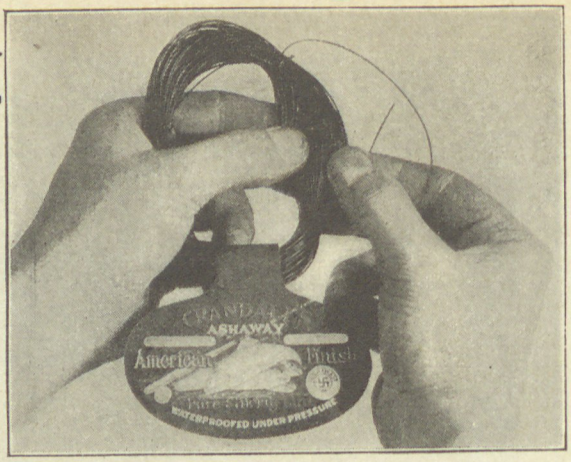
The "MONTAGUE MANITOU" is a wonderful heavy game fishing rod—6-strip, most carefully selected and aged butt cut Tonkin cane. Detachable butt of selected second growth white hickory wound with cane. Ferrules and reel seat of 18% nickel silver; locking type reel bands. Three weights: 6 ounce tip; 9 ounce tip; 12 ounce tip for "Heavy Tackle Class," Guides and top genuine agate. . . . . Price $35.

MONTAGUE IMPERIAL heavy game reel—massive proportions, beautiful finish—performance and appearance unsurpassed at many times the price. Line tension always under control . . . . . $65.

Other sturdy hard service tarpon and heavy game fishing reels ranging in size from 150 to 300 yard capacity and in price from . . . . . $3.25 to $45.00.

MONTAGUE
ROD AND REEL COMPANY
MONTAGUE CITY MASSACHUSETTS

Always Carry a Spare Fishing Line



THREE successive years of sweeping popularity—1925, '26, '27. That is what the fly-fishermen of the country think of the Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line, introduced to them June 1, 1925.

The soft line for hard work

PLACING your fly with the accuracy and delicacy to get strikes from big fish—that is what the Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line is made for first. Feel the unusual weight, the smooth, fast-shooting surface, the great pliability or softness. There for casting fine and far.

Then strength: The *life* of the silk is preserved indefinitely by the remarkably tough and elastic finish, forced into it under high vacuum.

Original, exclusive, will neither harden nor turn sticky. Ask your dealer to show you one to suit your favorite rod. Should he be unable to, please write to us.

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ASHAWAY

Every Ashaway Line is guaranteed satisfactory to you or your money back.

ASHAWAY Fishing Lines

Famous lines for every kind of fishing—used around the World. Made in Ashaway since 1824.

Send for a free copy of "Ashaway Fish Stories"

"It ain't just luck" SAYS SLIM ELI

"It's knowin' the right kind of baits and how to use 'em— pickin' 'em for the time and the water and the kind of fish you want to ketch.

"I been followin' "Hildebrandt's Hints" for the past thirty years, and takin' it by and large, I've been gettin' fish when others do and gettin' 'em when others dont. "I lay it all to Hildebrandt's baits, and the way he tells me to use 'em for bait-castin' — fly-fishin' — trollin' — or for still-fishin' with live bait.

Send for Hildebrandt's Hints—chock full of fish-catching tackle and advice. It's FREE. Not a dry line in it.

The John J. Hildebrandt Co.
845 High St.; Logansport, Ind.

Divine RODS

To You Fishermen

who KNOW fishing, love it for its SKILL and SPORTSMANSHIP and take keen delight in the action of a fine rod—

To you the name Divine on a rod is full of meaning.

For over 50 years that name has held an ideal before those who have inherited the responsibility of carrying its reputation forward.

Whether you troll, still-fish, or cast bait or flies, and whatever your game, there are Divine Rods made especially to give you ALL the sport in fishing. They range from the sinuous, needle-tipped, 7½ foot "Fairy Fly" that weighs but 2½ oz. up to sturdy 16 oz. deep-sea rods.

Write for Catalog

THE FRED D. DIVINE CO.
522 Roberts Street Utica, N. Y.

native brook trout, by which I take you to mean the char, or eastern brook trout. If brook trout do well I would not plant brown with them, but increase the stock of natives. It is a mistake to put brown in with brooks unless you are willing to see the latter gradually disappear. The brown is a more aggressive fish, a more rapid grower, and while a great fly-fish, in my estimation does not compare with the native brooks in fineness. I doubt if the ouananiche would do well, though you give few details as to conditions, natural food, etc., all of which must be taken into consideration. The ouananiche would not drive out the brooks as would the brown, however. If I can be of further service do not fail to write me.—O. W.

THE EAST WIND

My dear Sir: You ask an ancient question when you want to know if the east wind is inimical to fishing. The question was up in Walton's time, and he made the sage observation: "There is no good horse of a bad color." Then he tells us that the angler who refuses to go out just because the wind is in the east, "shall be a bit superstitious." I don't like an east wind, not because trout will not feed, but because it usually betokens cold, raw, disagreeable weather, when fly fishing is anything but fun. I have a feeling that fly fishing should be resorted to only when Nature wears her most benignant mood. I have made good catches of trout when an east wind was blowing, and anyone knows the wormer makes his best catches during rainy weather. No, the winds and the moon have little or no effect on fish, though you will find those who believe strongly to the contrary.—O. W.

Two Poor Fish in a Boat

By Bayard R. Kraft

"TUNA off the south Jersey coast? Why, man you're crazy—a stray perhaps, now off Asbury Park and up to Block Island, yes, but below that, nothing doing." Many times during the past three summers have I heard good fishermen so express themselves, and, to substantiate their contentions, it must be admitted that we fished on the so-called tuna grounds many times during the summers of 1923 and 1924, with nary a strike or even the sight of a tuna—BUT the summer of 1925 is another story, particularly during the latter part of July and early August.

On the morning of July 27th, Oscar and I went after tuna. We used 36 thread line (tarred), 9-0 Vom Hoffe reels, 12/0 hooks, six feet of piano wire and long strips of tuna belly for bait, no bonita or blue being caught on the way out; on the two out-riggers for teasers we used red and white painted spoons, and Frank had the red flag buoy ready to throw overboard when we struck fish. We were well off shore, some twenty miles, and everything was favorable, a light haze that dulled the sun and a steady wind from the southeast.

The two rum chasers anchored close to the Light Ship were being swabbed down as we passed by.

We were discussing the speed of these boats, prohibition, duck shooting—in fact, all the things that men will talk about when they are perfectly comfortable and contented, when Frank called, "There they are, boys, FISH AHEAD." and in about twenty minutes we were on the outer edge of the largest school of tuna that I have ever seen. As far as we could see the fish were jumping and the water was churned white. They were feeding on sardines. Thrilled! Who would not be? It gave me the same sort of thrill that I get when geese are settling in the stools or a covey of birds are getting up after the dogs have made a beautiful point. Personally, if no fish struck, it would be a great day.

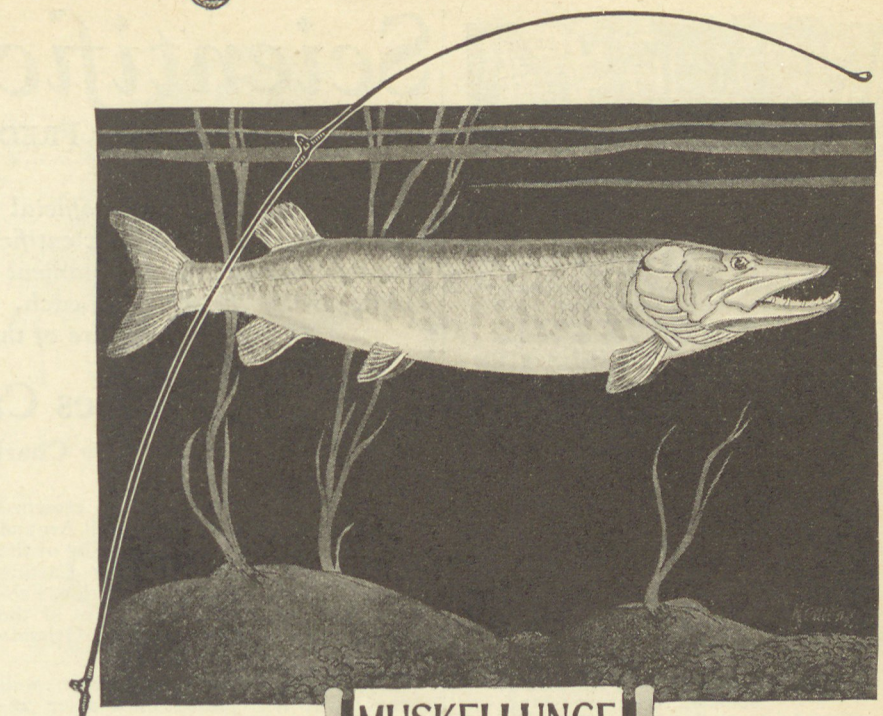
There sat Oscar and I, hunched up in our fishing chairs, ready—I'll say we were—ready for a heavy strike. Oscar had never hooked a tuna and I had not caught one for five years. What his feelings were I can't say. As for me—well, I had buck fever, a good dose of it, and every time Frank called, "There's another; we'll soon be with them, boys," I had another relapse. We went over a cone-shaped school of sardines, but not a strike. Then a tuna, and a big one, jumped close to the boat, on Oscar's side. He got a good look at it, and had time to say, "My God!" when there was that peculiar swirl in back of the boat and Oscar left his chair with the strike. A tuna was on the other end of the line and it made a beautiful run, a good three hundred feet, and stayed near the top of the water. We circled and Oscar took in line frantically, then another run—the fish still close to the top of the water. In fact, all the fish we hooked made long runs, all of them at some time having out a good eight hundred feet of line and all of the fish remained on the top of the water, so close that we could see them at times. None of them sounded until the last run, then when they came up they were stone dead.

We circled time after time, Oscar slowly but surely getting in more line. While Oscar was playing this fish I kept on trolling, but did not pay much attention to my line when "SLAM," and I had one of those strikes that raises you up with a jerk and feels something like riding on an express train and lassoing a telegraph pole. It was great having two tuna on at one time. Fellows, weren't we sitting pretty—two tuna hooked, a dandy fishing day, smooth water, wind from the right quarter, more tuna jumping all around us, and millions of sardines for the fish to feed on and stay put. We were getting along famously with our respective fish, not recovering much line but in some way succeeding in keeping the lines from tangling. Frank had thrown over the red flag buoy when Oscar's fish struck and was now exhorting us to be careful.

The two rum chasers had passed us some time before. We could see them cruising about miles away. Shortly after Frank threw out the red flag buoy one of them changed its course and headed straight for us. It came so close that we had to wave it to change its course to prevent its going over Oscar's line. During these entire proceedings one of the men stationed in the pilot house or bridge or whatever they call it, kept looking at us through glasses. If this fellow's eyesight was that bad, "heaven help the Navy on a night like this." If as this deck swabber thought, we had had cases of liquor fastened onto our lines, believe me, it would have been Hop Scotch or the original White Horse. We sure were in a jam and what a movie it would have made. Frank talking to the whole crew with his voice and both arms and Oscar and I whenever possible lending an extra arm. How any man could have helped seeing and knowing what we were doing, with our six-foot bamboo rods (and they sure had a beautiful bow in them) beats me. Yet with all our warning gesticulations and shouting that rum chaser came within a couple of hundred feet of us, circled us and then went off and did the same thing to another fishing boat a couple of miles away.

Oscar's fish we believed to be the larger of the two, which proved to be the truth, so I eased up a bit and gladly, too, so that he could have it out without interference. Oh yes, I had pains in my arms, my shoulders ached, my fingers were more

(Continued on page 69)



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[1] One piece; no joints or stiff spots; guides can't come loose; no ferrules to slip or turn.

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When a Muskie Sulks

Don't be afraid to let him feel the butt—and when he sees the boat and starts off on a smashing run—hold him hard. Don't worry about a True Temper Rod because it's made to stand all he's got and more.

Cast all day with light or heavy plug and troll where these big ones are. This True Temper Rod needs no loving care on the trip and afterwards it needs no silk or varnish—only a few drops of oil.

This is the greatest rod ever made. The tip is rapier steel, with a clock spring temper, hand ground to a taper that gives perfect action. Balanced and finished as carefully as a surgeon's tool, and made by a company with one hundred years experience in working and tempering steel. Catalog on request.

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TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

25¢ Fly Free and **NEW 68 Page Color Catalog —NOT Free**

YOU must send 25¢ and dealer's name for this book showing Weber flies, tackle and "lifelike" luring novelties—many plates in full color — valuable hints on casting. Besides all standard patterns, this book features tackle especially for American style fly-fishing, including ALL fresh water game fish as well as trout! The sport-seeker's biggest quarter's-worth but you get your 25¢ back *twice:* we credit you 25¢ on the first order from catalog and send you a 25¢ fly free.

Or simpler — slip in a dollar bill for $1.00 in goods and get catalog and extra fly free.

Weber's Wet Fly

Matched flat wing; natural taper hackle. Expert design. Standard sizes and patterns 15c; Doz. $1.75

"Aklenat" Early season, dry. Quickest drying. Rides extra high. 20c; Doz. $2.00

Lifelike "Drake" Flies

Dead Drake Each 35c Doz. $4.20 *Live Drake*

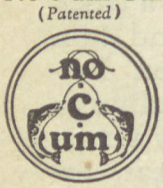
Exceptionally perfect imitations in true-to-nature colors of gray, brown, green or black drakes — both live and dead stages. Sizes 6, 8, 10.

Aklebug Lucious insect tidbit. Sure luring and hooking. Casts, alights and lifts like down, 12 patterns. Trout sizes 4 to 10, 60c; Bass sizes, 65c.

Whiskerbug A deer-tail riot in a class by itself. Its equal has never been tied. Killingest and most usable of fly lures; weedless, snagless. Routs out the biggest trout, bass, pike, crappies. Sizes 4, 2, 1/0. 60c. Also with spinner, 75c.

Dri-a-Fli-or-Line Handiest little gadget ever in your kit, 2x3 in. leather book, prepared leaves. Dries and dry-compounds fly; dresses line with deer fat at a finger pinch. $1.00.

No-c-um Camouflaged Leader (*Patented*)



Striped in two translucent tones — practically invisible. Not a theory but a proved success. Best gut, triple tested. Trout, bass and salmon sizes: 1 to 3 yds. level or tapered. 2 yd. level, 5-lb. test, 50¢ each. Doz. $5.50. Other sizes priced proportionately.

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Line up with the times. Add the *easy* art of fly casting to your bag of tricks. More sport —more fish—and the BIG ones! Every species that takes bait or plugs will hit the fly and Weber tells you how to do the trick. Write Weber for Special Starting Offer, personal selection of tackle and full fly casting instructions.

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The **Weber Lifelike Fly Co.**
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and KINNICKINNIC TACKLE CO.

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Southern States Casting Tournament

By Charles F. Farry

AL FOSS of Cleveland was crowned the 1928 Southern States All Around Casting Champion at the close of the second annual Southern States Casting tournament held in Orlando, Florida, February 9, 10, 11 under the auspices of the Orlando Casting Club and the Orlando Department of Recreation.

The victory of the Clevelander, well earned, was not gained until after another one of the famous set-tos which have characterized the play in this annual all southern event. Trailing the 1927 champion, Walter W. Willman, at the end of the first quarter's casting, Foss grabbed the lead during the third quarter to which he held tenaciously, repelling a fierce endeavor by Willman as the tournament neared its end. Foss won by a one point margin over Willman; Lou Hurst of Indianapolis who pushed Willman to the closing event in 1927 finished third. Fred T. Johnson of Indianapolis finished fourth in the all around event. The scores were: Foss, 18; Willman, 19; Hurst, 21; Johnson 36.

With ideal weather throughout the three days of the tournament, every event of the eighteen run off was as closely contested as was the all around title fray. Interesting and spectacular play bobbed up in every event.

Not only did the tournament have its largest list of entrants, but the largest attendance at the affair was recorded when the three days drew better than an estimated 5,000 gallery. Coming and going, a steady stream of humanity witnessed the various events as they were run off at Lake Eola and at the fairgrounds.

On a par with the interest that was manifested in the winning of the all around championship, was the keen attention given to the casting of the boys, with Marvin Flynn winning the all around junior title. The consistent work of the juniors was brought out in event number 18, an extra added bill, in which Walter Willman was pressed to win with a 99.5. Close onto his heels in this 5/8 ounce accuracy bait event at unknown distances was Walter Hudson, a high school lad who scored 99.4. Tied for third place with Mrs. Walter Willman was a grade school lad, Billy Willcox, with 99.3. Another point behind was Marvin Flynn, a junior high lad, with 99.2. Lou Hurst had to be contented with a tie at 99.1 with two grammar school boys, Earl Hullett and Thomas Peral. Jacob Zorian, also in the grades, finished in the elite class with 99. Ray Harrison and Paul Mashburn and other youngsters finished with 99.8 in this event, pitted against outstanding casters of national reputation.

Foss took away the capital prize—a beautiful silver loving cup, presented to the all around champion by the Orlando chapter of the Izaak Walton League. To the winners in the major events, the Orlando Department of Recreation presented gold, silver and bronze medals to those placing first, second and third.

While the all around championship rested between the quartet of entrants, supremacy in the individual events was

Photo by Burress

Tomorrow's casting champions. From left to right: Paul Mashburn; Earl Hullett, 5/8 ounce champion; Roy Harrison, champion of class B boys; Ray Barlow; Walter Hudson, winner of the fishermen's event; and Marvin Flynn, all around junior Southern champion. These boys cast consistently above the 99 mark in the bait accuracy events.

Photo by Burress.

Snapped at the Southern States Casting Tournament, Orlando, Florida, February 9, 10, 11. From left to right: Ivar Hennings of South Bend; E. W. Brown, president of the Orlando Casting Club; and Al Foss, new Southern casting king with his trophy.

contested throughout. Sergeant Wainwright of Memphis displayed one of the characteristic features of the tournament when he came back in the half ounce accuracy event to tie with Al Foss and then to win the gold medal in the cast off. G. F. McCain of Orlando stepped into the limelight when he finished second in the dry fly accuracy. Dr. J. W. Pinkham of Ocean City, New Jersey, discarding his surf tackle, presented one of the surprises of the tournament when he placed second in the 5/8 ounce distance bait event. Fred Johnson of Indianapolis came in for a share of the spotlight when he placed third in the surf distance event. A. C. Stuart of Daytona and Dr. Pinkham thrilled in the quarter ounce accuracy event by pushing Walter Willman down the line. Walter Willman, after bowing to Al Foss for the all around championship, brought the tournament to a close with a display of remarkable casting in the added event to hang up a score of 99.5, which included 8 perfect plays.

The fishermen's event drew the largest list of entries in the history of the annual Orlando event. Though no ties existed for the first or second place honors, the remainder of the field was closely bunched with as high as four tied up for some one position. Mrs. Lou Hurst added to her laurels by taking both of the ladies' events, casting remarkably consistently throughout. Mrs. Willman, who failed to live up to past performances during the first day's play, came into her own form in the final event to hang up a mark of 99.3.

During the playing of the distance events, the spotlight was turned upon Dr. J. W. Pinkham. The gallery followed his workout throughout and applauded enthusiastically as he walked away, literally, with the surf event, his favorite one.

The tournament came to a close with a banquet at the San Juan Hotel Saturday night at which time the medals and the prizes were presented to the tournament winners. It was announced that the 1929 Southern States Casting tournament would be held February 14, 15, 16.

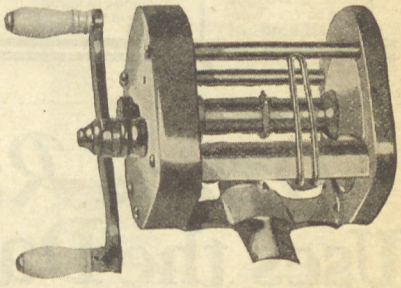
San Francisco Fly Casting Club

THINK of a mid-winter casting tournament. This is just exactly what the members of the San Francisco Club celebrated during February. Last year there were 35 contestants but this year the at-

NEW Genuine Meisselbach Level Wind Reel — $5!

ONLY Meisselbach skill and facilities could produce such a remarkable reel at such a low price.

The $5 Level Wind has Permo end plates in attractive green, red, brown or black (optional), double handle, closed line guide, everlasting bearings of phosphor bronze, one-piece reel seat of solid brass nickel plated, brass hub, nickeled silver spool flanges—in other words, the same important features as those that distinguish the most expensive reels made.



Here is a reel that, like all Meisselbachs, will last for a lifetime. There is nothing on it to rust, nothing to get out of order.

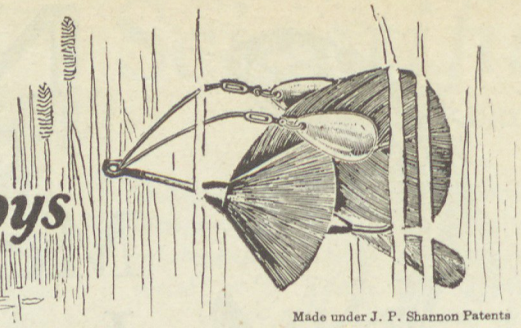
Here is your chance to obtain a genuine Meisselbach with all the latest improvements and refinements, a reel backed by a 40-year reputation, and all for $5.

See it at your dealer's today or, if he doesn't have it, send $5 for the reel and your copy of the famous Bite Book. There are years of fishing joy and satisfaction in the $5 Level Wind.

The A. F. MEISSELBACH *Division*
of The General Industries Co.
Taylor Street .. .. *Elyria, Ohio*

Meisselbach

get in the weeds for the big boys



Made under J. P. Shannon Patents

DEEP in the weeds—that's where the big boys hide. Any old-timer will tell you that. He'll tell you, too, the best way to get at 'em is with a Shannon Twin Spinner. It's absolutely weedless and snagless. For attractiveness nothing can beat it. Fish where the fish are, deep water or shallow; cast or troll with it—the Shannon's a fish-getter any way you use it.

Made with Red, Yellow and White Feather Fly; Natural, Red, Yellow and Black Bucktail Fly; Red or Gray Squirrel Tail. *Price, each, 90c.* Barbless Hook style same price. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct.

THE W. J. JAMISON COMPANY
739 S. California Avenue Dept. 54 Chicago, Illinois

The Barbless Holds 'em

Sharp, needle-like point goes in deeper and quicker. "Hump," instead of a barb, holds 'em securely. Do not fail to try them for all kinds of fishing.

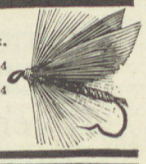
JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS
TRADE MARK
SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS

Weedless Coaxer
Now made in natural frog color.
EACH - 85c

Barbless Hook Flies

Trout Flies—24 patterns, No. 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 hook. Each, 20c, or $2.40 a dozen.
Dry Flies—No snell. 12 patterns. No. 8, 10, 12 and 14 hook. Each, 25c, or $2.80 a dozen.
Inverted Bass Flies—No. 1-0 Ringd Hook, no snell. 14 patterns. Each, 40c, or $4.60 a dozen.

Send for beautiful catalog of Jamison Fish-Getting Lures



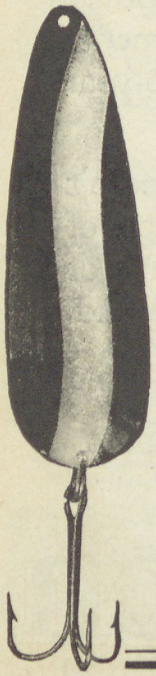
Ozark Ripley Uses the Dardevle!

Ozark Ripley—expert angler, lecturer and noted writer in the sporting press—became a hearty convert to the Dardevle lures on a recent Canadian trip. Mr. Ripley writes:—

"In Quebec province the Dardevle Imp was used exclusively in the Black River for Small Mouth Bass. In the Ottawa River and adjacent lakes the Dardevle and Dardevlet were successful on Bass, Northern Pike and Wall-Eyes, and the True-Pickerel.

"On reaching the Nipigon, famous for its monster brook trout, the only lures used by my companion and me on this and nearby streams was the Dardevle Imp. This lure is particularly suited to the rapids of these streams, as it not only works wonderfully in the current but will stay under water, which most lures won't do. The Dardevle made many a pleasant day for me bait casting for these monster trout."

See these lures at your dealers. Send for catalog today. Don't be without them this next trip!



Dardevle's Imp
"The Little Devle"
2½" long.
2-5 oz.
Price 75c

Osprey Lines Guaranteed Waterproof Silk

Canadian Distributors:
Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.
76 West Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger
"Outfitters of Sportsmen"
Dept. W. 131-135 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.
"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"

tendance will depend upon the condition of the streams. This is written before February 22, but if the coast streams on that date are clear many will be off to catch big steelhead trout instead of casting at targets.

Mr. J. P. Cuenin writes further: "It is rather difficult to convince an angler that he should cast at a wooden ring when he might be on a stream where big rip-snortin' trout running up to 15 pounds or more can be caught. However, despite the handicap of a trout season open 10 months in the year and a black bass season open throughout the year in some waters, we manage to get quite a number of the boys to attend the regular tournaments.

"That considerable interest is taken in the tournament game may be seen by the fact that we often have 40 of our 145 members at tournaments and that more than 50 casters from various parts of the West attended the annual tournament of the Western Association of Scientific Angling Clubs which was held last summer at Seattle under the auspices of the Seattle Casting Club. Another thing that points to interest is that the club is to add a $3,500 extension to the present clubhouse at Stow Lake in Golden Gate Park.

"IF THE MEMBERS OF THE NUMEROUS SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS KNEW THE SPORT THAT MAY BE HAD IN TOURNAMENT CASTING, AND IF THEY KNEW HOW MUCH BETTER SPORT THEY COULD HAVE WHEN FISHING BY LEARNING TO USE THEIR RODS PROPERLY, EVERY CLUB IN THE STATE WOULD IMMEDIATELY GET INTO THE GAME.

"No elaborate equipment is necessary and the rods one uses in fishing may be used in tournament. For the accuracy fly and lure events five barrel hoops 30 inches in diameter will answer for targets, and a 100 foot tape measure completes the equipment for fly and lure casting.

"Anglers can learn to place the fly properly and naturally on the water and to drop the fly not only delicately but exactly where they want it to fall. They could also learn to use the roll cast which would enable them to cast a fly with brush, trees or a cliff a few feet behind them, and after a half hour's practice they would never again snap off a fly on the back-cast.

"SNAPPING OFF FLIES NOT ONLY ANNOYS AN ANGLER, BUT IT WASTES MUCH OF HIS TIME WHILE THE FISH ARE RISING AND IT COSTS MONEY TO SCATTER FLIES ALONG THE STREAM.

"The plug and spinner fisherman can profit as much as the fly caster by taking up tournament work. He can learn to place his lure at almost any desired spot up to 80 or 100 feet and do it repeatedly all day long with few or no backlashes, and as for distance, he can, with practice, learn to cast a plug from 200 to 250 feet.

"A 200 foot cast is, of course, never necessary in fishing for black bass with a plug, or casting a spinner in a coast stream for steelhead, or in a mountain lake for trout, but gaining the ability to cast long distance gives the angler complete control of the outfit when casting at regular fishing distances.

"As I stated before, tournament casting is good sport in itself, even if it did not add greatly to one's efficiency when fishing. Friendly competition in club casting is to the angler as much fun as trap shooting is to the hunter, and a nickel does not go up in smoke every time a cast is made. There is very little cost to tournament casting after one has his equipment."

The San Francisco Club is a fishing as well as a Casting Club and its home is a permanent one erected and owned by the Club members.

Notes of the Chicago Clubs

THE Lincoln Park Casting Club has elected the following officers for the year 1928.

President—F. R. Steel.
1st Vice President—C. H. Gerould.
2nd Vice President—J. B. Nystrom.
Sec'y & Treas.—P. S. Gilbertson.
Sec'y of Records—Wm. Mueller.
Captain—Ernest Lambert.
Rep. to the N. A. S. A. C.—Chas. Kretschmar.
The Alternate—A. J. Naugle.
Sheriff of Platform—Chas. Kretschmar.

The Board of Directors

Chairman—Dr. G. C. Davis—Permanent.
Geo. Neil—3 years.
W. B. Sturgis—2 years.
Chas Zeisler—1 year.

Committee for Instruction of New Members

Dr. H. H. Seyl—Chairman.
W. B. Sturgis—Fly Instructor.
E. J. Davis—Bait Instructor.

The officers for the Illinois Casting Club have been chosen for 1928 as follows:

President—Fred N. White.
Vice President—E. K. Bennington.
Secretary—H. B. Eberman.
Treasurer—Alvin L. McCombs.
Captain—Herman F. Vong.
Director—Frederick J. Lane.

Walton Golf

ALVIN L. McCOMBS, Treasurer of the Illinois Casting Club, has outlined an attraction to our casting games that has so far been enthusiastically received. He calls it "WALTON GOLF" and it can be played on any distance field with distance and accuracy rods. It has been tried in several places and the players say they are fascinated with its possibilities. It is golf with fishing rods and in general just like golf in its play.

In this game a player is not one of a field of contestants but he is in direct competition with an individual opponent or several of them if he is with a foursome. Below is given the "course" which can be changed to suit any conditions.

Tentative Rules

Walton Golf—A game combining distance and accuracy casting with the desirable features of Golf.

Weights—5/8 ounce Regulation Plug, but any weight may be substituted.

Rings—Thirty inch rings such as are used for fly events are placed at designated distances, marked with a flag, thus corresponding to holes in Golf.

The Play—Players start from the same mark and cast in turn as in golf. Their second shot will be from point where weight rests at end of previous shot, and so on, until the weight strikes the rim of the ring or has landed inside of it, or, in other words, until a perfect has been made. Players then cast for the next ring and in like manner until the entire "course" has been completed. Play may be single, in doubles, or in a foursome as is customary in Golf.

Scoring—Player taking the lowest number of casts for the course wins or each ring may be played for separately. A break or a backlash counts as a cast and a player must make his next cast from the point at which weight rests after such a break or backlash.

Measurements—The course may be changed to suit the size of the field.

The Ideal Combination for Trout

When you start out on a fishing trip with an outfit that is the last word in fine fishing tackle, you know you're going to have a wonderful time. Take this Shakespeare Combination with you.

This German Brown Trout was caught on all Shakespeare tackle; 14-lb. test Enameled line; 5-oz. fly rod; and Automatic reel. Regarding the Automatic, T. Robb, veteran angler said:—"In my opinion a fly fisherman's tackle kit is not complete without an automatic. I'd as soon think of hunting without a gun as to try to fish for trout without an Automatic."

Automatic Trout Reel

Light and strong, with extra large line capacity, the Shakespeare Automatic is a new and improved reel that is finding wide acceptance with the angling fraternity. Frame is aluminum alloy. Main spring is of tempered clock-spring steel. Spool is driven by an adjustable friction clutch. The powerful sensitive brake can be instantly locked open or released by the touch of a finger. Subdued grey satin finish. Artistically decorated. Prices **$5** to **$7**.

Ideal Fly Rod

The perfect fly rod is now an accomplished ideal. Exquisitely beautiful in design and weighing but a few ounces, its marvelous performance in action attests its consummate perfection. In design, materials and workmanship the Shakespeare Ideal Fly Rods are the highest attainment of the rodmaker's art. Weight 4½ to 6 ounces. Price **$10** to **$30.**

Newaygo Enameled Line

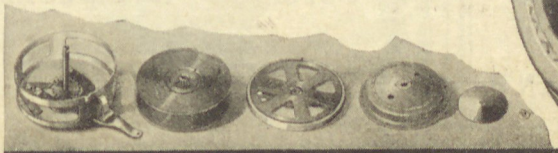
A double-tapered, enameled line made from the finest and strongest Super-Silk. Accurately braided to a gradually diminishing taper. After being waterproofed by the vacuum process it is hand finished with eleven coats of special flexible enamel which produces a soft, strong, pliable line. It is ideal for accurate and long distance fly casting. Length 30 yds. Price **$6.50** to **$9.50** according to size.

See this Combination at your dealer's

Shakespeare
RODS-REELS LINES-BAITS
HONOR BUILT HONOR SOLD
FINE FISHING TACKLE

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
302 N. Pitcher St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

The illustrations below shows how easy the Automatic reel can be taken apart by the removal of a single central screw.



Granger Rods

FOR FLY AND BAIT FISHING

Read What These Fishermen Say:—

"I have for many years been practicing the 'art' of fly casting, and have in my collection what I fondly believe to be some of the very best rods on earth. Among these are a ..... and three Grangers, and it has finally come to pass that these four rods are invariably the ones selected when I set out on a fishing excursion, and so far as I am able to judge from those in my possession, your rods are second to none in power, balance and smoothness of action."

F. R. HARRISON, Purchasing Agent,
Winston Bros. Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
(Jan. 12, 1928)

"I am very much pleased with performance of Rod as I have used it over 150 times the two seasons I have had it, and have landed trout up to three pounds on it, and it has never shown any signs of a set."

Richard I. Campbell
622 E. Baker Street,
Flint, Michigan

"I have a nine foot Granger de luxe rod which answers for a great deal of my fishing and in my estimation is the best all-round fly rod that I have ever seen or handled."

LOUIS P. LANG,
225 Amherst Avenue,
Syracuse, N. Y.
(Jan. 20, 1928)

"Our city of Delavan is the proud possessor of a large number of real honest fly fishermen. Out of 45 men (fishermen) we have about 30 Granger Rods. Ranging in age from 1 year to 10 years. Pretty good for Granger, I would say."

A. A. Schultz,
Vick & Schultz,
Delavan, Wisconsin

GRANGER Rod prices range from $10 to $50 — Send Today for Catalog in colors

GOODWIN GRANGER COMPANY
CORNER BROADWAY AND VIRGINIA DENVER, COLORADO

All genuine GRANGER Rods have the name "Granger" on the Reel Seat.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE—If your Dealer cannot supply you—we will.

Air-Fed

minnow buckets keep minnows ALIVE for days —not hours

At last! The fisherman's dream is realized—a minnow bucket that actually keeps minnows alive and frisky **all** day—for **many** days, in fact.

"Air" is vital to a minnow's life. The Air-Fed Bucket **"feeds 'em air."** This simple little trick makes all the difference—no other bucket can supply air automatically. Minnows live indefinitely, even in hottest weather and when carried over rough roads.

The Air-Fed patented minnow bucket is no novelty. Based on a proven scientific theory. From a needle valve in pressure tank at bottom of bucket, the Air-Fed gives a constant bubbling supply of air. Works automatically. Just pump it once a day or so, with a tire pump or small hand pump we furnish. Sturdy, rust-resisting galvanized iron, handsomely painted.

Bucket *only* $3.50
Pump 35c extra

Actual tests are amazing. It "keeps 'em alive!"
At your dealer—or—
MAIL COUPON

ONLY LIVE MINNOWS ARE BAIT

AIR-FED MFG. & STAMPING CO.,
419 S. 7th St., Dept. OA4, Quincy, Ill.
Send me one Air-Fed Minnow Bucket for $3.50 C. O. D. (Postpaid if remittance accompanies order), and pump for 35c.

Name.....
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(Write your dealer's name in margin.)

AIR-FED FISH TANKS— for bait dealers
Also for transporting fish. Ideal for hatcheries and clubs and bait dealers. Same principle as Air-Fed Minnow Bucket. Large capacity. Write for description, prices.

PLANT TREES

Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Millions of evergreen trees in our nursery. Write us for price list.

Keene Forestry Associates, Keene, N. H.
Trees for Forest Planting

AL WILSON

Fisherman and Inventor of
Famous Wilson Trolling Spoons and Spinners
SUPERIOR TARPON LURE
WON BY MERIT

High class tackle for all game fish. New Catalog sent upon request.

Manufactured exclusively by
AL WILSON CO.
1539 Folsom St., San Francisco

Favorite Flies

By Frederick J. Lane

AN editor who would overlook Fred Peet in an interview on FAVORITE FLIES would be guilty of piscatorial sacrilege so the National Secretary of the League was called upon to furnish his quota of "scientific information."

Bearing in mind that Fred is a past master in the art of casting and that the San Francisco casters still thrill at his marvelous throw of the Salmon Fly 166 feet at that city during 1915; and, knowing that his fishing experience extends from ocean to ocean, the editor felt sure that Fred's contribution would be of no small value. The Secretary of the Izaak Walton League always deliberates before he strikes, except in fishing, so he considered carefully at my question as to his favorite fly, finally announcing, "For trout, my three best flies are CAHILL, PROFESSOR and ROYAL COACHMAN and my favorite stream is the Big Manistee.

On the Restigouche and other streams of New Brunswick when after Salmon I find that the ALLEN STREAMER, SILVER WILKINSON AND SILVER DOCTOR give the greatest catches.

While fishing for graylings on the Little Madison, Bill Stanley and I took most of our fish with the hair flies. The Cahill and Royal Coachman were very effective."

I also asked Edwin F. Sutter, former President of the N. A. S. A. C. the leading question among fly fishermen, "what is your favorite fly?" Sutter is a most modest fellow and few suspect his deep knowledge of fishing lore, but relying on a friendship of many years I decided to make him talk and give some weighty opinions. "For me," Ed said, "I prefer those flies with hackle instead of wings and lean toward those of a brown color with a gold body. That type of fly has been my best on the streams of Wisconsin, where most of my fishing is done!" "That is good," I commented. "But why not name some particular flies that you would keep if you had to lose all but those." "Well," came the peculiar twang characteristic of Ed when speaking slowly and thoughtfully, "I'd keep the COACHMAN, PROFESSOR and CAHILL. But why are you so particular, you weren't that way when we fished the Erie Canal when we were boys?" What reply could one make to that?

Fisherman's Luck

By Howard J. Wood

MIKE HINKLEY didn't cut much ice socially. In fact, he didn't talk, and better still, he didn't lend his ears to idle gossip. To all . . . he was deaf and dumb.

Since childhood Mike had been a boomer: fifteen coast-to-coast jaunts to his credit. Still, he never ranked very high in his profession of tramp printer.

But he was a whiz at sticking 10-point type. This fact, together with his plea of being deaf and dumb, barely kept him in food and clothing—and on the move.

Tramp printers often fare poorly in Texas—especially during a lean cotton-crop year. And Mike managed to find himself in Texas during a lean crop year and silently admitted himself to be in a pretty pickle, until he tackled kind-hearted Bill Tate, editor and publisher of the Weekly Gazette.

Tate wrote on a slip of paper that Mike could make himself useful at the type

cases until the printing of the forthcoming issue, four days off. Mike penciled "thank you," on the little slip and handed it back to Tate.

Five years passed and Mike became a fixture at the paper office. He found it an impossibility to pull away from the silent companionship of Editor Tate. Moreover, he figured he could always look forward to the big Sunday dinners dished up in real country style by Mrs. Tate.

The villagers came to know Mike as the "Silent Wonder." Daily they crowded the composing room to watch the tiny pieces of lead fly at Mike's command. Even Joe Bowler, the printer's devil, marveled at Mike's nimble fingers. "He's the champ," is the way Joe boasted of the typesetter to the town's younger set.

Business flourished and Tate, in lieu of a golf course in the town, took to fishing. He became an expert. He even went so far as to run a weekly column in the paper, titling it "The Art of Fishing."

It was many months before he finally persuaded Mike to forfeit a Sunday dinner to sally forth with hook and line.

They chose a spot on the river bend. . . . Tate's favorite. Luckily, it was a fisherman's day and to the delight of Tate, Mike went at this new fascination with the zeal of a seasoned Izaak Walton.

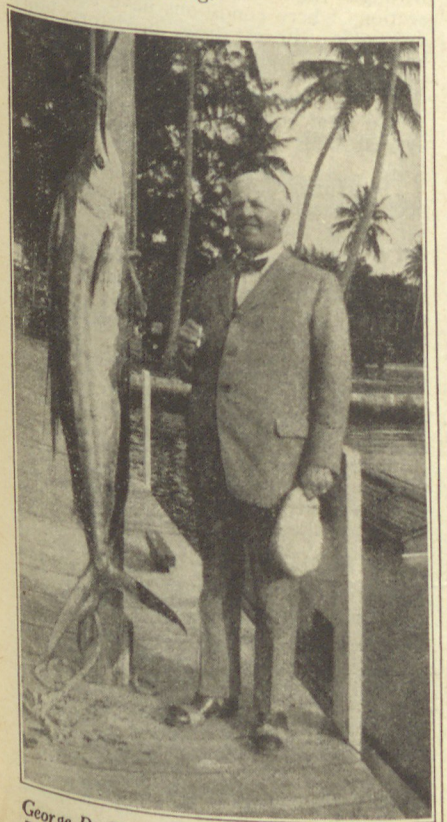
Tate issued a gasp of delight when Mike got his first nibble. This happened when Mike's cork bobbed several times and then darted outward and downward. It finally disappeared.

Mike sat as if paralyzed. The excitement was too much. He thundered:

"What . . . Tate. What'll I do now? It's a whale!"

Tate, an exponent of self-control, was speechless. But he finally mumbled: "Mike, you talked!"

Mike Hinkley is still with the Gazette, now a daily. The other day a little item appeared in that paper to the effect that he had carried off first honors in a heated debating contest, the topic of which was "The Art of Fishing."



George R. Skinner, Director I. W. L. A., with 70-pound sailfish he landed recently at Palm Beach in 29 minutes.

FISH AND FEEL FIT

The Bass-Oreno — the original grooved head wobbling type plug. In 12 standard colors. Price $1.00.
The Babe-Oreno — Designed like the Bass-Oreno only in smaller size with single belly treble and tail treble. Price $1.00

For 12 Years

America's Greatest Fish-getters

OVER *a million, six hundred thousand* Bass-Orenos sold in 12 years, is evidence indeed of the popularity of the Bass-Oreno as the greatest fish-getter made.

Since its origination, the famous grooved-head design of the Bass-Oreno has many times been imitated. Never though has its peculiar, erratic, wobbling action been duplicated.

The Bass-Oreno and its baby brother, the Babe-Oreno are irresistible to game fish of every species—Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muskie, certain Salt Water Fish and even Trout.

Insist on the genuine, grooved head Bass-Oreno. 12 tried and proven colors. One or more should be in every tackle box.

Write for your copy of "Fishing—What Tackle and When," 120 page book. Contains valuable helps and hints on every kind of fishing. *Free on Request*

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY
Manufacturers of the Most Complete Line of Fishing Tackle
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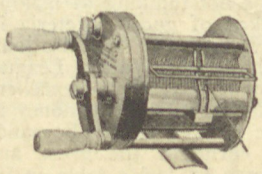
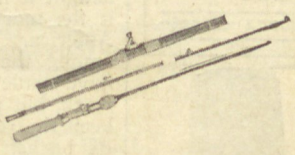
SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE BAIT COMPANY
Fishing Tackle of all kinds . . . Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits



No. 1000 Oreno Reel — Level winding, Anti-Back Lash. Quadruple multiplying. Price $8.50 each.



No 18 South Bend Split Bamboo Rod. Two-piece bait-casting. Rich dark brown finish. 5, 5½, 6 ft lengths. Price $15.00

Black-Oreno Silk Casting Line. Acclaimed by fishermen the finest casting line made. Waterproof. 6 sizes.

ALLOY LINING

An Original GEP-ROD Feature

NOW—no more sticking or rusting of ferrules. Put your GEP-ROD together—take it apart—the alloy lining makes it easy at all times. [Pat. July 6, 1926].

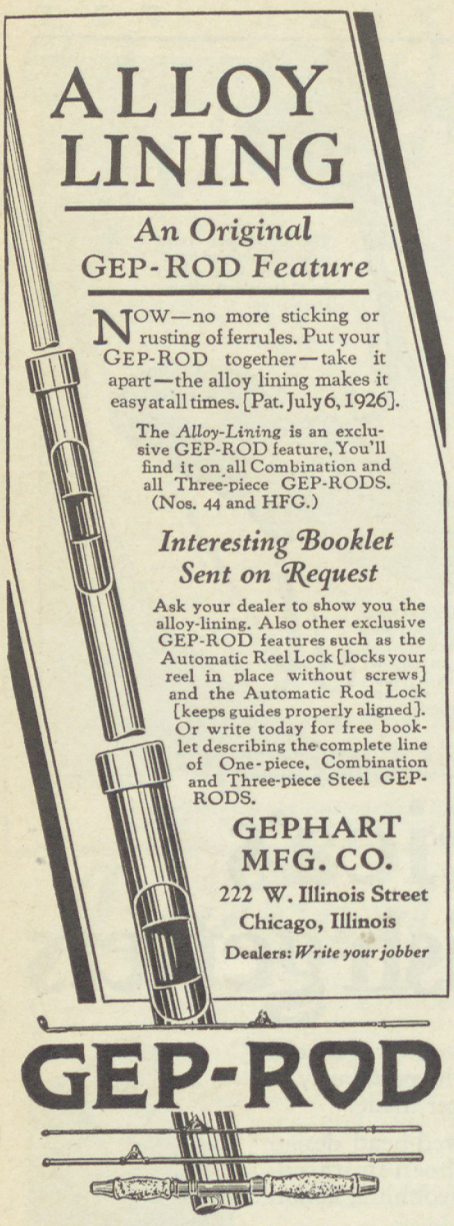
The *Alloy-Lining* is an exclusive GEP-ROD feature. You'll find it on all Combination and all Three-piece GEP-RODS. (Nos. 44 and HFG.)

Interesting Booklet Sent on Request

Ask your dealer to show you the alloy-lining. Also other exclusive GEP-ROD features such as the Automatic Reel Lock [locks your reel in place without screws] and the Automatic Rod Lock [keeps guides properly aligned]. Or write today for free booklet describing the complete line of One-piece, Combination and Three-piece Steel GEP-RODS.

GEPHART MFG. CO.
222 W. Illinois Street
Chicago, Illinois

Dealers: *Write your jobber*



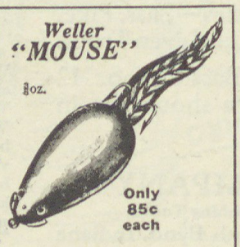
GEP-ROD

GET A GEP—THE ROD WITH A REP

NEW! NEW! Weller "MOUSE"

—A BAIT THAT REALLY LOOKS AND ACTS LIKE A MOUSE!

Action? Oh Boy!



⅝ oz.

Only 85c each

It is a wiggly, lively-acting Mouse, and above all, it has a real, honest-to-goodness, wiggly, waving, "Feather Tail."

NO OTHER BAIT HAS THIS FEATURE.

FINISHES: Gray, Red and White, All White with Pink Eyes, and All Black

Order direct if your dealer will not supply.

Send for literature on Weller "Quality" Leaders, our famous "Classic" Minnows and Genuine June Bug Spinners.

ERWIN WELLER CO., Sioux City, Iowa

NO ANGLER'S KIT COMPLETE WITHOUT A "CLASSIC"

Fraser Butt Pad

FITS ANY ROD

1⅜" 35c, 2" 50c

Sportsman's Specialty Co.
448 E. Water St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

What's What and How—in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon

Conservation Director, I. W. L. A.

Address your inquiries to be answered in this department to Seth Gordon, care of OUTDOOR AMERICA, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois. Readers desiring a direct reply will please enclose stamped self-addressed envelope with their inquiries.

A NEW feature in OUTDOOR AMERICA wherein the many everyday questions concerning conservation matters are answered by the League's Conservation Director. Advice concerning the proper procedure to accomplish real things in your own community will be featured regularly.

Restoring a Dam

1. We have an old mosquito ridden pond of about ten acres near our town which afforded excellent fishing until the old wooden dam rotted out. It was also a great swimming place for the boys. Could good fishing again be brought back? D. H., Tenn.

MOST assuredly, provided the water supply is adequate and is not polluted. Restocking fish in any clean stream or body of water is merely a clear cut business proposition. Cases like yours are being handled by Walton League chapters every day. You can't bring back good fishing or the old "swimmin' hole" either by just wishing for them. It takes work, and organized work.

As an example of what can be done by organized effort, let me cite a case in point. Lumbermen about fifty years ago constructed a dam in the outlet of Knife Lake, Minnesota, through which flows a river by the same name. It was for years said to be one of the best fishing lakes in that country.

About a dozen years ago the lumbermen blew out the dam, making the outlet deeper than ever. Individuals tried to get it rebuilt but without success. Finally the Mora (Minnesota) Walton League chapter, seven miles away, got busy, had surveys made and overcame all sorts of obstacles, resulting in the letting of a contract and the completion of the dam December 1 last. The lake was increased from 400 acres to 1,100 acres, the water bed being raised about six feet. The cost was nearly $30,000 but worth it. Both the water and the fish can be brought back if an honest effort is made.

Waters like this can easily be restocked either with fish obtained from the state or the federal government or, better still, your chapter can rear them.

Many smaller projects could be cited. By all means restore the old dam even though the water area may be small. Every state needs more small bodies of water.

Jack Miner Refuge Not Endowed

2. Is it true that Jack Miner's goose refuge near Kingsville, Ontario, is owned and financed by the Canadian Government, or by some well-endowed society, as was reported in Collier's of December 3, 1927? W. A. C., North Carolina.

Not by a jugfull! The writer of the article was not in possession of all the facts.

Jack Miner bought the land and paid for it by hard honest toil. When he bought it he was not thinking of making it the most talked of goose cafeteria in America. Individuals and organizations, among them the Izaak Walton League, have made contributions to the excellent work, but practically all of the money to keep the refuge up and to buy thousands of bushels of corn for the geese and ducks which come to Jack's table in increasing numbers yearly is being earned by Jack Miner himself through his wonderful illustrated lectures. Jack needs every bit of help he can get, because his rapidly increasing family keeps him scratching.

Everybody should help establish many more refuges like Jack Miner's and relieve the strain on Jack's open air commissary as well as his pocketbook. Remember that Jack Miner started with a small brickyard pond, a few tame decoys, a lot of optimism and no money. If one man can do so much in only a few years, surely almost every League chapter can create and maintain at least one good refuge.

Stocking with Pheasants and Partridges

3. Your article on the prairie chicken in the February issue surely hits the nail on the head. What about our native partridge (ruffed grouse)? They are almost gone. Do you advise stocking ringneck pheasants and Hungarian pheasants in the northern half of our state, and will they drive out the native partridge or prairie chicken? J. P., Wisconsin.

Thanks! Am glad somebody agrees with me. By Hungarian pheasants I assume you mean Hungarian partridges. They are not pheasants at all and should be designated only by their proper name. Since we are bringing in more and more of these hardy little foreigners we should stop speaking of our native ruffed grouse as partridges, thus avoiding unnecessary confusion.

The ruffed grouse are in a bad way all through their normal range except in sections where conditions have been very favorable. Forest fires, predatory birds and animals, and a series of poor rearing seasons have done more to kill off the ruffed grouse than the hunters. The grouse and the chickens can't hold out against both their natural enemies and man.

The Hungarian partridge and the ringneck pheasant can cope with cultivation far better than can the prairie chicken, but neither of them do well in an extensive wooded country. They do best in a cereal growing section. Ringnecks do exceptionally well in a country with sloughs, swamps and open winter springs and streams adjacent to farmlands. Sections with large fields of standing corn throughout the winter are exceptionally favorable to upland game birds, especially ringnecks.

Don't expect either of these birds to take the place of the ruffed grouse. That can't be done, but they will relieve the demands on the grouse and other native upland birds, as both of them are good sporty birds after they have been hunted a year or two. The ringneck is a glutton for punishment. He can carry away a lot of lead. Use only sixes or heavier.

Ringnecks and Hungarians get along very satisfactorily with native game birds and are not a menace to them or to rabbits as many contend. Ringnecks are being reared in large numbers on game farms, and many thousands are reared every year by individual sportsmen and farmers. Oregon is the only state that has so far made any success of raising the Hungarian partridge in captivity. The Hungarians available are practically all imported from Czecho-Slovakia.

Sunnies and Catties

4. Are any of the states raising sunnies and catties to supply sport for the youngsters? W. S. F., Ohio.

I am pleased to say that a number of states are now raising blue gills, catfish, rock bass, calico bass, crappies, and perch for the young hook and line fishermen. It is high time, too. Until recently every penny was spent to supply dad with game fish, or used to produce more fish for the commercial fishermen, and the boys were left to shift for themselves.

Some Walton League chapters are now rearing these varieties of fish solely for the boys and girls, but dad and mother also like to go along and see the fun. Just like going to the circus, you know. Dad goes along to see to it that the elephant doesn't trample upon his young hopefuls. In this case they go along to keep the big 'uns from pulling the youngsters in.

If you desire detailed information on rearing any of these varieties of fishes tell me just what you want to know, or send five cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., and ask for a copy of "Fish Ponds on Farms," Bureau of Fisheries Document No. 826.

Stray House Cats

5. How can I stop stray house cats from killing my bluebirds and robins every spring? C. W. H., New Hampshire.

Killing them is the surest way. Stray cats destroy enormous numbers of beneficial song and insectivorous birds, also game birds and rabbits.

You can save some of your bluebirds by putting a large coneshaped tin collar around the posts or trees on which bluebird houses are mounted.

It is hoped that some day we will value our birds sufficiently to get up enough moral courage to dispose of unwanted cats in a humane manner rather than to turn them out to kill or starve. And they rarely starve!

Every state should have a law imposing heavy fines upon those spineless citizens who dump their surplus cats out along the public highway many miles from home. Seven years of bad luck? Bah! No one ever brought on bad luck by being humane to dumb beasts.

The stray cat is indeed a problem of far greater proportions than many of us have been willing to admit.

National Parks and Forests

6. What is the difference between a National Park and a National Forest? J. V. R., Oklahoma.

Read "Our National Parks and National Forests" by Arthur Ringland, Secretary of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, in the October, 1927, issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Pledge to Readers

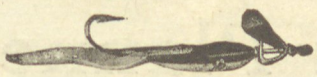
IT shall constantly be my endeavor to make this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA a live, pulsating feature full of sound, helpful advice every month.

The conservation methods which have proved so successful in my home state of Pennsylvania and in many other states will be made available to all readers regularly. In other words, we will skim off the cream of conservation methods and present them to you here.—S. E. G.

Large Fish! Small Lure!

THIS Muskellunge, weighing 29 pounds 4 ounces, 50 inches in length and 22 inches in girth, was taken by George W. Long in Indian River, Michigan, on an Al. Foss "Oriental Wiggler."

Mr. Long and his 29-pound Musky, taken on Foss Oriental Wiggler

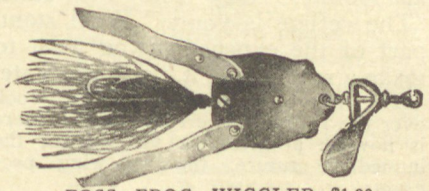


ORIENTAL WIGGLER ½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00.
All Red, All White, or Red and White

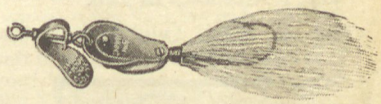
Mr. Long is an experienced angler and has learned the secret of catching large fish—which is, to use a small lure.

You must understand that the only fish you can possibly catch will be with the lure you use. Therefore, if you use a large lure, in the language of the street, you are —"all wet!"

Al. Foss lures are all small. That is one of the many reasons why they will catch more fish than other lures.



FOSS FROG WIGGLER $1.00
No. 12—½ oz., 1/0 hook. No. 11—¾ oz., 3/0 hook.
Larger hook if ordered.



SHIMMY WIGGLER ½ or ⅝ oz.
$1.00

Try the Frog Wiggler

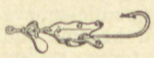
Ever since the first Foss Frog Wiggler wriggled its way past the nose of its first bass this "eight-course dinner" lure has been a great topic of conversation wherever casters congregate.

Here's the *menu*—the eight "courses" you can set before them with the Frog Wiggler—without even untying your line!

1st—Just as received with bucktail fly.

2nd—With bucktail and two strips of fly-rod pork rind buttoned to the little studs to form legs.

3rd—Same as No. 2 with fly-rod pork on curve of hook.



4th—With bare hook only.

5th—With bare hook and two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

6th—With bass pork rind impaled on hook and buttoned to center button.

7th—Same as No. 6—with two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

8th—Same as No. 5—with bass size pork strip full length on curve of hook.

JAZZ WIGGLER ½ or ⅝ oz., 50c

SHIMMYETTE FLY-ROD WIGGLER 50c

LITTLE EGYPT WIGGLER
Weight ½ oz., 75c

All you need is one Foss Frog Wiggler, a bottle of bass size pork strips, and a bottle of fly-rod pork strips. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send direct on receipt of price.

45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

AL. FOSS

Originator. Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow
9508 Quincy Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTAD Hooks

Key Brand

Made in Norway
Used the World Over

FOR the utmost in hooking and holding—use Mustad Fish Hooks.

Norway's unexcelled fishing, both marine and inland, for centuries has demanded the best in hooks. Mustad, for years the only manufacturer of Norwegian fish hooks, has long led the entire world in hook making.

Mustad Hooks, every one, are the finest native produced Norwegian steel, from the Mustad mills. Tempered as only Mustad does it. In design and finish equally superior.

Made in every pattern, form and size, to suit your individual choice for all fishing. For best all-around service, select the newest and best—the Mustad-Perfect Viking.

Ask your dealer for Mustad Hooks—in flies, snelled hooks, ringed hooks, and on baits of all kinds. Leading American makers of fine fishing tackle use them regularly. Write our New York office, Dept. 52, for booklet "Fine Points of Fish Hooks"—Free.

"Right in shape, temper and finish"

O. MUSTAD & SON, Oslo, Norway
New York Office, 258 Broadway

Mustad-Perfect Viking Hooks for fly fishing.

Will Be a "FROG YEAR"

The natural food of Bass is *Frogs.* Give them what they want and watch them strike.

Heddon FROG BAITS

Convenient—Efficient—Cleanly—Humane

as life-like as life itself. Choice of

Luny Frog—Little Luny—Spoon-y Frog

Also many of the famous fish-getting "Heddon Dowagiacs" are now made with Frog colorings. Be sure to put some Heddon Frog Baits in your tackle box. *Write for Catalog*

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Sportsmen's Paradise Is Planned

IN the state of Michigan there is a game refuge comprising 2,400 acres, four miles square. Not long ago the state decided to abandon it, throw it open to the public. But it happened that in the same vicinity were a flock of Walton League chapters—those of Midland, Bay City, and Saginaw counties. "The outdoors in this vicinity is in no shape to permit the refuge to be abandoned," they told the state. "The refuge is yours. We'll stand part of the expense if you want to make a real one of it," said the state.

The chapters got busy. They took over the refuge. The result is that there is now in progress, or planned for the immediate future, the following program:

A watchman will be placed in a tower during fire seasons, and a game warden and care-taker will be put on at full time.

The ravine of Black creek will be cleared of timber for an area of 20 acres, a three hundred foot dam will be put in, a lake created. The lake will be planted to duck food.

On the upper portion of the creek will be beaver ponds; bass ponds will spring up in other sections.

Clover, buckwheat, rye, will be planted for deer.

Twenty thousand pine trees will be planted.

Ring-neck pheasants will be reared.

The cost of this program to the chapters will be more than $1,100 a year. But it will be worth it. The four-mile-square refuge, already fenced, will become the center of a wonderful outdoor region which will be stocked from it. It means better hunting, more fishing. It also means lots of fun for the Waltonians in creating and maintaining the refuge, and it means a delightful spot, a new outdoor paradise on the face of the earth.

Sioux City Celebrates

THE Sioux City, Iowa, chapter recently ate moose meat. Not only that, but the moose was shot by a woman—Mrs. F. A. Gordon. The occasion was the seventh annual banquet of the chapter, which was the 28th organized in the United States. The attendance was 500, and of these 100 came from out of town.

The entire affair was a good job well done. The chapter officers spared no pains in preparation and in publicity. The entire eleventh district of Iowa was given a fresh impetus in Waltonism as a result.

Senator E. E. Cavanaugh of Fort Dodge was the principal speaker. He said:

"Conservation is not mere 'keeping.' We could have kept the ox-team, the stage coach. True conservation is planting—growing two trees where one grew before, two animals where there was but one. If we are to leave anything for the generations to come, we must leave more than we had the right to take. We must leave more than we found."

Short talks dealing with conservation were given by Dr. G. C. Redfield, Sioux Falls, president of the Sioux Falls Izaak Walton league chapter; Hugh McCaffrey, president of the Omaha chapter; Frank Brady, Atkinson, Neb., president of the Nebraska state organization; Frank O'Connell, of Lincoln, Nebraska, state game warden; Harry Erwin, Grand Junction, Ia., secretary of the Iowa state organization of the league, and F. S. Gatenby, Norfolk, Neb.

Motion pictures taken at the clubhouse of the Sioux City Rod and Reel club and the South Sioux City chapter of the league at Crystal lake, were shown.

* * *

Annual Plans Made

IT is becoming "the thing" in Walton chapters to lay a definite schedule of work for the coming season. Many chapters are doing this, and then hewing to the line. Pueblo, Colo., chapter came under the wire this month with the following:

Stocking the Arkansas river with bass, channel cats, pike.

Importing pheasants from north, releasing them.

Giving award of $50 for conviction of violators of pheasant law.

Planting wild duck food in all nearby waters.

Campaign against pollution of streams.

The Pueblo chapter was organized in 1925. Membership, already large, is growing. Officers are: Dr. T. A. Stoddard, president; C. W. Porter, vice president; William Jehle, secretary; R. L. Ellis,

Chapters in Action!

In the adjoining column is a story, brief because of space limitations, packed with real Waltonian accomplishment. Here are shown League chapters in action. Here is what League chapters are for. Here is the reason for the existence of the League, summed up in the work of one small group. These Waltonians are happy Waltonians. They are having fun. They are doing good for everybody, including themselves. Are they getting a "kick" out of it? Ask them!

Chapters that wonder "what to do," read this short account. Then keep right on reading through this department. Watch these columns every month—a collection of highlights here, there, and everywhere. These are samples—samples of the League in action. *Samples that show what you can do.*

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 56)

treasurer, and H. A. Rupe, corresponding secretary and publicity agent.

NORFOLK, Nebraska, has one of the livest chapters in the League. It is a front rank chapter. Its plans, definitely adopted for 1928, include—

1. A junior Walton chapter for the boys of Norfolk—sponsored, maintained, instructed, championed, by the senior body.
2. A game refuge, with the cooperation of the farmers.
3. A club house; a small park for chapter picnics, etc.
4. A meeting of all Waltonians of northern Nebraska at Norfolk—contests, barbecue.
5. Stocking nearby streams with bass, perch, catfish.
6. Campaign against pollution.
7. Effort to have Enola lake tract set aside as refuge.
8. Distribution of pheasant and Hungarian partridge eggs to farmers.
9. Bait casting practice every week.
10. Increase in membership from 300 * to 400.

* *Already a record for size of town.—Editor.*

* * *

Things Accomplished—

LISTS of accomplishments continue to pour in. Here are some—

Rice Lake, Wis.

1,138 cans of fry hatched during year in local hatchery.
113 cans of bass fingerling obtained and stocked in county lakes.
4,000 muskie fingerlings planted; 177 cans of trout fry.
Additional equipment for hatchery obtained. Wild rice planted. Propagation of game birds begun. Balance on hand, end of year, $115.87.

Minnesota Division
Annual Convention
Minneapolis, Minnesota; March 16-17
Curtis Hotel

Michigan Division
Annual Convention
Saginaw, Michigan; March 23-24
Hotel Bancroft

Colorado Division
Annual Convention
Denver, Colorado; May 3, 1928
1130 First National Bank Building

State convention dates and places will always be listed here for three times previous to the convention. Send in your dope on your next convention for listing.
—*Editor*

Owatonna, Minn.

Sponsored Steele county picnic at Beaver lake, drawing immense crowd.
Put on exhibit at Minnesota State Fair, called finest on grounds.
Got public highway to lake near town, opening it up to public.
Got state board of health to make pollution survey near town.
Put on first annual banquet in February to capacity crowd.
Knocked their quota over in expansion campaign; roused interest of entire town by window displays.

Let's ask 'Ozark' Ripley about 'Rod and Reel' Sporting Boot

Here are eight all-important points of comfort. (1) Light weight without sacrifice of wear. (2) Full, medium and slim widths made over a special 'footshape' last to fit like a leather shoe. No shucking at the heel—surer footed on slippery rocks. (3) Extension sole to protect against snagging. (4) Korxole insole prevents 'drawing' of feet and eliminates stone bruises. (5) Ribbed vamp prevents sagging at instep. (6) Top is soft, flexible, elastic. Clings snugly to thigh without binding. (7) Lapped seams stop cracking at folds. (8) Extra height permits deeper wading.

"The best all round sporting boot I have ever seen", says 'Ozark' Ripley.

Look for the Big 'C' on the sole. The Converse Big 'C' Line includes footwear with leather and duck tops to suit the weather and the occasion. If your local dealer cannot show you Big 'C' Footwear, write our nearest branch.

Converse
BIG 'C' LINE
Rubber Footwear
Converse Rubber Shoe Co.
Factory & Gen. Offices, Malden, Mass.
New York Philadelphia
Chicago Minneapolis

free fishermen!
Write today for V. L. & A's free 1928 tackle, boat, motor and camping goods catalog. Lowest prices. Prompt service. Money back guarantee. Ask for catalog 72B.
Von Lengerke & Antoine
33 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

BIG TROUT
And little ones fall for Peck's Floating Trout Midgets.
24 patterns. Hook sizes 8, 10 or 12, fifty cents each.
Peck's Crickets another winner on trout.
Remit $1.00 for sample of each and descriptive list of Peck's full line of real fish getters.
Peck's Floating Trout Midget
E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY, Chattanooga, Tennessee

Never had a backlash—nor lost a fish

Uses Mansfield's Lines exclusively

"On my 75-mile fishing trip I took but one line and that a Mansfield. I was on this trip 10 days, caught 96 small-mouth bass averaging 3 1-2 lbs., returning most of them to the water.

"My biggest thrill was hooking a 4 lb. 14 oz. fighter. He was everywhere, in the air, down deep, and then straight away. Took me 15 minutes to land him.

"The line is most important of all. I never had a backlash, never lost a fish. I have been using Mansfield's Lines for 10 years and naturally selected one for this trip. It is a pleasure to use this equipment."

(Signed) T. H. Larkins, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Play safe and sure by buying Mansfield's Fishing Lines. Write for SAMPLE CARD of Lines, showing colors, sizes and weights, and folder, "True Fishing Stories."

G. H. MANSFIELD & CO., Inc.
DEPT. H-12 CANTON, MASS.

MANSFIELD'S FISHING LINES For Fish That Fight

Made by RICHARDSON

Brookside Harrimac
Peerless I.D.L.
Champion Our Own
Rods *Nets*

CHOOSE YOUR ROD NOW!

You'll find a Richardson Steel Rod exactly to your liking . . . one to meet your fishing requirements and also to fit your purse. For the Richardson line is designed by expert fishermen who know what you expect in a fishing rod . . . and who give you even more! At your dealer's—or write us if he can't supply you.

Champion No. 844

The outstanding Rod in the low priced field. Fancy double grip cork handle. Extra wide crystal agate guides. Detachable finger hook and reel lock. Lengths, 3 to 5 ½ feet. Price, $2.60.

Brookside No. 99

Finest bait casting rod made. Staggared length joints for perfect casting action. Reinforced for rugged strength. Handsome canvas case with snap fasteners. All lengths to 5 ½ feet. Single or double grip. Price, $7.00.

Write for new catalog

RICHARDSON ROD & REEL CO.
544 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Fish when They Bite

Plan your trips by Brown's Guaranteed Fishing Chart

Tells When They Bite

Most Complete Chart Published. Write for Free Folder.

Brown's Fishing Service Prairie du Chien Wisconsin

Waltonian Activities

Radio Column

THE stations listed below are broadcasting Walton League programs as indicated. All Waltonians are requested to tune in. Please send acknowledgments to the stations you get. This will help a great deal, as most of these stations are giving League chapters time on the air free of charge, and they want to know if League members are really tuning in or not.

These radio stations are doing much to help the cause of Waltonism. Tune in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh chapter. April 21, 7:45 P.M. "Fish Life and Our Children," by Dr. Charles Reitell, Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Wednesday, 6:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash. Spokane chapter. Fridays at 9 P.M., Pacific Time. 370.2 meters. Courtesy KHQ.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WCCO Minneapolis and St. Paul. Minnesota Division. Every Thursday 10 P.M. Central Standard Time. Courtesy WCCO, "The Gold Medal Station."

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Every Monday at 7:30 Central Standard Time. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Friday 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

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EACH year the state of Nebraska kills two elk from its herd. This year the Valley chapter got one of them, and 250 Waltonians and their friends took part in the elk banquet which followed. After dinner a big entertainment and program was put on. Arrangements were made to send delegates to the National convention at Omaha.

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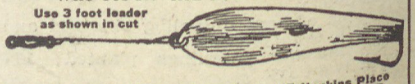

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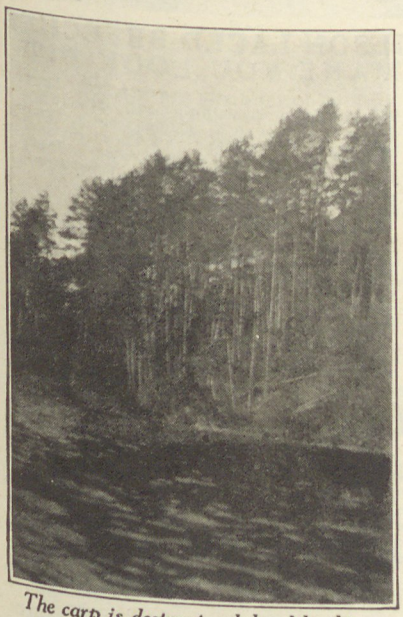
The Truth About the Carp

By George Leonard Herter

IF you are a fellow sportsman, interested in game propagation and preservation, please read this article. Not because this article is well written, for indeed it is written very poorly, but because we must know the truth about this alien fish that now abounds in our inland waters—the German carp.

For a logical study of the carp we must divide the United States into two distinct sections. The southern central and the northern states which include our best game fish states. In the southern central region we find the carp to be a fish that is working wonders for sport. He multiplies in nearly never ending numbers and furnishes food and sport to countless thousands. The carp is readily taken with hook and line on such bait as boiled potatoes, dough balls and the like. In the thickly

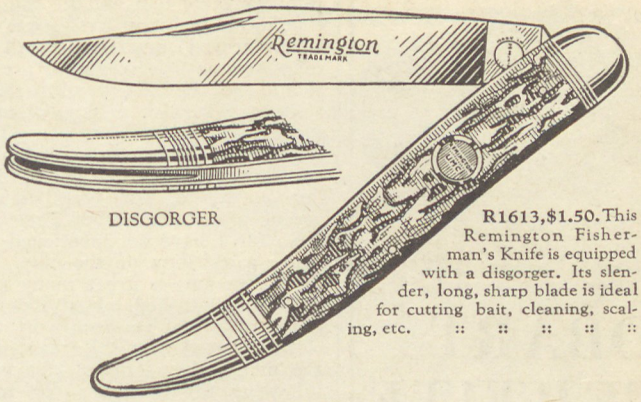


The carp is destroying lakes like this—

—AND FISH LIKE THESE.

REMINGTON UMC

"KNIVES THAT BITE"



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R1613, $1.50. This Remington Fisherman's Knife is equipped with a disgorger. Its slender, long, sharp blade is ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc.

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Strong, too! Made of the best high-carbon, blade steel—heavy gauge. It'll stand hard use. And it'll hold that biting edge.

Note the disgorger in the end of the curved handle. They can't swallow 'em too far for this to bring out the hook.

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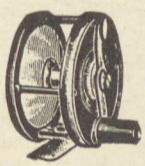

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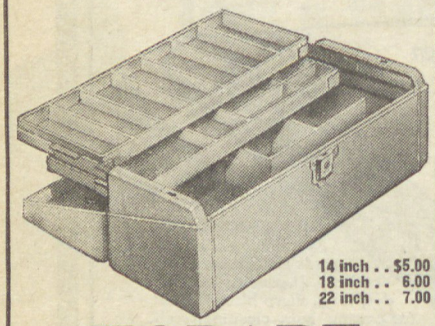

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Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

populated states where game fish are hard to propagate in sufficient quantities to withstand the sundry fishermen the carp is sure to receive a hearty welcome. He thrives well where conditions would be fatal to game fish and he multiplies fast enough to maintain a steady supply even when preyed upon continually, but of course game fish are to be preferred and should not be mixed with carp if they alone can furnish a supply sufficient for sportsmen.

The carp is also one of our very important inland commercial fishes. Thirty million pounds of carp are taken annually having a value of about $1,500,000.

So far I have not mentioned any of the many bad habits of the carp, but nevertheless he has a great many that cannot well be overlooked. I have done my best in the matter of research work and thanks to the United States Bureau of Fisheries and many other sources, I have found the following things also to be true of the carp. He is a great destroyer of aquatic plant life that is so essential to wild ducks and to small game fish. He eats fish spawn to an unascertained extent. He riles up lakes that have a partly mud bottom so that fishing for game fish is nearly impossible. And lastly when carp become numerous in a lake game fish become hard to take, this is true even in lakes where the bottom is sandy and the water is clear. In short carp will ruin a lake for game fishing.

In the south central district, which is the district or states where carp are a benefit, these habits are to be overlooked but in the virgin northern lakes where beautiful game fish can be successfully preserved we do not want this enemy to game fishing. But whether we want him or not the pitiable part of it is that he has already invaded a great number of our northern lakes and totally destroyed them for game fishing. The question is how can we get rid of the carp in our northern lakes? We do not want him nor do we need him as do the people in the south central district, for we have thousands of lakes that if left for game fish will supply game fish enough for sport and food alike. The game fish is of course far superior to the carp as to sport and as to eating qualities. In fact he is not even to be compared to the lowly carp. Another thing that should be taken into due consideration is that if we did become so foolish as to stock our lakes with carp for commercial use we would not get back as much money as we would by keeping them full of fun giving game fish, for each lake in Minnesota or any other lake state yields about $22.84 per acre annually from the tourists' trade alone that comes to fish in a sportsmanlike way.

Trying to seine the carp out of the lakes that are infested is not practical if done by commercial fishermen. At present the state of Minnesota allows commercial fishing for carp. All carp taken have to be sold or destroyed regardless of size. The market fishermen of course are allowed to use a large mesh seine so that the small carp can escape and restock the lake. The commercial fishermen also have a bad habit of stocking lakes with carp that are full of game fish so that they may always have plenty of carp to seine. They do everything humanly possible to increase the number of carp while the state game and fish department calmly stands by and tells everyone that they are doing everything humanly possible to decrease the number of carp. Are we so easy as to stand by and let a few commercial fishermen spoil our lakes and duck feed? Maybe we are, but I don't think so. I know that when the sports-

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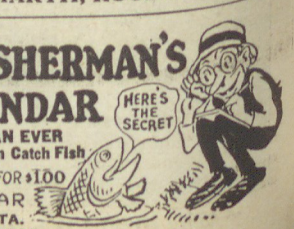
OLD FISHERMAN'S 1928 CALENDAR



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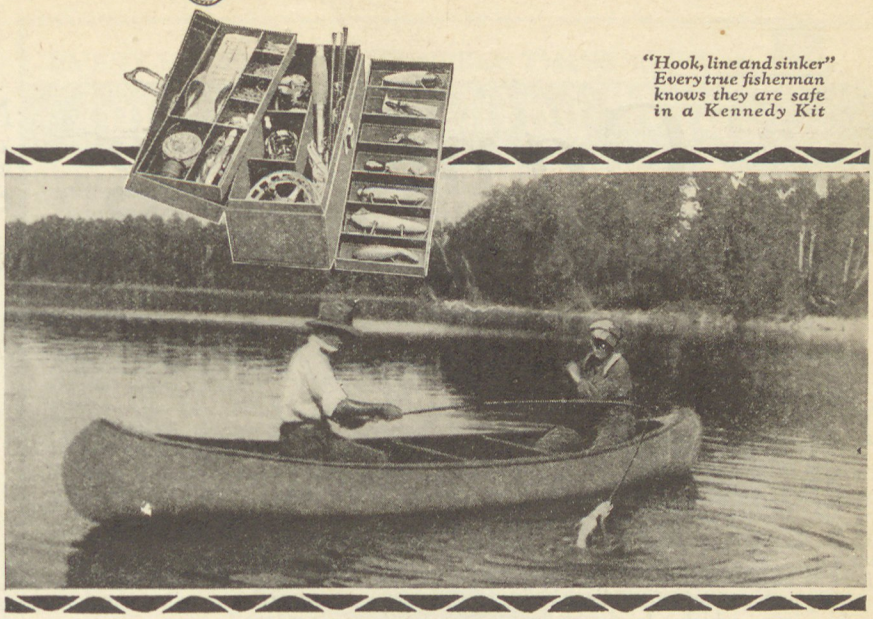
men find out the truth about the carp in northern waters they will exert themselves to the utmost to exterminate them.

There does not seem to be at present any known method of destroying carp. My pet theory is that if the state would seine the lakes infested with carp during the spawning season with nets having small meshes and then propagate such fish as northern pike and wall eyes, that are heavy feeders, it would tend to lessen the carp menace. The seining of carp during the spawning season would not hurt or disturb the game fish in the lake in any way as the carp do not mix with other fish but instead travel in large schools by themselves. The big thing to remember about this fish in northern waters is that he is a ruthless destroyer of our fish lakes. Commercial seining will never curb the carp, for if there is money in marketing carp the seiners will see to it that there is always a supply of carp. They have not the welfare of sporting fish at heart.

In this short article I have endeavored to point out to you a few of the important facts concerning the carp. I have made, I fear, quite a jumble of it but I hope that you have been able to glean enough from my poor script to start you thinking. We must have a solution to this carp problem in northern waters!



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Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

MURDO GIBSON now in the third month of his winter camping in the woods writes us, "I find it difficult to express myself so the average reader will comprehend the fundamental reasons for the perfect satisfaction I derive from lone camping in the wilderness. In the forest I find not only a haven of refuge, but a real home. Sometime I may write a little essay on the Lure of the Wilderness."

We hope Murdo does this, and in the meantime we enjoy every word of these monthly letters of his to OUTDOOR AMERICA.

EDITOR.

In camp, Lake of the Woods, Ontario.
February 9th, 1928.

DEAR Waltonians:

Frequently I am asked: "What is the best month for camping in the north woods? Frankly, I don't know. Just now I am thinking February has fewest disadvantages but two weeks ago I thought the same about January.

There is an old saying: "The north for the young; the south for the old." If that be true—which I doubt—winter should appeal to the young, strong and robust, while the old, frail and delicate would prefer to take their outings in summer.

It is now more than three months since I pitched tent on this side. In all that time there has not been a single day too cold for enjoyment of open-air activities. During the four weeks since writing the letter, that appeared in the March number, we have had thirteen days on which the mercury rose above the freezing point and the average daybreak temperature for January was little, if any, below zero, Fahrenheit.

In the timber there is twelve to fourteen inches of snow. On the lake, where it is wind-packed and blown into wave-shaped drifts, it averages about half that depth. For the north country camper this winter has been the most favorable I can recall, and there is nothing I can think of, which, if added to, or subtracted from, present local conditions, could make my camp life more enjoyable. Perhaps I lack imagination.

Jan. 14th. An inch of snow fell last night and today the mercury remained stationary at two degrees below zero. Thus endeth a nine-day spell of soft, spring-like weather; a record, I think, for this time and place.

Stayed in and around camp all day. When not occupied with wood cutting and other camp routine my time was spent answering inquiry letters from Waltonians. Shortly after breakfast, a large deer approached within twenty-five paces of the tent. When his curiosity was fully satisfied he whistled shrilly, as if surprised and alarmed—which he was not—then bounded away.

There is a delectable concoction simmering on the stove. Long-cooked and very thick, bean soup, enriched with salt pork, a thick slice of fresh meat and a large Spanish onion. Supper about ten o'clock tonight. Another gorgeous sunset this evening, but I was cleaning the stove-pipe just then so couldn't give it the undivided attention it deserved.

Jan. 15th. Weather back to normal. Twenty below, at sunrise, but rising steadily. A calm, dazzlingly-bright day; altogether too fine to spend at a typewriter. It is now about nine o'clock and I have just finished a long, comfortable breakfast. Duration of my meals depends upon length and interest of the story or article I happen to be reading at the time. When I arose, this morning, the tent was not altogether frigid as there were some live embers left in the stove. For the past four mornings I have had the same happy experience i. e.: wood, that lay "dormant" all night came to "life" just before getting-up time; a feat in stove management I feel quite proud of it. I accomplish this result by reversing the usual procedure. Instead of raking the live coals to the front before putting in the green wood I push them back a little. This causes the big chunks to steam until dry, then bake in the hot ashes until just before dawn, when they burst into flame and warm the tent, also, my previously prepared breakfast before I roll out of the blankets.

The brave, little chickadees are singing and twittering as blithely as if flowers were in bloom. It delights me to hear them singing on such a cold morning. The jays don't board with me. They spend most of their time at the camp of an Indian trapper, about a mile and a half down the bay. Every morning they fly over here to see what there is to be picked up, but as I have very little edible waste they don't stay long. To prevent them from carrying away the bacon rinds that belong to the chickadees I nail the strips to a piece of stove wood. This is placed at the threshold on cold days, but inside, when it is mild enough to have the door flap open.

The birds are now quite familiar with the tent's interior and fly around unconcernedly whenever their exit happens to be temporarily barred. But they do persist in flying against the mirror. To save their faces I always take it down when the door is left open.

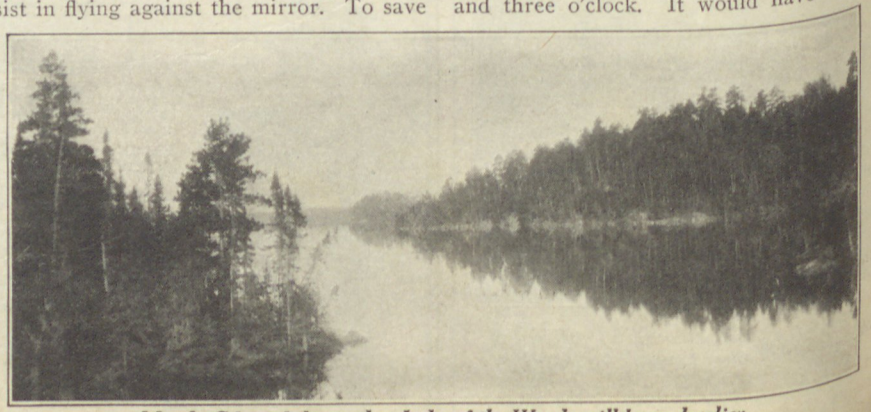
It occurs to me that some readers might wonder how I manage to have breakfast ready as soon as I get out of bed. About an hour before bed time I put a piece of salt pork or bacon, and four cups of water into an aluminum cooking pail and set it on the stove to boil. Then I stir in a cupful of oatmeal, cornmeal, or whatever cereal I decide upon. The pail is then tightly covered and kept boiling for ten or fifteen minutes, during which time it is stirred twice. A tin plate half full of common salt occupies a permanent position on the northwest corner of the stove. This acts as an asbestos pad. It transmits enough heat to keep food at the boiling point but prevents scorching. On this plate the cereal pail spends the night and receives no further attention until it is served.

After the stove is loaded with green wood and the draughts closed for the night I put two heaping tablespoons of coffee into four cups of cold water. This is covered tightly and set on the stove, where it will slowly heat and come to a boil about daybreak, when the fire starts to roar. The remainder of my breakfast consists of fruit previously stewed, hard biscuits, butter, marmalade and cheese, which require no special preparation.

Jan. 16th. Twenty below zero yesterday morning; twenty above at sunrise today. Another inch of snow fell during the night, making the surrounding scene beautiful beyond description. Bright sunshine and the air just frosty enough to prevent dampness. Glorious climate, this.

When the sun is shining I can observe the birds without having the door flap open. By placing the "bait" close up to the tent I get perfect silhouettes, with every detail of feather and movement plainly discernible. They even allow me to push them, gently. Whether they realize that my hand is touching them, I don't know, but they certainly are not frightened by the pressure.

The days are becoming brighter as well as longer. There hasn't been such a good light in the tent, since I came here, as there was today. Am going to fell a large balsam that shades the sun between two and three o'clock. It would have to be



Murdo Gibson believes that Lake of the Woods will be no lovelier in the summer than now clad in snow.

cut anyhow, as it occupies part of the new tent site. Wanted an excuse to cut it before but could not think of one that would satisfy my scruples against needless destruction of living trees.

Jan. 17th. A clear, mild night after a spring-like day of bright sunshine. Skiied to Yellow Girl and posted seventeen letters. Yet I receive inquiries such as: "Whatever do you do to kill time?" Great Caesar's ghost: were the days twice as long I could be busy at interesting occupations every moment.

On the way to Yellow Girl I met Capt. Johnson, skipper of the boat that carried me from Kenora. He was on his way to pay me a visit, but decided to turn back to Yellow Girl with me and postpone his call until tomorrow. I took some snapshots of him. He saw a wolf yesterday. It was on the ice and very close; within fifty feet, he said. They have not been plentiful around here, this winter, but there is one about half a mile north of the tent tonight. It has been howling, intermittently, since nightfall. I like to hear them.

While following Johnson I noticed that I could travel faster—with the same effort—on my skiis than he could on his web shoes. It was a good test because the surface was almost perfect for snowshoeing, but not slippery enough to cause the skiis to slide much beyond my natural step.

About a month ago a leak developed in the bottom of my enamel, or "granite ware" wash basin. I plugged it with a mixture of two drops of cement and a tiny pellet of flour paste. Although water is boiled in it nearly every day it has not leaked a drop since. Another practical use for this cement is protecting a cut. By soaking the rag with it all necessity for clumsy tying is eliminated and the bandage will stick to the skin for a day or two. Even dishwashing won't loosen it.

There are two timber wolves howling now. Silence for an hour or so, then ten or fifteen minutes of wailing; each series of cries lasting about fifteen seconds. Tonight, they are not at all "blood-curdling" nor vicious-sounding; merely doleful, as if they were lonely and very, very sorry for themselves. The howl of the timber wolf seems as much a part of winter camping as does the call of the loon, when the lakes are open. Both are necessary to complete the setting. While the coyotes make more noise, their crazy yowlings lack the dignity and impressiveness, characteristic of their big cousin's vocal efforts.

Jan. 18th. To adequately describe the calm, mild, glistening beauty of this forenoon is beyond my power. Here comes Johnson. My first visitor since the trapper called two months ago.

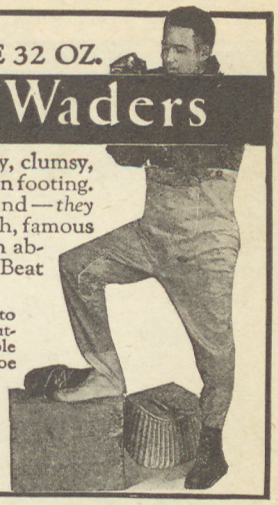
The day was spent in conversation, eating and smoking. The captain left about four o'clock and, from then until dark, I cut wood. Am going to read "Trader Horn" tonight. Seldom do I deliberately devote an entire evening to reading, but this has been sort of a holiday so I might as well make it a full one.

Jan. 19th. Storm raging all day and still blowing hard. Bad day to be on the lake. It is tranquil in here, although tree tops are swaying wildly, and there is an almost continuous roaring of wind through the branches. We had plenty of warning. Yesterday we plainly heard whistles of locomotives and the big one at the Kenora paper mill. The woodpeckers, also, sounded their storm tattoos frequently, during Tuesday afternoon and yesterday.

Read "Trader Horn." Enjoyed it immensely although it contains many statements with which I disagree. What an amazing variety of experience and adven-

EVERY FLY-FISHERMAN NEEDS THESE 32 OZ.

Improved Fishing Waders



LAND more and bigger fish. No sloshing around in heavy, clumsy, tiring rubber boots to scare the fish; no stumbling, uncertain footing. Zephyrweights are light, roomy, cause no drag or fatigue and—*they keep you dry!* Help you increase your catch, too. O. W. Smith, famous angler and sportswriter, says: "First waders I've worn with absolute satisfaction." B. A. Claflin, fishing authority, says: "Beat anything I've ever owned!"

SPECIFICATIONS: Extra strong gray nainsook, doubled, vulcanized to rubber; stocking feet tan sateen; book pocket with snap fasteners; six buttons for suspenders; draw string; all seams cemented and stitched; triple reinforced crotch and inseams. WEIGHT, 32 ounces; SIZES 6 to 12; shoe size is wader size. PRICE $19.85. *From your dealer—or direct.*

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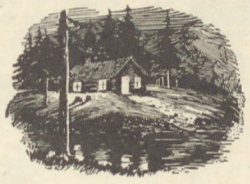

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ture that man had! Today I copied nearly fifty striking expressions from it. Shall read the book again, soon, and expect to get a good deal from the second reading that I missed on the first.

Feb. 10th. Space limits forbid me to continue the record of my day to day experiences so I will mention just a few more interesting occurrences, without reference to exact dates.

Some time ago I noticed that a good many holes in my tent roof extended through the paper I had pasted over them. This puzzled me until I learned the cause. The chickadees discovered that the paste, used in papering, was good to eat and, when nothing better was available would peck at the spots where it had oozed through. This explained another source of mild annoyance. Whenever I try to take a daylight siesta these little pests are sure to start hammering, noisily, on the extra stiff paper just above my head. At drumming they are a good match for small woodpeckers.

While in Kenora last month I bought a new style of steel-trap. It is meant to kill, instantly, instead of merely holding its victim by a leg. Its two sets of jaws are set at right angles to each other and actuated by coil springs. One set of jaws closely resembles the ordinary "Jump" trap, but the other set is much larger; having a spread of five by ten inches.

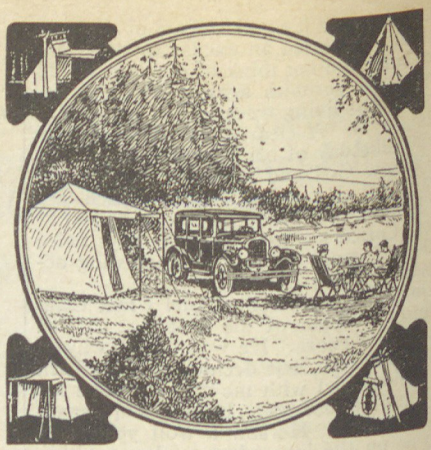
There are no marks on the trap by which I can identify its maker or its size number. Until I had set and sprung it a few times it seemed to me rather awkward and intricate for universal popularity, but when one becomes accustomed to its novel features, it is simple enough. Mine has not yet been set for game—and may never be—but I have no doubt it would prove both efficient and humane. From the latter standpoint, it is a decided improvement on the fiendishly cruel and, ofttimes, inefficient steel-trap in general use.

If, as some eminent philosopher asserts, "Immorality consists chiefly in the infliction of unnecessary and unproductive pain" numerous trappers are due for a hectic session when they interview Saint Peter at the Gate.

Bird Houses

By H. L. Hoard

A FEMALE red-wing blackbird was seen perched on a martin house at Carcajou Point, Lake Koshkononog, Feb. 3. It was probably one of the family that nested there last summer. When scared away, it flew to an oak tree near by. The martin house afforded the bird all the protection it needed from storms if it failed to go South. A meadowlark was seen on the 6th at Lake Geneva. Verily, we are having a mild winter when birds stay with us that formerly migrated. The fact that red-wing blackbirds have occupied two of the seven martin houses at the cottage of the writer at Carcajou Point for the past two seasons, suggests that many kinds of birds might stay here all winter in such houses, provided they were placed at some distance from the house and barn. Red-wing blackbirds are about the last species one would think of as likely to occupy a martin house. It is a notable fact that both years, these birds chose the farthest houses from the cottage. They easily whipped the martins. It would be worth trying to put up houses on distant parts of a farm to see what birds would occupy them. Here is an idea for farm boys and girls interested in birds.



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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by

Thomas Ambrose

Streamcraft, An Angling Manual by George Parker Holden. Profusely illustrated, Including Ten Color Plates. 281 pp. D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1927. $3.00.

SINCE its first appearance some eight years ago, Dr. Holden's Streamcraft has enjoyed the favor of the angling fraternity who will welcome the newly revised edition.

Two fine color plates, one of fontinalis, the other of a bronze back, from originals by that prince of piscatorial painters, Driscole, add their beauty to this beautiful book; and there is a full page etching of George La Branche "in action."

There are twenty-four more pages in the revised than in the original edition; it is better printed on better paper—and altogether more attractive.

I am inclined to think that of all the manuals for the fly fisher that have come to my notice, I should recommend to the beginner or to the seasoned angler the revised edition of Streamcraft especially should he tie his own flies.

Pike, Pickerel and Muskalonge by Alfred C. Weed, Assistant Curator of Fishes, Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. Illustrated. 52 pp. $0.75.

THIS is zoology leaflet No. 9, issued by the Field Museum by the aid of which the debatable identity of all varieties of the three game fishes named in the title may be scientifically and authoritatively settled.

There are three beautiful color plates of muskalonge, six of pickerel and one of our wall-eyed friend. Strange to say the "Great Northern Pike," so often referred to by Bob of the Tribune and Ed of the News does not appear in the picture gallery of piscatorial pulchritude leading one to fear that this is simply an honorary title bestowed upon a large specimen of Esox lucius.

I have long since settled to my own satisfaction the vexed question of Great Northern Pike and Pickerel by a very simple formula:

The Northern Pike and pickerel
Are very much alike.
You catch him, he's a pickerel,
I catch him, he's a pike.

"The Young Folks' Book of Fishes," by Ida Mellen of the New York Aquarium. Illustrated. 160 pp. Dodd, Mead & Company. New York. $2.00.

NOT young folks only, but folks of any age interested in fishes, of which more than 15,000 species have been named, will find this book, according to the age or temperament of the reader, as interesting as a novel, or a book of fairy tales.

In Chapter I, "Why Is a Fish?" the author divides the world of Nature into two parts, the Old and New Testament of Nature. In the Old Testament are all the spineless forms; in the New Testament, all the animals that possess a backbone. We know little of the way in which the groups of creatures of this Old Testament are related to one another, but beginning with

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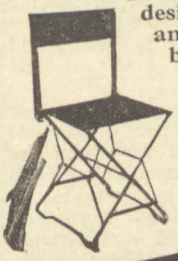

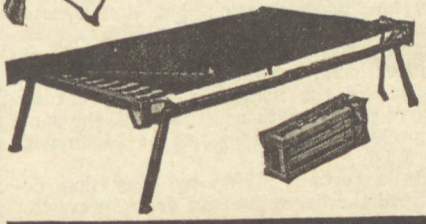

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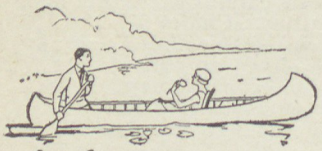

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the fish, the first animal with a spinal cord, we can trace the higher developments almost step by step. Without the fish there never could have been any higher animals, and consequently no human beings. If you may be interested in this line of argument, you might turn to previous issues of this magazine carrying the treatise upon "Our Remote Ancestors—The Fishes."

The book is packed with information of value and interest, and there is not a dull page in it.

"Bait for Fish," by Harry R. Yale. Illustrated. 64 pages. Published by the author. Lima, Ohio. $1.00.

THIS small volume, pocket size, claims to be "a compilation of old fishermen's secrets gathered from many of the old-time fishermen," and is dedicated "to the Izaak Walton League of America, whose loyal members are helping to restore and preserve the recreational areas of this country."

In this little book with flexible leather cover is described every species of bait you secretly may have longed for when the pesky trout or bass just wouldn't rise to any artificial lure in your portly wallet.

Izaak Walton fished with a worm and so, too, upon occasion, has that devoted disciple of Walton, Bliss Perry, who frankly speaks of "lovely streams, lonely and enticing, but impossible to fish with a fly, await the fisherman who is not too proud to use, with a man's skill, the same unpretentious tackle which he began with as a boy."

In a second edition we may find described the fierce lampern or night crawler steeped in moonshine and attached to a line without a hook who will thresh about in the water until he seizes a big trout by the throat and drags him up to land.

"Children of the Swamp and Wood," by Archibald Rutledge, with illustrations from photographs. 282 pages. Doubleday, Page & Company. New York. $2.50.

IF you would learn of the intimate lives of the wonderful furred and feathered creatures of fen, field, and forest, I know of no more charming introduction to this fascinating study than is to be found in Mr. Rutledge's absorbing relation of personal experiences along the Santee River and in the Pennsylvania mountains.

The delta of the Santee was and is a paradise for game of all kinds. Deer, bear, turkey, quail are abundant, and the migratory water fowl come in myriads to feed in the abandoned rice fields.

From early youth the author took reasonable toll with gun and dog, but his chief delight was studying the wild creatures of swamp and forest by day and by night—often from platforms built in trees—attracted not so much by the intelligence and cunning of these children of the wild, as by their capacity for "enjoying the beauties amid which they live, and their sense of appreciation and love of lovely things."

He learned besides that the quiet hand of the forest can still the sad pulse's leap, and that the wood has a subtle voice of the same wave length as the human heart. He glimpsed the pathetic beauty of the wild flower's brimming eye, the girlish grace of silver birches, and sensed the upland plover's visionary voice aloft in the heavens.

These are some of the word pictures scattered lavishly throughout the pages of this charming book.

If you are romantically inclined, it would be difficult to find a sweeter, daintier idyl than "A Woodland Courtship." According to the author, "love is a long inheritance and from its mystic joys the children of the wild are not excluded."

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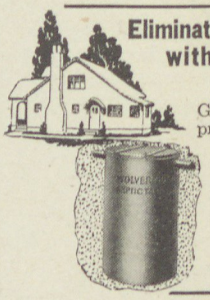

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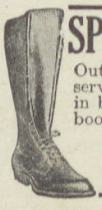

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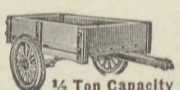

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"Wild creatures are singularly humble in their demands. They will take what we reject; they will rejoice to inhabit our waste lands and our wilderness.

"There is no such thing as waste land if a man will turn over to wild things those parts of his property he cannot use himself.

"A game sanctuary is not only a temporary life preserver, it is a guaranty of the survival of a race."

Mr. Rutledge has much to say in praise of the Pennsylvania system of game preservation, as a result of which he put up as many as forty wild turkeys in a day's hunt, the bag limit being a single bird the season.

A well-deserved tribute is paid to the old-fashioned plantation darkey, wise in the lore of the wild things, and another to the hound dog with his marvelous powers of scent, his melodious bell-toned voice, and superhuman intelligence in the hunt. Mr. Rutledge loves the hound: "My obligation to him is that unpayable debt that we owe to one who has given us an insight into the meaning of existence; whose spiritual genius has led us to understand that life has about it a great deal more magic and mystery than people with dismally literal minds would have us believe; whose prescient hand has set ajar for us casements of the soul, through which are far gleams of what may be, for all I know, the gorgeous frontiers of Eternity."

The Harvest of a Quiet Eye, A Book of Digressions by Odell Shepard, with illustrations by Beatrice Stevens. 282 pp. Houghton Mifflin & Company, Boston. $3.00

HAD Wordsworth preceded Walton in the world of literature, we would have had in the Compleat Angler reference to "the harvest of a quiet eye," so truly Waltonian is the expression.

The author, weary of the great city, sought the open road and green fields, and writes this chronicle of his rambles along the lanes and byways of the New England countryside.

The part of the book which will have the strongest appeal to the average Waltonian is the chapter with the alluring title, "By Little Rivers," fragments of which I quote:

"It is strange how little has been adequately written about American streams. . . . During the trout season one fishes. For the rest of the year one dreams and writes about trout fishing.

"There is a well-known disease which has not been listed by the pathologists, an annual fever that sets in with special virulence about the first of April. The patient—." You may read the whole story in the fair pages of the Riverside Press, or follow in the footsteps of the author who believes that to read the book of Nature one must *walk* over the leaves.

Books for reviewing should be sent to Thomas Ambrose, care of OUTDOOR AMERICA or 330 E. 22nd Street, Chicago

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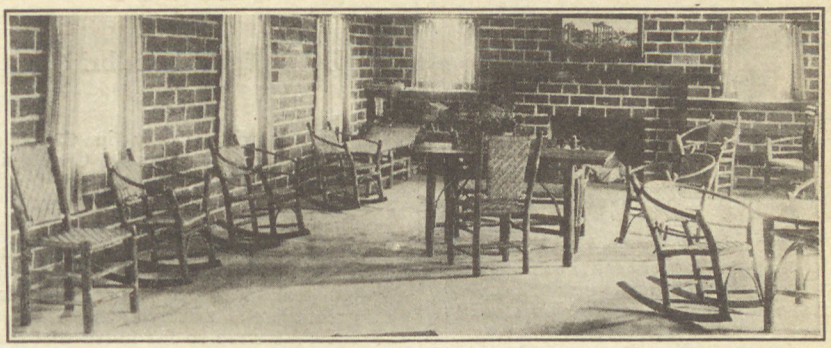

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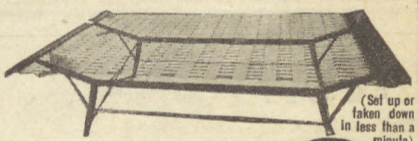

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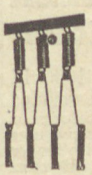

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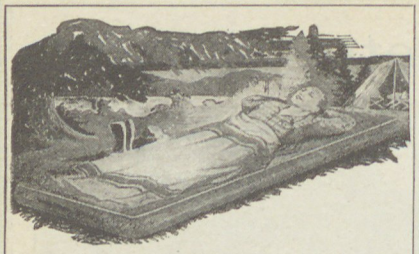

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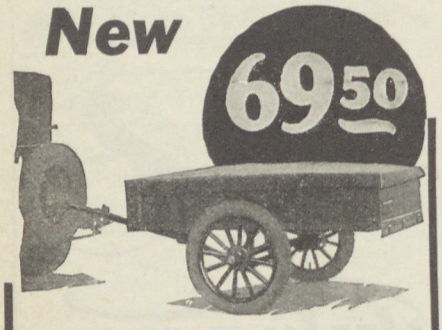

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Camping Near Moose

By Dwight Woodbridge

IT was growing dusky in the bush; Charlie Tapaskin, our old Cree guide, picked up a piece of birch bark and rolled it into a long and narrow horn; he smoothed it a minute in his hand.

"Want to see a moose?" he asked. "Sure," said I, and off we went up the portage trail through poplar and birch that grew there so thickly we could not see the sky. We were so far north that there was no growth but birch, poplar, and stunted evergreens, the night so still that not a leaf among all those aspens quaked.

We walked quietly, Charlie a few paces ahead. Every few minutes he stopped to listen. Finally he held up his hand and whispered that he heard a bull. I could hear nothing at all, listen with all the concentration I could muster. We both slid off the trail among the trees. He tried his horn, an odd, low note, perfectly imitating a moose; we listened. He tried again, and there was a deep, similar note in reply, coming to us from across a muskeg. Charlie waited a bit and then blew once more; the answer was a trifle louder and nearer. Then I heard the muffled crash of an animal coming cautiously toward us. We were breathless and watched from behind our little screen of foliage. Suddenly, there was our moose, standing in the trail, sniffing the air. Evidently he thought "that lady moose who has been calling to me must be close by somewhere." He stood a moment uncertain, his big bulk showing like a heavy shouldered mule, his long head forward, his antlers laid back, his nostrils twitching. He was there, the next instant he was gone, smashing through the brush, heedless of the fuss he made, intent only on getting away from the man scent he had caught.

We walked back to our little camp in the gathering darkness and old Charlie began to tell of his life in the woods. For once he was loquacious and took the lead in the talk. He was a Swampy Cree and always had lived in that great brush country north from Cumberland House. He was one of the comparatively few "Hudson Bay Indians" left in the north. This does not mean that he was from Hudson's Bay, but that he had been brought up a servant of the great Company, trained in Company ways, taught and disciplined by those old-time Scotch Factors who knew so well how to make a man out of an Indian. To the woodscraft and resourcefulness of the redskin there had been added deference, obedience to orders, care, skill, and perhaps some of the white man's nerve force and ability, too. Young Indians are not this way, they are too independent, they know too much, are too careless. That old type is going; Charlie Tapaskin probably was seventy-five years of age.

Another brilliant Autumn day I was sitting, quietly resting, on the slope of a little hummock of small timber in the Gunflint country of northern Minnesota, up against the Canadian line. A warm southern zephyr stirred the tawny leaves. There were two of us, we were tired and had not moved nor spoken for minutes. All at once I was aware of something near us; I turned my head slowly and there stood a beautiful great moose, quietly browsing. We were perfectly visible, but we were there first and seated, and very still. I softly touched

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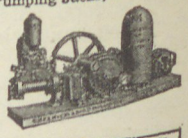

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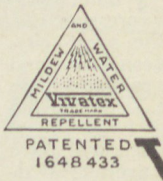

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my companion, and we watched that moose for what seemed fully five minutes, though probably it was far less. At any rate it was as long as he cared to stay, for he did not see us. The light breeze happened to be blowing toward us, and there was no scent to betray. He had come without sound or warning, materialized on top that hummock, evanescent as a shadow. One instant nothing had been within sight or sound, then, the next moment, he was feeding there. As we watched, he slowly made off down the slope, and disappeared in the swamp, completely unaware of the near presence of men.

After he had gone we measured the distance from where we sat to the spot where he had stood, it was twenty-three feet.

Little Canoe river flows down from the Manitou country into Rainy lake. It is a shallow, winding, sandy rivulet, widening into an occasional grassy marsh, open and sunny. It is called Little Canoe because no larger boat can negotiate it in seasons of ordinary water. It is so narrow and shoal in places that even the smallest craft has trouble in making the twists, and scrapes at times over the sands of its bed. Evidences were plenty that no man had passed that way for months.

In late August when we came out that way, it was an ideal country for moose. We moved slowly along, paddling in absolute silence below overhanging alders and grasses and turned the bends with special care. There was no talking, no lifting of paddles, we made scarcely a ripple. The leading one of our two canoes carried a graflex camera, open and ready for a shot at whatever might be seen. As we rounded one sharp little turn in the brook, a cow moose jumped from the water where she had been lying, shook herself before she started away, and in so doing drenched the bowsman and his camera. Maybe she was ten feet from the canoe when she made off. And that's the nearest I have ever been to a live moose, full grown. I never have killed one, and I do not know that I care to.

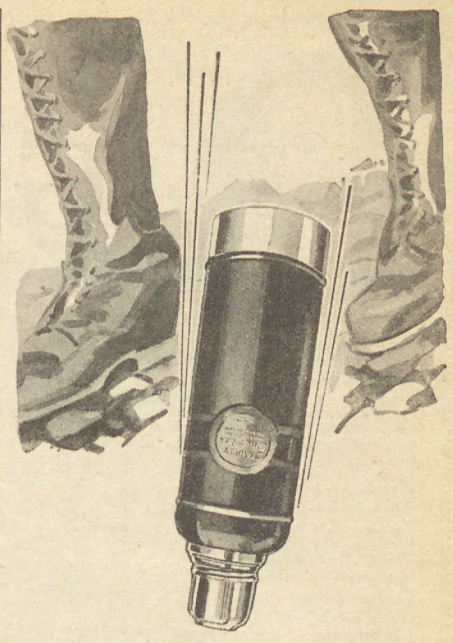
Again, also in the fall, I was among that network of great lakes that lie near the divide between Nelson and Churchill rivers, near the upper boundary line between Saskatchewan and Manitoba. The sky line along all those lakes—Athapapuskow, Amish, Wekusko, Bishoubishkow, and many others with as resounding names—glowed in the warm brilliance of aureate foliage. We camped one afternoon on a sandy beach about a hundred feet wide lying between the big lake and a lagoon. That beach looked like a dancing floor, so crowded was it by the hoof marks of moose and deer. Scarcely a square foot of all its expanse was not marked by tracks, all made since the last rains. We were kept awake half the night by the snorts of those animals as they came within sight of our tent or smell of our camping, but not one did we see, either then or the next day, though we stayed there in hope of some pictures. If meat had been our object, we might have killed to our heart's content.

Two Poor Fish in a Boat

(Continued from page 47)

or less numb and I was glad to ease up. I was holding the rod with my right hand while I wiggled the fingers of my left to get out some of the kinks; Oscar was doing the same thing when SMaSh, SlaM, BANg! "Did you see that?" yelled Oscar. Certainly I saw it, I not only saw it but ducked it.

(Continued on page 77)



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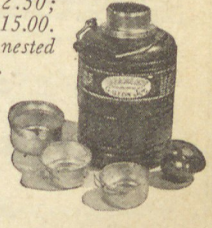

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RADIO stations, from struggling amateur to thundering, dominant professional, are broadcasting League work and League objects, aims and ideals, from all corners of America.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Every Monday at 7:30 Central Standard Time. Courtesy WGES.

WABC Brooklyn, N.Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh chapter. Dr. Charles Reitell, radio editor.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Pueblo chapter. Every Wednesday, 6:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane Wash. Spokane chapter. Fridays at 9 P.M. Pacific Time. 370.2 meters.

WCCO Minneapolis and St. Paul. Minnesota Division. Every Thursday 10 P.M. Central Standard Time. Courtesy WCCO, "The Gold Medal Station."

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WODA Paterson, N. J., Passaic, N. J., chapter. Clarence D. Van Duzer every Friday at 7 P.M. Eastern Time.

WTAD Quincy, Ill., every Wednesday, 12:35 P. M. to 1:00 P. M., Izaak Walton League program. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Tuesday and Friday evenings. Joplin Chapter, 204 meter length.

THE reason for the universal esteem in which the Izaak Walton League is held lies in the fact that everyone knows it is working for the good of all. ¶ The American press, the radio, public speakers, and all other agencies of publicity welcome the opportunity to disseminate the message of the League because this permits them to further engage in the vital public work of the nation which it is their privilege to promote, foster and shape. ¶ Understanding of the League's work has resulted in a warmth of feeling for it which has opened the doors of America's heart. ¶ The position of conservation spokesman of the nation has been given to it because of confidence in its word and belief in its work.

THE PRESS

HUNDREDS of newspapers all over America are faithfully assisting the League in its work. The names that follow are those of some which are supporting local chapters.

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F. S. Ballentine and 171 lb. tarpon that provided one solid hour of fight.

Concerning Tarpon

By F. S. Ballentine

MAY I take exception to the article on tarpon fishing by David Newell published in the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA?

I have lived at Fort Myers for nearly twenty years and last year was the first year in that time I have not landed from ten up to fifty tarpon a year. In all I have landed between four and five hundred and am familiar with every known method and tackle. The real trouble with the game today is the modern reel not the using of a motor boat instead of a skiff.

If you want to give the fish an even break forget this idea of skiff fishing and advocate the *use of a plain reel with fixed handle and no other drag save leather thumb brake*, fish to be handled from the regulation guide boat, rods not to exceed twelve ounces and line not over 21 thread. Tarpon tire themselves out towing a skiff but they *do not* tow the heavy motor boat, except perhaps in a very limited degree. A line strain that would easily tow a light skiff makes no impression at all on the regulation guide boat.

I believe that as far as sport for the fisherman is concerned, nothing over 12 ounces, split bamboo, should be used. A nine ounce, Vom Hofe, Grade A, Greenhart, is ideal. With this should go nothing over eighteen thread line. No one who handles heavy fish has any excuse for ever breaking this line on such a tip. If the fisherman desired to give the fish the edge, he should use a plain reel without drag save the regular leather thumb brake. Fixed handle, of course. Try it from a heavy motor boat. Such tackle will not stand any towing.

Of course, there are fish and fish. Some tarpon never give up, fight to the last with every ounce they have. Others come in like lambs. I have landed both.

One, two – Its good for you
Three, four – They all want more
Five, six – It comes in sticks
Seven, eight – The flavor's great
Nine, ten – Say it again –
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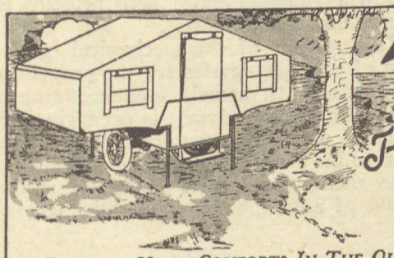

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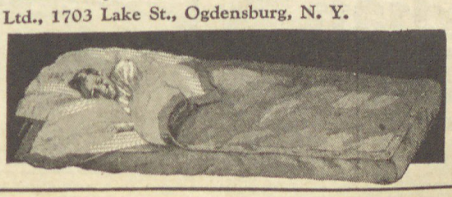

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Canadian Pacific
World's Greatest Travel System

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by PAUL BURRESS

Doctoring the Outboard

SINCE time immemorial man's ego has been manifest by that impetuating force which creates the desire to do and to possess something a little better than his fellow brothers. This ego is displayed in many forms and the fraternity of outdoorsmen are still contributing their share of thought towards the development of better equipment, just as the silent testimony of archaic implements of sport and war indicate that prehistoric man had the same complex. Our urge to surpass our brothers is ages old and represents the keynote of human progress.

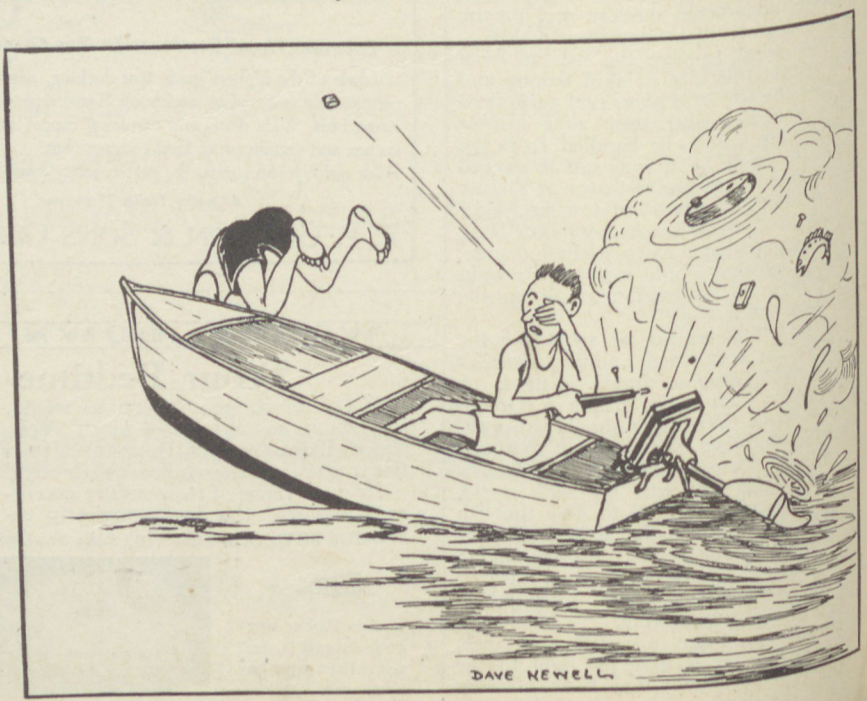
Perhaps the best and most recent testimony of this fact among the rather more progressive humans, namely the sportsmen, is the great advancement in the design and operation of outboard motors. Why they call them "kickers" I don't know. The name certainly should be changed to "boosters," and in support of this argument or contention allow me to draw a comparison. The good wife of the good outdoorsman, after being given a charge of "oily gas" and a lash of the starting rope and who readily starts and continues to perk for the benefit of the sportsman husband, would or should in all cases resent and refuse to operate if she were declared by him to be a "kicker." Any form of mechanism, human or mechanical, operating on a charge of oily gas will function more satisfactorily if openly declared a booster.

This subject of the mechanical operation of portable devices for the propelling of small boats, namely outboard motors or boosters (not wives), is occupying the greatest part of the outdoorsman's attention to his array of equipment this spring. The racing bug comes in for a greater share of attention than the utility user as evidenced by the 1928 designs and also the interest manifested by the public in such news announcements as BABE-ORENO BREAKS WORLD'S RECORD IN CLASS X OUTBOARD RACES ATTAINING SIXTY-ONE MILES PER HOUR. The public must be served, therefore this new year finds us being offered by progressive outboard motor manufacturers one of the finest displays of the motor maker's art which will appeal in particular to the speed bug.

The new motor as received from the manufacturer is constructed so as to give the greatest satisfaction to the average user. Speed and endurance are incorporated in the new motors as never before. Still there are many owners who find great sport and entertainment in reconstructing their motors for the purpose of developing more speed.

There are many theories, both good and impractical, smiled and frowned upon by the association rule makers, which will allow the outboard motor owner to give vent to his natural desire to tinker and to outdistance his brother over the race course or back from the fishing grounds. These little speed suggestions are for those who would "paint the lily," or in other words improve the manufacturer's design. They may or may not increase speed, but in either case the law of compensation will work out. If you get more speed there will invariably be less of some other desirable quality.

New outboard motors like new automobiles should be properly broken in to insure smooth wearing surfaces, long life and the greatest speed. The automobile manufacturer warns against a speed exceeding twenty-five miles per hour for the first five hundred miles and likewise the



The speed king aboard outboard goes overboard.

new outboard motor should be given about forty hours of conservative running before opening it up to full speed. The lightening of reciprocal parts and the increasing of compression, also auxiliary oiling devices all have a tendency to increase motor speed, but on the other hand such departures from the standard motor design will greatly decrease the general utility value of the motor. Lightening of parts increases the breaking hazard. The use of lighter alloy pistons usually causes difficult starting and the possibility of freezing and scoring of pistons unless a perfect mechanical job of installation is done. The difference in the expansion and contraction ratio of the grey iron cylinder walls and the alloy pistons must be carefully calculated, otherwise much grief will follow.

Increasing compression or pressure is one of the first problems to be solved by the speed enthusiast and this is usually done by turning down the base of each cylinder about 3/32 of an inch. This accomplishes the same result as moving the piston up 3/32 of an inch, thereby reducing the cubic measurement of the combustion chamber and creating greater pressure. By turning down the base, the ports will have to be opened likewise to correspond with the new piston travel with relation to the cylinder wall. This can be done with a small chisel and then finally dressed off with a fine file. All irregularities or rough spots should be filed from the port surfaces and the bypass port screens removed. At this point a fire extinguisher is recommended as a necessary part of the equipment because, with the screens removed, dripping gas and a backfire usually spells a boat fire.

Another aid to compression is castor oil which is a vegetable oil and used in racing motors because of its heat resisting qualities. The usual method of inducing castor oil is by means of a drip cup lubricator connected in the intake manifold and adjusted to drip at the most satisfactory rate of drops per minute per thousand R. P. M. This is an auxiliary oiling system and does not serve for total lubrication. The usual proportion of one and one-quarter pints of lubricating oil to one gallon of gas should of course be used. As a matter of warning, after your motor turns up around three or four thousand R. P. M. you may wish that you had brought along your old gas mask because the combination of castor oil and a hot motor reminds one of the way it tasted in the days of real sport.

Injecting the proper quantity of moisture in the form of vapor or liquid is thought by some outboard motor racing enthusiasts to greatly aid the process of combustion. The effect of moisture on combustion is noticeable in automobile motors when driven at night when there is more moisture in the air. Most every driver has noticed how much better his motor ran at night or after a rain. Moisture may be injected into the combustion chamber by arranging a water drip on the hot exhaust manifold and placing the carburetor air intake so that the steam from the drip on the exhaust pipe will be drawn into the carburetor. This speed accessory is claimed by some to be a remarkable advantage.

Internal friction can be further reduced by replacing the heavy grease in the gear housing with a light bodied grease to which has been added about a spoonful of graphite. The gear housing should be inspected and the grease replenished often.

Propeller size and pitch also propeller depth at top speed are big factors in attaining greater speed, but these points must all be determined with respect to the type and size of the boat. The pro-

(Continued on page 76)

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World's lightest weight outboard—26 pounds . . . . . Price $115

The Light Twin
World's competition record Class A—15.32 m. p. h. Weight 37 pounds
Price $140

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World's competition record Class B—26.36 m. p. h. Weight 61 pounds
Price $165

The Big Twin
World's competition record Class C—32.14 m. p. h. Weight 85 pounds
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Entirely new model for 1928. Weighs 110 lbs. 25 h. p. World's highest powered, fastest outboard . . . .
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Any Johnson dealer will demonstrate by free trial the new power and speed of the 1928 Johnsons. Sold on easy payments if desired. *Write for catalog giving full information.*

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Stop wondering where your next vacation will be spent. Decide to fish the myriad lakes and rivers accessible from the Canadian Pacific Railway. No other fishing grounds like them—big game fellows—wicked, fighting Trout, Great Northern Pike, Muskies, Bass, Pickerel.
Everybody Lands 'Em
So will you—but never without a stubborn battle, because Canada's cold water lakes and streams put as much fight in their hearts as the climate puts joy in yours.
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Edited by PAUL BURRESS

Doctoring the Outboard

SINCE time immemorial man's ego has been manifest by that impetuating force which creates the desire to do and to possess something a little better than his fellow brothers. This ego is displayed in many forms and the fraternity of outdoorsmen are still contributing their share of thought towards the development of better equipment, just as the silent testimony of archaic implements of sport and war indicate that prehistoric man had the same complex. Our urge to surpass our brothers is ages old and represents the keynote of human progress.

Perhaps the best and most recent testimony of this fact among the rather more progressive humans, namely the sportsmen, is the great advancement in the design and operation of outboard motors. Why they call them "kickers" I don't know. The name certainly should be changed to "boosters," and in support of this argument or contention allow me to draw a comparison. The good wife of the good outdoorsman, after being given a charge of "oily gas" and a lash of the starting rope and who readily starts and continues to perk for the benefit of the sportsman husband, would or should in all cases resent and refuse to operate if she were declared by him to be a "kicker." Any form of mechanism, human or mechanical, operating on a charge of oily gas will function more satisfactorily if openly declared a booster.

This subject of the mechanical operation of portable devices for the propelling of small boats, namely outboard motors or boosters (not wives), is occupying the greatest part of the outdoorsman's attention to his array of equipment this spring. The racing bug comes in for a greater share of attention than the utility user as evidenced by the 1928 designs and also the interest manifested by the public in such news announcements as BABE-ORENO BREAKS WORLD'S RECORD IN CLASS X OUTBOARD RACES ATTAINING SIXTY-ONE MILES PER HOUR. The public must be served, therefore this new year finds us being offered by progressive outboard motor manufacturers one of the finest displays of the motor maker's art which will appeal in particular to the speed bug.

The new motor as received from the manufacturer is constructed so as to give the greatest satisfaction to the average user. Speed and endurance are incorporated in the new motors as never before. Still there are many owners who find great sport and entertainment in reconstructing their motors for the purpose of developing more speed.

There are many theories, both good and impractical, smiled and frowned upon by the association rule makers, which will allow the outboard motor owner to give vent to his natural desire to tinker and to outdistance his brother over the race course or back from the fishing grounds. These little speed suggestions are for those who would "paint the lily," or in other words improve the manufacturer's design. They may or may not increase speed, but in either case the law of compensation will work out. If you get more speed there will invariably be less of some other desirable quality.

New outboard motors like new automobiles should be properly broken in to insure smooth wearing surfaces, long life and the greatest speed. The automobile manufacturer warns against a speed exceeding twenty-five miles per hour for the first five hundred miles and likewise the

The speed king aboard outboard goes overboard.

new outboard motor should be given about forty hours of conservative running before opening it up to full speed. The lightening of reciprocal parts and the increasing of compression, also auxiliary oiling devices all have a tendency to increase motor speed, but on the other hand such departures from the standard motor design will greatly decrease the general utility value of the motor. Lightening of parts increases the breaking hazard. The use of lighter alloy pistons usually causes difficult starting and the possibility of freezing and scoring of pistons unless a perfect mechanical job of installation is done. The difference in the expansion and contraction ratio of the grey iron cylinder walls and the alloy pistons must be carefully calculated, otherwise much grief will follow.

Increasing compression or pressure is one of the first problems to be solved by the speed enthusiast and this is usually done by turning down the base of each cylinder about 3/32 of an inch. This accomplishes the same result as moving the piston up 3/32 of an inch, thereby reducing the cubic measurement of the combustion chamber and creating greater pressure. By turning down the base, the ports will have to be opened likewise to correspond with the new piston travel with relation to the cylinder wall. This can be done with a small chisel and then finally dressed off with a fine file. All irregularities or rough spots should be filed from the port surfaces and the bypass port screens removed. At this point a fire extinguisher is recommended as a necessary part of the equipment because, with the screens removed, dripping gas and a backfire usually spells a boat fire.

Another aid to compression is castor oil which is a vegetable oil and used in racing motors because of its heat resisting qualities. The usual method of inducing castor oil is by means of a drip cup lubricator connected in the intake manifold and adjusted to drip at the most satisfactory rate of drops per minute per thousand R. P. M. This is an auxiliary oiling system and does not serve for total lubrication. The usual proportion of one and one-quarter pints of lubricating oil to one gallon of gas should of course be used. As a matter of warning, after your motor turns up around three or four thousand R. P. M. you may wish that you had brought along your old gas mask because the combination of castor oil and a hot motor reminds one of the way it tasted in the days of real sport.

Injecting the proper quantity of moisture in the form of vapor or liquid is thought by some outboard motor racing enthusiasts to greatly aid the process of combustion. The effect of moisture on combustion is noticeable in automobile motors when driven at night when there is more moisture in the air. Most every driver has noticed how much better his motor ran at night or after a rain. Moisture may be injected into the combustion chamber by arranging a water drip on the hot exhaust manifold and placing the carburetor air intake so that the steam from the drip on the exhaust pipe will be drawn into the carburetor. This speed accessory is claimed by some to be a remarkable advantage.

Internal friction can be further reduced by replacing the heavy grease in the gear housing with a light bodied grease to which has been added about a spoonful of graphite. The gear housing should be inspected and the grease replenished often.

Propeller size and pitch also propeller depth at top speed are big factors in attaining greater speed, but these points must all be determined with respect to the type and size of the boat. The pro-

(Continued on page 76)

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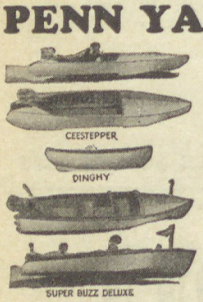

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Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

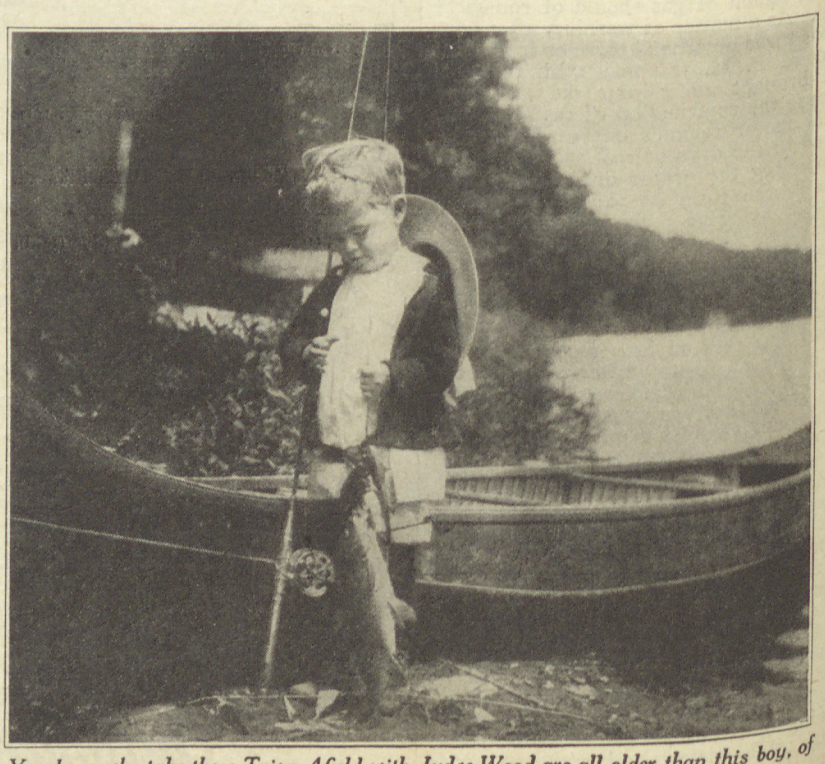
Member Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League

Fishing for Bullheads

IN walking through the woods a few days ago I heard a new note in the chirping of the chickadees who were hopping about. The nuthatches were busier than usual darting from tree to tree in a great hurry as though they had work that they must finish quickly. A cardinal darted out of a willow thicket as though he were on an errand of great importance. The wind was blowing softly from the south. The ice on the ponds was covered with water and was thawing about the edges. These signs all indicate that it is time to think of going fishing.

If you have read out-of-door magazines or listened to fishermen discussing their favorite sport you have heard much about tackle and lures and conditions under which fish may be taken. You will have heard that some fish may be caught at certain times of day or season. That even under such favorable circumstances these temperamental creatures will not bite unless the right sort of lure be offered them. Among grown-ups there is much debate over which fish offers the finest sport, yet in all this discussion one never hears mentioned the fish which we are now going to try to catch, fish not particular about the tackle, time of day or bait, but as the old colored man says: "always up en er doin'." For just as soon as the streams thaw, the leaves commence to come out and we can dig a can of worms we are going fishing for bullheads. If you will ask the fly caster who now scorns to take fish except on a fly what fish he first caught, you will notice a gleam in his eye as he tells you of his earliest fishing experience when he, as a bare-footed boy with a can of worms and a willow pole, caught his first bullheads. They are particularly the fish of the small boy. As I go to work each day I cross the river. If walking I always stop a moment and look at the water as it pours over the dam just above the bridge. In season I have observed that on some days the dam and the edge of the bulkhead from which small boys are accustomed to fish, are deserted. On other days, boys, each with a can of worms and a pole, are hurrying toward the river. Usually these boys would stop for a visit with me, but on this occasion they hurry by as though called by urgent business. Soon the bulkhead and the swinging bridge are thick with boys. In some queer manner the news has been broadcasted that the bullheads are biting. I do not know how this information is passed along. I have sometimes wondered if there is not some means by which the little bullhead working down in the mud at the bottom of the stream is not able to send a signal to the small boys as to just when his tribe is ready for worms.

I suppose that we might say the bullhead is not at all clever like the 'Stute fish in Kipling's tale of "How the whale got his throat." He is not at all cunning nor subtle. Just a jovial, comical little fellow with a flair for human companionship,—that would let you know he expects to get as much fun out of this fish-



You boys who take these Trips Afield with Judge Wood are all older than this boy, of course, but it might suggest to you to take along "that little brother."

ing bout as you do. Witness his exaggerated wiggle of sheer delight. It is a frolic on both sides. I verily believe he is quite content to be butchered to make a Roman holiday.

On one of such days at noon I walked out on the swinging bridge to watch the fun. With me was Burr Lichty, who pretends to be a wholesale grocer, but who is so much better at fly fishing that if any one should ask me his occupation I would reply that he is a fisherman. He watched the youngsters working their lines about trying to find a point of vantage. He loudly applauded any youngster who was able to connect, and who pulled a wriggling little fish out to be added to his string. One small boy had an ancient outfit with a line which had often broken and been tied carelessly. The knots caught in the guides as the boy reeled in the line. I saw that Burr wanted to get his hands on that pole, but found no excuse to do so until the youngster rebaited his hook and threw it back into the water without having properly spat upon the bait. This was more than Burr Lichty could stand, for every angler knows that in fishing for bullheads this solemn rite must be performed. I do not know why this is so essential unless it be that the worm resenting this indignity is more apt to struggle in the water and thus attract the fish. He took the pole to instruct the youngster in the noble art of catching bullheads. First he sent to the ten-cent store for a new line. Then he showed him how to string a worm on the hook so that it held firmly with a part hanging loose to wiggle after being discreetly spat upon. The depth of the water was determined and the worm held just off the bottom, then moved slowly about until the little jerk came which is the bullhead's calling card. And do you know what then happened? A dreamy look came into his eyes. Thirty years seemed to fall off him as by a miracle. He was simply transplanted to those "High and Far-Off Times" of his boyhood. He fished nearly all of the bullheads out of the stream. Reluctantly he handed the pole back to its admiring owner, compensated by the new line and the string of bullheads caught by an arrogant adult fly fisherman. The swinging bridge is not an ideal place to catch bullheads. I like to fish for them from a grassy bank so that when I throw them out they land on the turf where they lie and wiggle for all the world like a little pup which lies on its back and squirms about inviting you to be friends and tickle his fat little tummy. I know of an ideal place to catch these little fish, a series of little ponds made by the high waters of the creek swirling among the trees. The grass has covered the sloping banks, making just the right setting. Here on summer days you will find the boys who are going to grow up into expert anglers anxiously waiting for a bite. I have watched them fish these ponds every summer for years. As one group grew up and left the little ponds to angle for more aristocratic fish, another set of youngsters would take their places. When I saw a group of boys coming home dirty, sunburned and happy with a long string of bullheads, I frequently wondered whether the fish were not being all caught out, and what the coming crop of boys would do if this were true. But later in the summer I wandered by these ponds. I stood quietly watching the still water, when there suddenly appeared just below the surface a slowly moving school of tiny black bullheads. You could follow them for a few moments and then attracted by better chances of food below they dropped out of sight. I knew that

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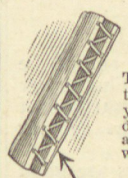

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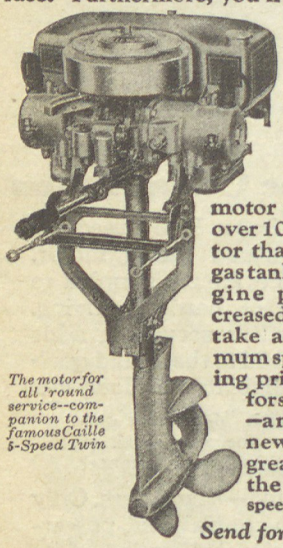

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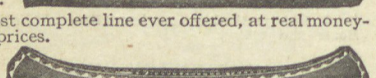

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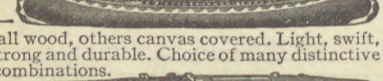

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this school of hundreds of tiny bullheads was only one of many working silently about the bottom of the pond growing up to make sport for the boys who would get here their first lessons in angling.

You do not need any special tackle or landing net. The bullhead has a tough little mouth, which holds a hook of any size. The catching does not end the fun, for when you take off the tough skin by making with your jack-knife a little cut clear around just behind the gills, another cut down each side of the dorsal fin, then catch one of the loose corners near the fin with a pair of pliers and you pull the skin off, you have a morsel, which when rolled in corn meal and fried crisp and brown will make even a hardened fly caster's mouth water. In cleaning the fish you must be careful of the fins. These are armed with sharp spines, which make painful wounds.

One beautiful day in the spring I started for the river with the youngster whose picture illustrates this article. I had found a little eddy in which I knew bullheads were waiting for us. We sat in the canoe under the shadow of an overhanging tree. When the hook was baited in accordance with all of the time-honored tradition of bullhead fishermen it was thrown into the water. The brightly painted bobber was quiet for a moment and then commenced to dart gayly about. Its excitement was communicated up the line through the pole to the eager little boy, who in accordance with instructions jerked, and "a big ol' yallah belly comes a-gallivantin' out." This continued until the carp came and spoiled the fun. You see how in the picture he brazenly flaunts his big bulk in front of the modest little bullheads.

This lad has since grown up and has caught many sorts of fish from Maine to Alaska. Once, in a reminiscent mood, he wrote the following touching and philosophical rhyme, entitled "Lament on Beheading a Bullhead."

"Decapitate
And he's half ate.
But such is fate;
So clean the plate."

So far as I know he has never written any poems about the other fish he has caught, which all goes to prove that the bullhead is the best fish of all.

Doctoring the Outboard

(Continued from page 73)

peller and underwater housing should be smooth and the blades sharp. The nearer the propeller can be run to the surface of the water without slippage, the greater the boat speed.

Other speed producing factors are good spark plugs, removing the muffler, proper motor angle and boat skin friction.

Spark plugs ordinarily do not last long under high engine speed and therefore should be inspected and probably replaced. As insurance against short circuit from water spray, the ignition wires should be given a coating of heavy grease. This prevents them from becoming water-soaked and consequently loss of current.

Removing the muffler prevents back pressure and will also cause the motor to run cooler. The unmuffled exhaust of an outboard motor is annoying to some people, therefore the muffler should always be attached except when racing. We all know that for the good of the sport and other good reasons that the water motorist should always respect the privileges of fishermen, bathers and waterfront

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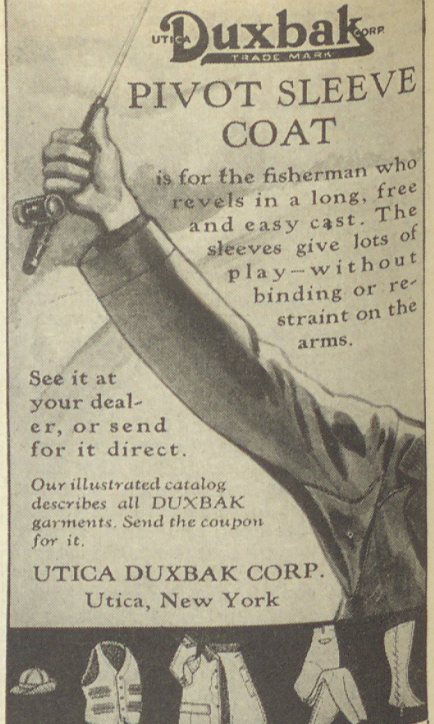

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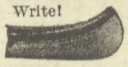

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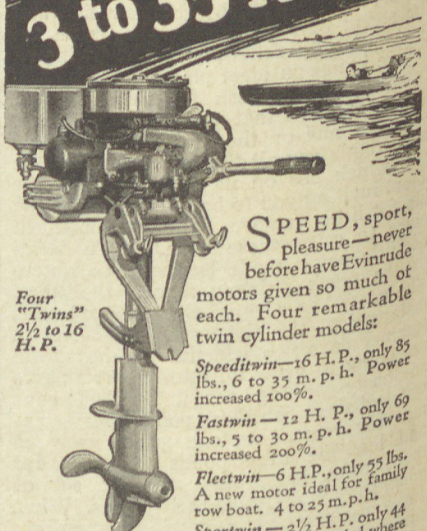

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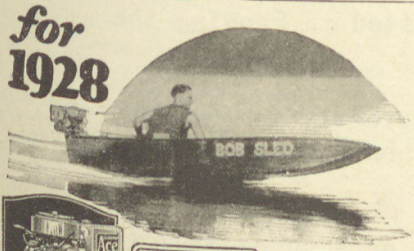
YOUR favorite fly flicks for a second on the quiet water. . . . Twice, three times you cast. . . . Then whirr! . . . You've hooked a big one. Quickly and easily your partner brings the "Old Town" around and holds it in position for the battle.

"Old Towns" respond instantly to every dip of the blade. Sturdy in construction and light in weight too. When you go out where the big ones strike, be sure that you go in an "Old Town." Prices as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Also fast, seaworthy boats for *Outboard Motors*. Write for free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 834 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

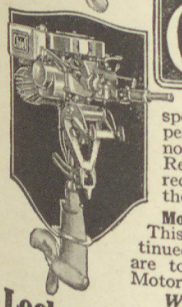
"Old Town Canoes"

for 1928



LOCKWOOD Ace

A new and lighter Lockwood Twin—with an official speed record of 27.163 miles per hour, exceeding the previous Class A record by 72% and breaking the world record of Motors of the next higher class.



LOCKWOOD Chief

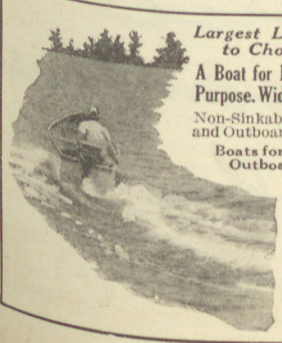
A larger Lockwood Twin developing more than 10 H. P. and with an official speed record of 33.543 miles per hour. Thus smashing, not only all previous Class B Records, but surpassing the record of all Motors of even the largest class.

Model "T" Reduced in Price

This popular model is continued, reduced in price. These are today's greatest outboard Motor values. [51]

Write for Catalog

Lockwood Motor Co. 811 Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.



Largest Line of Boats to Choose From

A Boat for Every Purse and Purpose. Wide Range of Prices

Non-Sinkable Row Boats and Outboard Motor Boats.

Boats for all types of Outboard Motors

Get our 1928 Catalog today.

Pioneer Manufacturing Company

624 Perry St.

Middlebury, Indiana

owners. Create as little disturbance as possible and exercise care in maneuvering your craft so as to not endanger property or life.

There are several methods employed to decrease to a minimum the skin friction; that is, the friction of water against the bottom of the boat. The sail boat formula, consisting of pot lead in varnish and rubbed with a block of paraffin and then rubbed down again with rough cloth, will produce a good smooth bottom. Another method is by dusting graphite over a tacky surface of rather freshly applied waterproof varnish. This should also be rubbed down to a smooth finish.

We have briefly touched upon several methods of obtaining more speed out of the outboard motor as practiced by many speed enthusiasts. Whether you should experiment with your pet "booster" is a matter for you to decide. If you are blessed with an extra motor and will not be handicapped for transportation, if you have the time to spare and the shop facilities,—then go to it. Maybe you, as all men who have gone on before, will nurse that spark of ego into a flame of mad desire to own and drive a faster craft than that of your fellow man. All kidding aside, it's a whole lot of fun and if you can do it,—do it.

Two Poor Fish in a Boat

(Continued from page 69)

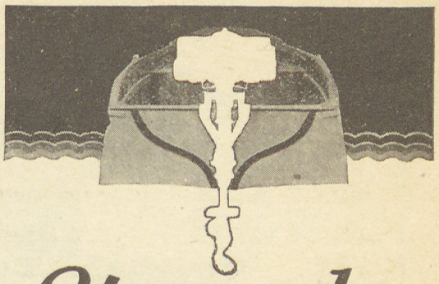
When Oscar had hooked his fish the two teasers had been pulled in as far as possible with the result that the bright red and white plugs occasionally dipped into the water. The SMash, SLaM, BANg was caused by a whale of a tuna. I stand six feet one in my frost nipped heels, but this fish was much longer than I am tall. Both of us saw him and we saw others just as large. The fish made a grab at one of the plugs, the hooks held and four strands of piano wire whistled over my head—who would not duck?

Oscar played the fish beautifully, and in one hour and twenty-five minutes Frank lifted his tuna, stone dead, over the side. It weighed fifty-four pounds some five hours later. My tuna was still doing business at the same old stand but very soon it joined Oscar's in the boat.

Oscar put out again and soon had another tuna on. Forty minutes of reel fun (a bum pun) and forty-one pounds of tuna made us three up.

Oscar again drew first blood but I was not far behind him. Soon after my fish struck it was apparent that it was a big one and accordingly Oscar eased up. In a few minutes he lost his fish but mine was on and going mighty strong. After fifty-five minutes of fight that fish walked right away from us with one thousand feet of 36-thread line trailing after him. He completely cleaned the reel.

Then we had to head for home in order to get in before dark. WERE we happy and content? We were. Oscar and I sat on the cabin roof and watched the tuna that were still feeding. Soon the roll and the salt air put Oscar to sleep. I was drowsy myself and soon followed his lead. Then, a yell from Frank and, believe it or not, *we saw two marlin*. It's the truth, fellows. Rigs were out in no time but we could not get a strike. Later in the season Frank hooked one but did not land it. It certainly looked to us last summer as if the good old Gulf Stream was closer than usual to the Jersey coast, judging from the fish we saw. Here's hoping that next summer it is even closer.



You might as well get used to this

ABOVE, you see the stern view of America's favorite outboard, the Mullins Standard Seahawk.

It's a characteristic view. People see them this way more than from any other angle. So, unless you want to spend your summer looking at the sterns of other people's Sea Hawks, you'd better order *yours* now.

This view is also an excellent way to show you the corrugated bottom plates. They let you ride on air runners. Also the reinforced transom that provides great strength where great strength is needed. Also you can see (beneath the seat) one of the life boat air chambers with which every Mullins boat is equipped. Note the heavy, well fastened framing. This, with its covering of corrosion resisting Armco plates gives you years and years of strenuous service free from checking, rotting, water logging or drying out, and without the annual overhauling that wooden boats must have.

And as for speed—as we said before, all most people see of the Seahawk is its stern. If you want more speed yet—you can have this wonder hull in glistening polished aluminum.

But here we are, close to the bottom of the page, and we haven't told you the half of it—so you'd better send for the handsome new Mullins catalog today, *now!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP.
290 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio

Gentlemen:

May I have a copy of your four color 1928 "Book of Boats"? Thank you.

*Name*_____

*St. & No. (or R.F.D.)*_____

*City (or County)*_____ *State*_____

MULLINS

MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

SALEM, OHIO

All-Steel-Equip Company

MANUFACTURERS OF
STEEL OFFICE AND FACTORY EQUIPMENT
ELECTRICAL BOXES AND SPECIALTIES

AURORA, ILLINOIS

February 15, 1928.

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

In a December issue of "OUTDOOR AMERICA" we ran a small ad on an especially designed sport or gun cabinet and thot you would be interested in knowing the results of this one two-column by 6" ad.

The tabulation of inquiries received, traceable directly to this one end, is one hundred and forty-four inquiries to date, most of them, of course, being received in December, but some stragglers still come in.

From this one hundred and forty-four inquiries we were successful in securing twenty-one good substantial orders so far.

In view of the fact that we are pioneers in the production of a steel gun and sports cabinet, we are very pleased with the results obtained, and thot you would be pleased to learn of the business traceable to your publication.

Yours very truly,

ALL-STEEL-EQUIP COMPANY

(signed) K. V. Watson.

The two cabinets advertised sell for $38.50 and $52. Outdoor America's readers will buy direct from advertisers when they can't get the product they want from their dealers.

Michigan Moves to Rid Its Streams of Filth

(Continued from page 27)

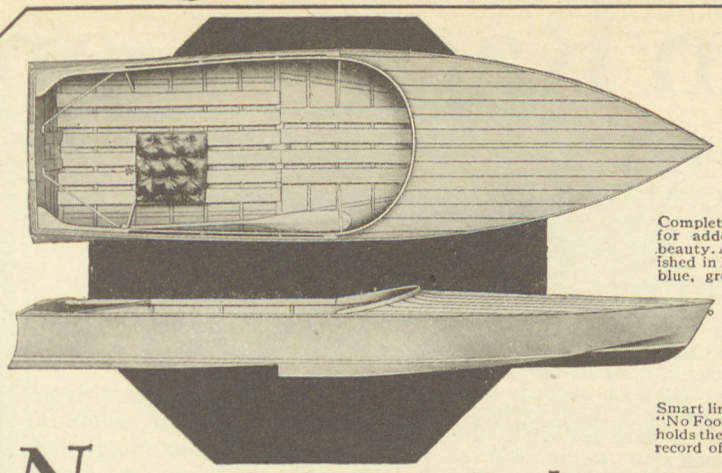
A majority of the chemical and wood distillate companies are cooperating. They are in a majority of cases working sincerely on their problems and in some instances they have reached a partial solution.

Michigan is 95% an industrial state. During the last few years the industry has been expanding at an enormous rate. These industrial institutions have become permanent fixtures and cities and villages have grown in proportion to the payroll of the industry. Therefore, a large percentage of the inhabitants of a city or village built around an industrial institution is dependent solely on the success of that industry.

The policy that has been outlined and agreed upon by this Division and the Officials of the Health Department, charged with enforcement of pollution laws, has been this: If a municipality or an industry showed an inclination to cooperate with us in this great undertaking, we have considered it our duty to lend them every assistance possible in working out their plans. We have felt it our further duty to devise ways and means of waste treatment that would assist in the ultimate solution of their problems. For the industries, particularly, have a *problem*. They have been permitted to throw their wastes into the public streams indiscriminately with no thought of waste treatment. As an inducement to industry, sites have been provided gratis, and a river or stream offered as a means of waste disposal by cities or villages to draw industrial activities and to prevail upon them to construct their plants. This has been going on for years. The subject of Pollution Control has never been pressed vigorously until very recently. Therefore, we must cooperate and help not only the municipalities of our State but the industries as well. We cannot expect to undo the evils of many years' standing in a few months.

Another angle to be considered is that of finance. The majority of cities and villages of this State are heavily bonded and any program outlined towards sewage disposal plant construction must be amended to include the financial condition of the city or village proposing construction. The most of the industries of Michigan that have sewage wastes causing pollution are doing business under high pressure. Competition is keen and a matter of a few cents per pound of product is considered closely. Therefore, the matter of finance enters into the problem of industrial waste control as well. I am a firm believer in pollution control, but not to the extent that industry will be driven from the State, for the prosperity of our whole country depends most entirely upon our industry. This was not true a few years ago when Michigan was considered an agricultural state, but we have grown enormously in industrial development and population.

Reports on the anti-pollution activities of other states will follow



Completely re-designed for added speed and beauty. Attractively finished in lustrous white, blue, green and gray.

Smart lines—and speed. "No Foolin'," a Falcon, holds the official world's record of 32.45 m.p. h.

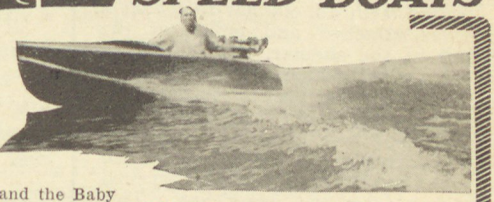
New! Falcon *Baby Stepper*

Destined to be the speed sensation of the year, the new "V"-type 14-ft. Falcon Baby Stepper has surprised even its designers. In rough or smooth water, there's no pounding or jumping—just eager, alert speed. New lines add beauty and distinction unrivaled. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue, which describes in detail the new Falcon and other speed, family and run-about boats. *Sent free!*

BOYD-MARTIN BOAT CO., 332 Lee St., Delphi, Indiana.

BOYD MARTIN

ACME OUTBOARD SPEED BOATS



You are going to hear a lot about ACME Outboards this season because ACMES are fast, very fast—and SPEED is the thing that wins races.

The ACME Skipper, a dandy 12 ft. hydroplane, does 25 m.p.h., with a "B Class" motor, and the Baby Stepper, a rugged 14 ft. step-plane, travels in the 30's powered by a "C Class" engine.

Win the Trophies

You can this season, with an ACME, and many a sportsman will. Write today for literature —also learn all about the ACME airplane, watertight bottom, latest exclusive ACME feature.

THE ACME BOAT CO. 42 Gay Street MIAMISBURG, OHIO

KIDNEY'S 16-FOOT V-BOTTOM BOAT

HERE'S a real speed boat—22 miles an hour with an outboard motor —EASILY! An ideal family boat. Rows easily. Draws little water. Can also be used with inboard motor. Just the boat you've wanted for pleasure and service. SAFE and STRONG—built of white cedar and oak in the famous Kidney style.

Chicago — Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave.

New York — Bruno Beckhard, Flushing, Long Island.

Send 6c in stamps for an illustrated catalog showing the complete line of Kidney hand-made boats and skiffs.

Dan Kidney & Sons, Inc., West De Pere, Wis.

KING FOLDING PORTABLE BOATS

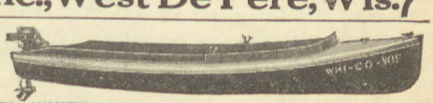
Steel, Canvas and Spruce— No Rubber to Rot. Square Stern Models for Outboard Motors.

King Boats have been a proven success for 35 years. A model for every purpose—combining compact portability with staunch rigidity—absolutely seaworthy. Built to last a lifetime. Patented air-chamber seats make them practically unsinkable. Made of airplane spruce, high-carbon steel and processed, closely-woven duck. Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

KING BOAT CO. 1509 Powell St. Oakland, Calif. 2

Easy to Carry

Sets up in 15 minutes



WHITE'S WHIPPET and WHITE'S WHI-CO-WIF

WHITE'S latest pals for Racing, Camp Vacation and Fishing are "the last word" in unique design, speed and good looks. WHITE quality and workmanship guarantee their dependability. Write for free illustrated Catalog of complete line, including Canoes.

E. M. WHITE & CO. 165 White St., Old Town, Maine

WHITE Outboard Boats and Canoes

Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD

Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

Trap Shooting

NOW that the season for game shooting is closed, in most of our states, the gunners will soon begin to look forward to the opening of the trap shooting season, so that a short history of the game may not come amiss to our readers.

The earliest record we have of this sport is mentioned in an English sporting magazine, published in the latter part of the 18th century.

Of course at that time the guns were of the flint lock type, and live pigeons were the targets.

From records available it is generally conceded that trap shooting originated in England, and was not popular on the continent until it had become thoroughly established across the channel.

Long before the organization of any regular gun clubs, the sportsmen interested in this new form of sport gathered at a resort near London, which was called "Old Hats," so named because the pigeons were placed in a hole in the ground which was covered with an old hat to which a string was attached and pulled at the command of the shooter.

As the sport became more popular a club was formed and the shooting ground was located at Hornsey Wood. The old hats gave place to a box trap sunk level with the surface of the ground, and fitted with a sliding cover which was opened by a string from the firing line. This sunken box was soon discarded on account of the lack of air and light, which tended to make the imprisoned bird sluggish.

Originally only one trap was used, but as the shooter always knew the exact spot from which the bird would flush, these old time sportsmen were not satisfied to take so decided an advantage, and three, then five traps were used, placed five yards apart in a straight line, to be changed later to form the segment of a circle, so that the shooter would be the same distance from each trap, and this system is in use today.

As the interest in pigeon shooting increased, shooting for a purse became popular, and the Englishmen, who are always willing to back their skill and judgment, found a great deal of sport in making side bets on each bird trapped, so it was found necessary to establish a set of rules governing the shooting.

During the early stages of this new game the guns in use were single barrel, but when the double barrel fowling piece was a proven success, rules were revised and the use of two shots was allowed, though, for several years there was a penalty when two shots were required to bring the pigeon to grass; in other words, the shooter was considered the more skillful who brought his bird down with the first shot, but as the argument came up repeatedly, that this shooting birds from a trap was intended to increase a man's proficiency in the field, and as he had the benefit of two shots on wild game, he should have the same privilege at the traps, so the penalty for the use of the second barrel was removed, though the odds in the betting were not changed. If 5 to 1 was laid that the shooter would kill his bird with the use of only one barrel, the odds would be 3 to 1 when the second barrel was necessary.

ALEC MERMOD in this article in which he extols the skill of many famous shots, modestly omits the name of a very well known one—namely—Alec Mermod. He has made innumerable records and won many championships. His shoot in 1908 of one thousand straight targets against Fred Stone, the comedian, who is a noted hunter and trap shooter, is still a classic in trap shooting. Stone broke 901 of the 1000 targets and Alec 928. Incidentally, they lowered the time record for such a contest from five hours to two hours and fifty-nine minutes.

Alec Mermod, as one of his admirers recently wrote us, "is a great shot and has more real, honest-to-God 'been there' experience than most of us moderns will ever know."

EDITOR.

As the shooters improved with practice and the improvement in guns, the conditions were made more difficult; the distance was increased, the boundary was made smaller, and a time limit was set in which the birds must be retrieved.

Rules were revised and added to from time to time as the conditions changed, as the idea was to make the shooting more difficult, keeping in mind that trap shooting was intended to be as near like shooting in the field as was possible.

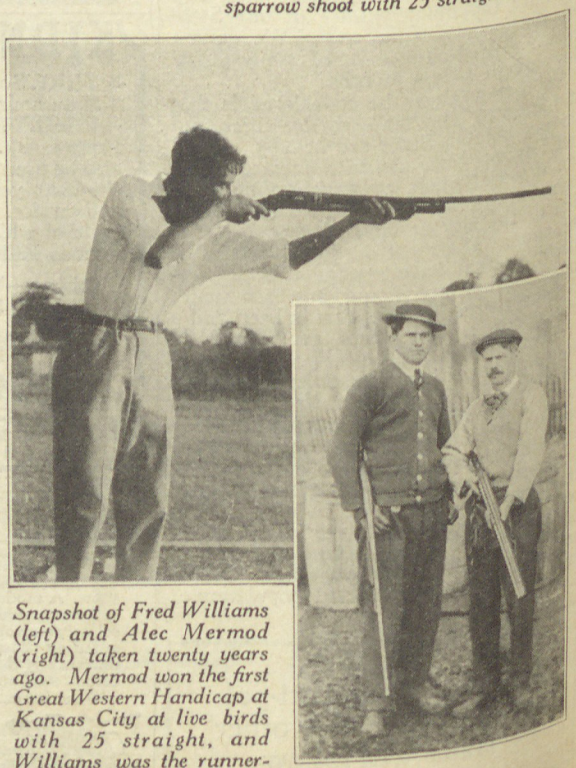
The shooter when on the firing line must stand facing the traps with his gun held at the hip in about the same position he would carry it when afield after upland game; later the rules read, "The gun must be held below the elbow until the bird has taken wing," the idea being that the gun would be held at the hip, but it was not long till some of the "Sure thing" shooters found that they could keep within the ruling by placing the gun to the shoulder, but held sideways under the arm, in doing this all the movement necessary was to give the wrist a quarter turn and the gun was in shooting position, so that the man who adopted this style, while technically within his rights, had a decided advantage over the shooter holding the gun at his hip, consequently it was deemed advisable to allow the gun to be held in any position.

The Hurlingham rules governed pigeon shooting for a number of years, both in England and America, but later, after the American Shooting Association was a fixture, that body controlled all trap shooting events in the United States, until about 30 years ago, when this organization was supplanted by the Interstate Association, who made some few changes in the rules.

According to the original Hurlingham rules, if a shooter failed to stop his bird with the first barrel and had a miss fire with the second, he was allowed another bird, but the first barrel was a blank, loaded with powder only and must be fired when the bird was on the wing. This ruling held till the introduction of smokeless powder, certain brands of which would fail to propel the wads through the barrel when the shot was removed from the shell, which caused the bursting of some fine guns when the next load was fired. This rule was changed, allowing the use of both barrels on another bird if a miss fire occurred with the second.

There are a great many rules governing pigeon shooting, but they are not hard to remember after any one has be-

Harold Money taken at historic Dupont Park in St. Louis as he was winning the sparrow shoot with 25 straight.



Snapshot of Fred Williams (left) and Alec Mermod (right) taken twenty years ago. Mermod won the first Great Western Handicap at Kansas City at live birds with 25 straight, and Williams was the runner-up with 24x25.

come familiar with them, though I venture to say that there are not many of the present-day shooters who are posted, for live bird shooting has been unpopular for a number of years, and with the exception of Missouri, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and possibly California, shooting live pigeons from traps is prohibited by an act of legislature.

Public sentiment and the expense are the two factors which have placed this sport in disfavor, and as time goes on the interest will grow less.

As stated before, shooting over the traps originated in England, and did not become popular in America until along about 1825, and the first gun club of which we have any record, was formed in Cincinnati, in 1831, hence this city claims to be the birthplace of both organized baseball and trap shooting.

During the early days of pigeon shooting in America, wild birds were used, for they swarmed the country in countless thousands and were easily trapped.

While, under certain conditions the wild pigeon was faster than his barn yard cousin, he was not nearly so hardy and was more easily stopped within bounds.

The writer recalls a shooting tournament held in the South where quail were used instead of pigeons, but even way back there when quail were plentiful, the sportsmen objected to such an extent the practice was dropped.

English sparrows were used as targets in the central states quite frequently some 25 years ago, but there was only one man (William Hill, of Indianapolis) who seemed to be able to catch the sparrows in sufficient numbers to make it pay, so after his death sparrow shooting was thrown into the discard.

In and around New Orleans bat shooting was quite popular for a few years, but again public sentiment stepped in and this form of sport was dropped. The claim was that bats were very useful in destroying mosquitoes and other insects.

At Monte Carlo the spectators are the heavy betters, and a separate stand is maintained just to accommodate these non-shooters, who wager large sums on or against every bird that is released. Odds are posted, and any one wishing to bet may take his choice, the gun or the bird.

Speaking of betting reminds me of a story told about Harold Money, when he won the Carteret Live Bird Championship some 25 years ago, when pigeon shooting was at the peak. This championship event was looked forward to by all the New York shooters, and to win it was quite an honor, for some of the best shots in the country were always on hand in an attempt to annex this much sought after prize.

While the winning score (86x100) was not nearly as high as had been made on these grounds many times, Money said that it was the best shooting he had ever done, for the weather was bad and the birds an exceptionally fast lot.

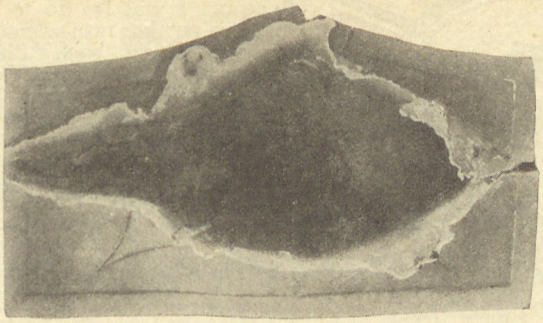
If I remember correctly Harold was under 21 years of age at that time, and his winning this stellar event was considered quite a feat, for he was up against a bunch of seasoned shooters. Besides the prize money, Harold had bought himself in the pools and won a tidy sum in addition to the handsome solid silver punch bowl, valued at about $500.00.

That night this bowl was filled and emptied several times, consequently the majority of the shooters didn't feel so good when they faced the traps on the next day to shoot the final event, which was a "Miss and Out."

When Money stepped to the score to shoot his first bird, one of his admirers offered 3 to 1 that Money would kill. As there were no takers the odds were in-

REMINGTON UMC

"THE ONLY SHOT THAT COUNTS IS THE SHOT THAT HITS"



Showing what happens to a fresh cake of laundry soap when you shoot into it with a Remington Kleanbore .22 Long Rifle Hollow Point Cartridge.

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SHOOT a Remington Kleanbore Hollow Point .22 Long Rifle Cartridge into a fresh cake of laundry soap and see what happens. You'll find a cavity big enough to hold a hen's egg. The bullet expands to several times its normal size as soon as it hits. Its shocking power is far greater than you ever thought a .22 rifle would deliver.

For vermin and pests of all kinds that prey on the chicken yard and granary you'll find these Long Rifle Kleanbore Hollow Points deadly. They'll stop a tough old woodchuck, or even a coyote, on the spot where you hit him.

In buying hollow point cartridges it's important that you get Remington Kleanbore, because when you shoot Kleanbore you never have to clean the inside of the rifle barrel. Remington Kleanbore Cartridges prevent rust, corrosion or pitting.

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There is only one Kleanbore. It is sold in the green box. Avoid imitations.

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CASH REGISTERS SERVICE MACHINES

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REMINGTON UMC

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WHEN Captain Harllee published his "U. S. Marine Corps Score Book and Rifleman's Instructor," in 1916, he recommended Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9. "Excellent," he said, "for cleaning bores and preventing RUST." No matter what ammunition you shoot, this great shooting instructor's advice applies today. At your Dealer's. Write for FREE Guide for Gun Owners.

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in this new scientific way
Without Pain, Operation or Delay

You Can Try It FREE!

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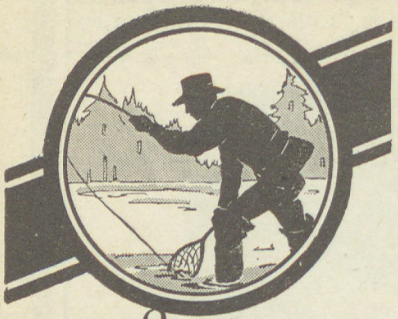
Gives Absolute Freedom in Motion

Write today for Free Trial Offer. Don't delay — Rupture is a dangerous thing.

Brooks Appliance Co., 104A State St., Marshall, Michigan

A BIG YEAR FOR ROD AND REEL



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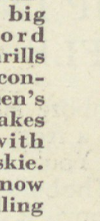
LEARN TO Mount Birds



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creased to 4 to 1, then 6 to 1, and still no takers, so this man whom we will call Jones said, "You fellows are a bunch of pikers. I will lay 10 to 1 on Money." At this another man whom we will designate as Brown, said, "I'll take that bet in thousands." The odds were beyond reason, and never would have been laid had it not been for that punch bowl. The wager was repeated nine times, and "Jones" won $10,000.00, and could have won $4,000.00 more, for Money won the "Miss and Out" with 14 straight kills.

I have never seen any man facing the traps who showed the cool steady nerve exhibited by Harold Money, and he was SOME pigeon shot under any and all conditions.

Up until 1904, St. Louis had some of the best pigeon shots in the country, and the old "Historic" DuPont Park was the scene of many a match. No challenge from any outsider was ever turned down but after "The World's Fair Handicap" in the fall of 1904 pigeon shooting began to fall off, and two years later it was a thing of the past and was only revived in a spasmodic way during 1917 and 1918, then the game ceased to interest any of the shooters until B. M. Crawford, manager of the St. Louis Gun Club, stirred up a little enthusiasm among a few of the present day shooters, but the interest is nothing compared to the old days.

The World's Fair Handicap referred to was at 50 live birds, $50.00 entrance, with handicaps from 26 to 34 yards.

Tom Hall of Loami, Illinois, won the event with the splendid score of 50 straight from 32 yards, and that old war horse, Bill Crosby, finished second with 49x50 from 34 yards.

The coal miners of Pennsylvania have a style of shooting all their own about which very little is known in any other section of the country.

A great many of these miners came from Wales and it is supposed that they brought these shooting ideas with them.

The method is: Smith will challenge Brown to a match of 7 pigeons, "Trap and Handle," which means that one of Smith's friends will select the birds at which Brown will shoot, and Brown's friend will do the same for Smith.

Living in the same community, every shooter knows the other fellow's weakness, and birds are selected accordingly from the pigeon breeder who trains his birds to take certain flights when released from the trap. For instance, Smith's hardest bird is a straight away low flyer, while Brown has his troubles with a towering incomer. The birds are very fast and straight scores are seldom made.

A number of Pennsylvania miners drifted to the Colorado coal fields, and it was from them that I learned about these "Trap and Handle" matches, a number of which were shot in the town of Rockvale near Canon City, but as there were no breeders in that part of the country to train the birds, the real feature of the contest was lost.

The original "Grand American Handicap" was an event of 25 live pigeons, and until 1902 was always held in the East, but in 1902 Kansas City was awarded this contest, and drew the largest entry on record, there being 456 starters. Thirty-three made a straight score, and thirty-two killed twenty-four, so the 65 monies in the purse just went around, as the division was "High Gun." Herman Hirschy of Minneapolis won in the shoot off and Charles Spencer of St. Louis was the "runner up." While there were four sets of traps in use it required three days to complete the contest, as each man shot at only 8 birds per day.

If I were a hunter

PART of my equipment would be a good flashlight. I'd use it when I cleaned my guns to see that they really *are* clean. And I'd take it along when I expected to get home late. A bright beam of light on the path ahead saves many a trip-up and many a sprained ankle. *I'm* not taking any chances. A flashlight is a great help. As necessary as a good dog.

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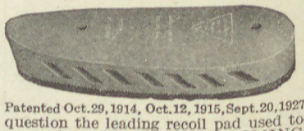
L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, S. Dak.



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Wild Life and Our Public Lands

(Continued from page 15)

separated into two heads: economic and recreational. Where practicable, no doubt, it is good public policy to put public lands to as many uses as possible, consistent with sound conservation practice. But where different groups of users make war on each other it may become necessary to make a division of public lands as has been done between the cattlemen and the sheepmen in many instances. To carry this idea further, it may become necessary to allot numerous areas exclusively to the public for recreational use, and again in other cases, dedicating numerous areas to the propagation of wild life. Other areas may be set aside solely for the growing of timber and still others where only grazing would be recognized. It is obvious, however, that such a plan, even though it would result in less friction, would result in a much greater loss to the public than the multiple use policy developed by the Forest Service. For this reason an exclusive leasing system which gives the individual or one class of land users exclusive privileges, should not be adopted.

The stockmen are anxious that their forest rights be made more permanent, that they be given what they term legal recognition in the use of the forests. As a matter of fact their rights upon the forest of this region have been considered ahead of all else.

In outlining suggestions for the regulation of the public domain at a recent meeting of stockmen in Utah, the committee asked that due consideration be given our wild life and recreation interests. We hope that these suggestions are heeded when the final bill is drafted. The Stansfield and Norris Bill introduced in congress two years ago contained no such liberal provisions. The original Stansfield Bill drawn as a climax to what a group of stockmen called "public land" hearings was an attempt to turn the National Forests over to the stockmen under an arrangement that would have been better than private ownership for the stockmen. This proposed legislation also provided for the "regulation" of the public domain. However, in studying the provisions of this bill closely it is evident that the stockmen were primarily concerned in making sure that they would not be regulated. Eastern and middle western conservationists blocked the Stansfield group in their effort to take the National Forests from the people, and we hope that these conservationists will be on the job again when this public land question comes up, to see that whatever legislation is passed is in the interest of the public and really a sound piece of conservation legislation.

The stockmen appear radical in their opposition to the elk and the deer. They fear what might happen rather than what has actually happened. They picture a general extension of the Kaibab situation. They believe that every person interested in game is a sentimentalist and wants deer and elk just to look at. Few stockmen are able to see where wild life has any economic worth, even though the state of Utah has sold elk to hotels at seventy-five dollars per head. A mature elk is worth more than an average mature cow or steer taken from the same general range. And the elk has been produced at much smaller cost than the cow. The elk and deer are merely the cattle of the public while the cow belongs to the individual. Has the public any "preference rights" upon its own range?

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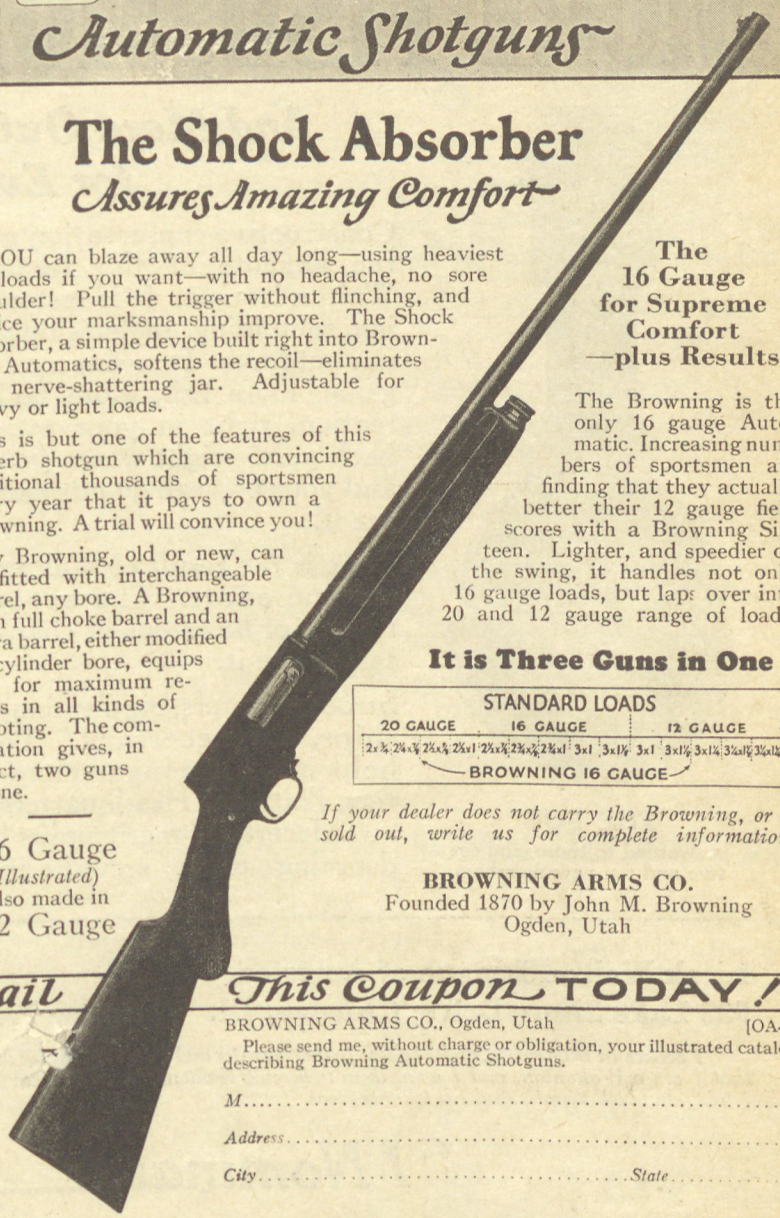

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HUNTING & FISHING 5

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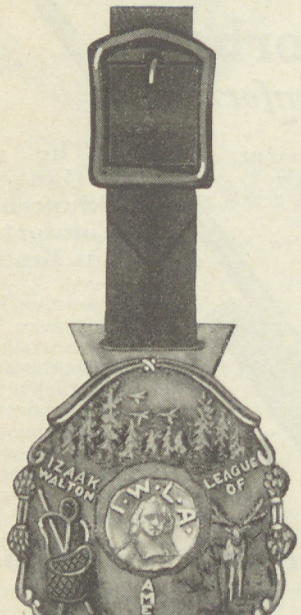

THE FOB
is awarded to those who get five and ten new members

Constructive conservation is the keynote of the Izaak Walton League. It is restoring, rebuilding, replenishing, our outdoors. It means more game, more fish, more recreation, right in your own back yard—right where you and your boy can go out and get it.

That is the result of Walton League effort. The experiences of hundreds of chapters prove it.

Strong chapters, big memberships, are necessary. To help make stronger chapters, National Headquarters awards certain "merit marks" denoting extra service in building the League. These are shown on this page. These are not "prizes." They are marks of distinction—of service to your chapter and your own outdoors. Yours are waiting for you. Write at once to National Headquarters.

THE FOUNDER'S BUTTON
is awarded to those who organize new chapters

You can give further help by filling out the coupon below, assisting in extending the influence and power for good of the Izaak Walton League.

Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. **Attention Fred H. Doellner, General Manager**

I believe in Waltonism, and I believe in the character and integrity of those whose names appear below. I want them to know that I am a Waltonian, and I want them to become Waltonians. Tell them to either join a chapter or start one. Tell them I told you to tell them! And I'll tell them too!

"I Nominate_____"

Name	Street Address	Town

I will organize a chapter in.....

Please send me instructions and materials.

Name.....

Chapter.....

The Rifle Club

Plenty of Sport for Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited By R. H. Nesbit

Fifteen More Chapters Have Requested Blanks for Affiliation

WITHIN the last month fifteen more chapters have written in to Headquarters asking that we send them application blanks for affiliation with the National Rifle Association through the League and for information on how to organize. These application blanks and information have been sent to them. We hope that very shortly we will have their applications in and that they will also be included in our list of chapter clubs.

Why not have one of these rifle clubs in your chapter? It is a world of sport and will give every one in your chapter who is the least bit interested in shooting, a barrel of fun and the finest training in the world for hunting as well as actual target shooting. Just write in to the Editor of the Rifle Club and tell him that you are interested in organizing a club within your chapter and he will immediately send you application blank and instructions on how to organize and conduct your club. Let's have thirty applications outstanding next month where we have fifteen now. Those chapters having the application blanks whom we have not yet heard from are: Valley, Nebr., Chapter; Stillwater, Minn., Chapter; Shickley, Nebr., Chapter; Sterling, Ill., Chapter; Wm. McKinley Chapter of Canton, Ohio; Madison, S. D., Chapter No. 16; St. Maries, Idaho, Chapter; South Brownsville, Pa., Chapter; Hixton, Wis., Chapter; Rushville, Nebr., Chapter; Walhalla, N. D., Chapter; East Aurora, N. Y., Chapter; Mason, Wis., Chapter; DeKalb, Ill., Chapter; and the Humboldt Park Chapter of Chicago, Ill.

Keep the Club Room Clean

NO one likes to shoot in a mess of filth. Why not, after every match or practice session in your club house, have the place swept, the empty shells disposed of, the old targets picked up and put in a waste basket, and see that everything is ship-shape before you leave? This will make shooting much more of a pleasure than it can possibly be to trample over a lot of empty cases, have the floor strewn with a lot of torn up targets and on top of that, a heavy coat of dust.

The Izaak Walton Gun Club of Valley, Nebr., and Meeting

ON Monday, February 6th, the Izaak Walton Gun Club of Valley, held its annual meeting when officers were elected for the coming year. Chas. Waugh was elected president; Howard Miller vice president; and Fred Willhoft, secretary-treasurer. Dr. G. A. Harris, Oscar Talcott and Dr. R. F. Scheiffele, trustees, and H. Miller, ground custodian.

Until now it has been their custom to charge $5.00 for a membership card, but they are now making a drive for new members and the membership has been reduced to $2.00 which entitles one to all privileges in the club. This club was organized less than two years ago and since then they have erected a club house on their own grounds. At the time they organized the club there were very few marksmen in that vicinity. Such is not the case today for by constant practice some of the members are ace high.

New Club in Kimball Chapter

WE have just had a letter from Mr. E. L. Baldus, secretary of the Kimball Chapter, Kimball, Minnesota, saying that they have organized a rifle club within their chapter. They have an indoor range in Kimball and we are sure they are having a great deal of sport out of it. Mr. Baldus neglected to send us the list of members. Anyway, here's wishing them a lot of success and sport!

How About Your Gun Club?

HAVE you sent in your coupon yet for complete details on organizing a club in your chapter? If not, do it now. A Rifle and Pistol Club in your chapter will be a great deal of fun, and a great stimulator. The League will give COMPLETE directions, a charter, and everything necessary to start in co-operation with the National Rifle Association. Send in the coupon now for more sport.

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"Outdoor America,"
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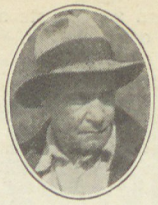
Your Dog  And Mine

During That Important Time

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY
Dog Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

ALL sporting dogs must have proper care during the breeding period, the time of maternity, the hours when the little fellows scramble sightless around their devoted mother, as well as when things of the great world record on their initiate vision and their entire future is in the hands of their masters. There are no breeds that should be regarded as an exception to this rule, for the fundamentals of successful breeding and rearing of sporting dogs, from fox hounds to the diminutive cockers, are embodied in care and continual vigilance.

The road of experience over which every dog owner must traverse, whether continually obstructing or puzzling, is smoothed out into a paved highway to success the minute the proper attention is considered mandatory. All retrospects of unsuccessful breeding activities flash before the mind the unalterable fact that indifference and lack of care for the matron and her youngsters invariably have been the forerunners of disaster. While we review this, we can see the reason that so often we are guided by the trite saying: "Let Nature take care of itself." Modernity has produced lots of barbed wire tangles in breeding and kennelling, and the pliers which will cut an opening through them for a safe passage inevitably bear the proof mark of constant attention. We repeat this and perhaps repeat it more than the beginner cares to hear, but its vital force has been estimated by what our own laxities and inattentions produced.

In erstwhile times our penetration into the mysteries of breeding successes was neither deep nor actuated by much display of fore-thought, one way or the other. We paid no concern to the condition of the prospective mother, and all we seemed to care about the matter was that she came in season and when she was in season that she was mated with what we recognized as the best dog obtainable. But we have learned considerable, and the most wise schooling was the one which made us see our own frailties instead of attributing all successes of others to the mystic, intangible Dame Fortune.

Again, condition! No dog owner has a right to exact of the matron the hardships and travail of breeding and rearing young when her physique is not up to the standard of perfection. Slovenly breeding and attention, with dependence on luck, are but an evanescent picture, inspired by dislike for work. It is not desirable.

Before breeding, the bitch should be in the best possible physical shape. To insure this, be sure she is free of worms, so worm her before and shortly after sexual contact with the stud dog. Quite a lot has been written on the matter of giving her exercise. There is no objection to this; in fact, it is necessary and natural, but the things to watch are the conditions under which it is given after the first indications of pregnancy are noted, and how close to the moment of delivery. By all means accord the animal the liberty of exercising. Yet see that the grounds you select are free of fences and obstacles over which the interesting lady has to climb, for most miscarriages are caused by getting over fences and climbing, and the next come from overwork, and undue excitement. Then, too, just as soon as the dear little lady shows signs of becoming heavy, reduce her exercise, and that in which she indulges must be studied well and produced with opportunities over which no difficulties will be encountered—difficulties which might sidetrack the natural consequences of nature's compelling desire to reproduce.

The bitch must be fed well, twice a day, all that she will eat up cleanly, good solid food, and none of the sloppy mixtures that are prevalent in ill-kept kennels; a balanced ration, plenty of well cooked fresh meat, with some cereals and vegetables. Do not overlook a supply of large bones for her to gnaw, for everything she eats is furnishing the necessary substance for the welfare of her offspring.

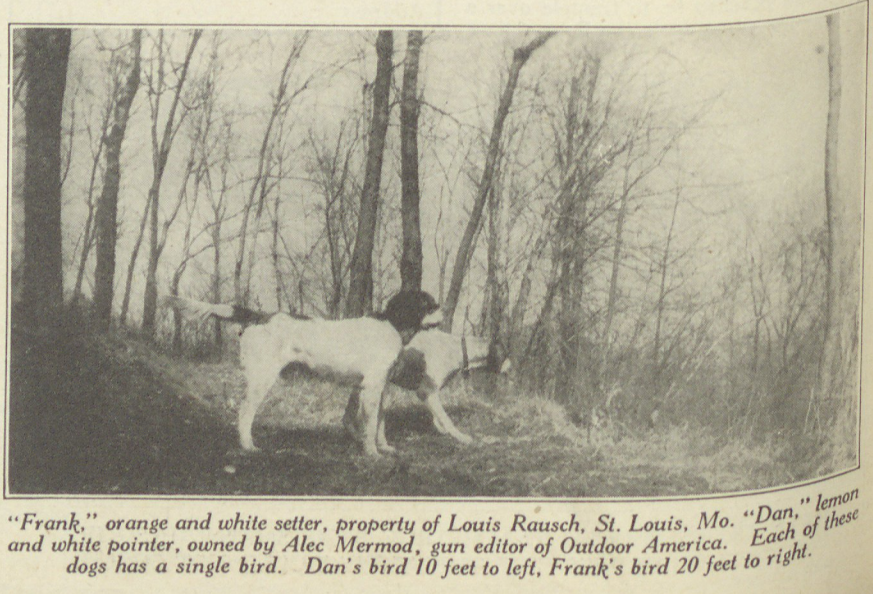
There is no need of elaborateness for the prospective matron's quarters, warm, well aired, clean, with a board floor where there is no dust, nor too much daylight. Sensible bedding should be selected, clean, and provided all the time. Now, don't forget to have the quarters and the bitch absolutely free from fleas and lice. Use good bedding, soft straw or hay, but beware of sawdust or anything which will sift into the eyes, nostrils, or mouths of her or her young.

The bitch's quarters should be away from all others, where she will have no molestations from other dogs or the curious gazing or foolish ministrations of man. Leave her to herself, but kennel her where she can not get away; otherwise, however well directed your intentions are for her to deliver her young in a certain place, she has ideas of her own and predilections perhaps just the contrary. She is guided continually at her trying hour by a desire to be alone and bring her babies into the world unostentatiously. She will do it all the better for not being annoyed in any way.

By way of a temporary interlude, I will answer briefly in a single paragraph a number of inquiries on the subject. The custom which prevails now among breeders is to let the male serve the bitch twice—and no more. One service one day, and then another service after the interval of one day. Knowing the tendency of bitches, no owner of stud dogs actually guarantees the results of service. When conception fails to happen, the owner of the bitch is entitled to a return service free of charge. Owners of high class stud dogs guard against all accidents to bitches while in their care, but they can not be held responsible for what happens when she is making the trip to and from the stud dog.

When the puppies arrive, do not bother the bitch nor try to force her to partake of food for a while. Have water available, but food will not be necessary for the time being. Particularly avoid handling the young, trying to discover their sex, noting their markings or feeling the shape of their heads through a vacuous desire to predict which will be the best pup in the litter. Remember that, so far as performance is concerned, no man alive can predict accurately what the hunting feature of a dog will be, if he makes his prediction any time from the birth of the litter up until it is four months old. Look, thrill and be contented with the antics of the squirming chaps, and, unless you see some foreign matter bothering their noses, optics or mouths, as well as their navels, keep hands off and let the mother do everything according to mother-dog regime.

The spectacle of a comfortable, well cared for and well fed mother with a litter of healthy pups is something worth conjuring. The beautiful expression of motherhood is omnipresent—overwhelming happiness at the presence of the adorable little family—all her own—to love, guard and lavish the devotion of a noble heart upon. She is the most contented of all creatures and the guardianship of these future successes is a blissful charge.



"Frank," orange and white setter, property of Louis Rausch, St. Louis, Mo. "Dan," lemon and white pointer, owned by Alec Mermod, gun editor of Outdoor America. Each of these dogs has a single bird. Dan's bird 10 feet to left, Frank's bird 20 feet to right.

And how fast those little rogues come on under care, clean conditions and abundant good food for the mother! Their eyes soon open. They are pricelessly happy, super-contented and more so when they realize they are able to move about on rather, at first, tottering legs, and then still more so as strength of a greater source ensues, firm, strong legs, and actually, before they know it or even anticipate the reason for its existence, a brave tiny bark emanates from their pink mouths.

Then more days pass. All at once they discover they are individuals with fine pointed teeth, vigorous little bodies, with a prevailing tendency to play, and when fatigue, ennui and eventually hunger seize upon them, they resort to the compelling safety of ever dependable mother.

Always there is something compelling for me in the posture and eyes of a well kept matron with her young. Supreme happiness does not in my mind radiate so impressively as a mysterious, satisfied contentment, as though, after a search, she had discovered all the intricacies of motherhood and the greatest thrill of it all was that she was the sole dependence of this bunch of awkward, milling, fussy little youngsters, which regard her as the supreme deity of their universe. Nothing extraneous is worthy of her attention. Great days in the game fields are as mere vapid nothings in comparison to being a mother to these darling little companions of her own flesh and blood.

It defies credulity to realize how rapidly the youngsters grow, thriftily if you do your share. The fights with the balance of the litter at times; those sharp little teeth menace with almost fratricidal intent, are softened by the amazing fondness of playing and then the ultimate resorting for everything to their mother. And right here is where the trying period for her comes: those sharp teeth are greater menaces to her than they are during the most belligerent moments to blood brother or sister. The hardening, sharp pointed incisors begin to cause her excruciating pain.

Man has many powers of preventing and accelerating pain; he can exert himself most sensibly during the coming and progress of the weaning period. Each effort will save the mother many a pang. Early begin feeding tepid milk with bread or puppy biscuits soaked in it. Let it be freely available to the little chaps. Boil the milk first to insure the death of germs. Then add a tiny bit of well cooked meat. No, it will not hurt the youngsters, nor cause worms as tradition from time immemorial has erroneously told us. Nothing can cause intestinal trouble but the worms themselves and ideal grounds for their infestations. And here is an opportunity for a display of watchful guardianship. Worm the youngsters. If none are present, it will be an insurance against their lodgment for some time to come. But in this matter of worms, let the puppies' gums be your barometer. When they are a healthy, real pink, all's well, but when pale, worm immediately.

A good thing at all times to have around the kennels are big bones for the pups to gnaw on. Never leave small ones that can be swallowed with danger of choking. Though big bones breed scrapping proclivities, the occasional militancies displayed are natural outlets for temper and strength and a sure indication of the red badge of courage.

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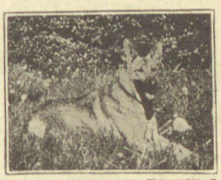

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Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a dog sent to me as a non-registered Llewellyn setter. He is dark brown and white, weight about seventy pounds, and a very good hunter.

I am not familiar with the characteristics of the different breeds of setters, so have naturally wondered what strain he is (probably crossed) when some of the old hunters tell me is not Llewellyn for this reason, not Gordon for that reason, etc.

Sincerely,
C. B. CAIN,
Evansville, Wisconsin.

Dear Dr. Cain:

There is no way of telling you whether your dog is a pure Llewellyn except by the pedigree. The markings are no assurance. They can be black, white and tan, white, orange and white, lemon and white, black and white or brown and white. But only the proof of blood lines is of any consequence. The blood lines must trace direct without a single outcross to the fundamental sire and dam of the strain. Some of the original dogs of the breed were brown and white, and this coloration still occurs, and while it is not popular at present, it is no proof of cross breeding. It crops out often when orange and white Llewellyns are bred to black, white and tan colors. The ideas that Llewellyns must be a specific color is a myth which has lodged in the minds of many of the misinformed for a long time.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

CLOSE OR WIDE RANGER?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a very well bred and promising pointer dog seven months old.

The State law prohibits taking a hunting dog afield during the closed season without a permit issued by the Conservation Commission. A permit may be obtained by applying for same, but then only for the months of August and September. By that time the dog would be fifteen months old.

1. Is he then too old to make a wide thorough hunter of him, an A 1 shooting dog?

2. Would you consider a wide fast dog or a close ranger as the ideal on ringneck pheasants, providing both are good hunters at their different styles?

3. Can a dog fifteen months old be taught to locate pheasants by drawing, as you know they are great runners and have strong footscent, or only quail and grouse? Most pointers and setters road them.

Very truly yours,
ALLEN G. STEINBRENNER,

Williamsville, New York.

Dear Mr. Steinbrenner:

It will not hurt your dog to leave it alone until it is two years of age. Give it exercise and encourage it to go wide and its range will develop nicely. The matter of range is with yourself, whether you prefer a close or wide ranging dog. The dog that comes in with a rush right on top of pheasants is the kind that will hold them best, much better in fact that those that fool around slowly trailing.

Don't try to encourage your dog to point them until he comes right up into them on body scent boldly and without any preparatory trailing. If you do this you can avoid the usual amount of senseless roading.

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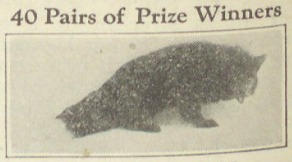

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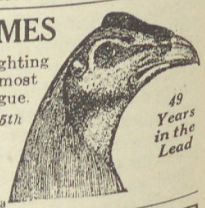

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Fox Hounds

By Howard Pavey

THE sport of fox hunting in the United States dates back to the Colonial days, when George Washington maintained a pack of hounds, and often rode to them in the days he spent at Mount Vernon. Interest in this sport has increased from that time, until today we have many devotees of the horse and hound throughout the entire country.

The hounds used in the early days, and indeed the sport itself, was carried over from the mother country. However, with the exception of the method used by the large hunt clubs, our present day style of hunting and type of hounds used, are distinctly different. The old Colonial type might be compared to a coach-horse, having a very heavy bone with plenty of substance, and while they were hounds of wonderful endurance, they did not have the dash and speed of the modern hound. Then too, the method of hunting was entirely different. The dogs were trained to hunt and run as a pack.

In England, the contour of the country is such that one is able to ride over the country hunted, and a "jump and run" usually means a kill. Whether this is because the native foxes do not have the stamina and endurance that the foxes in the States have, or whether it is because the hunters stop up the den and the quarry is confused by horsemen and others following the chase, is a question.

It seems that interest in this sport is increasing very rapidly, and it is my idea that this is due to the scarcity of small game and the great educational campaign that has been and is being carried on for its protection.

Fox hunting is clean, and the true fox hunter not only resents the killing of the animals, but will usually spend a great deal of time and money for their propagation.

That the class of men following this line of sport are perhaps a bit different from any other group of sportsmen is my belief. They are men who like the outdoors; the companionship of horses and dogs; and association with fellow hunters, who sense and understand their own moods. They seem to have a sort of mystic circle within themselves, and wherever a follower of this sport may go, he is always heartily welcomed by his brother hunters.

These hunters usually do their hunting at night. The right time and place is arranged for, and they gather together for a race. They may bring from one to several hounds each, and when assembled, there is usually a first-class pack of twenty-five or thirty hounds. Hunting is done at night for various reasons. First of all, the fox will run shorter circles at night, since he is not confused or bothered by being frightened off his regular run, and will if undisturbed, make his circles or rounds in the same general path. Then too, there is no chance of his being shot down by "pot" hunters, who cannot see how valuable a good running fox is to one who enjoys the sport. A

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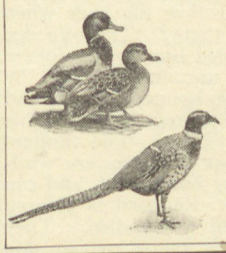

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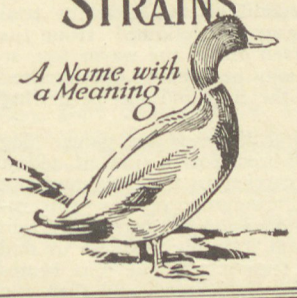

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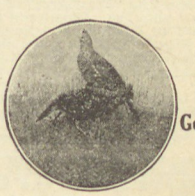

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(Member I. W. L. A. and Ada County Fish and Game League.)

good fox in a community of hunters is valued highly. He is known for miles around and spoken of as appreciatively by the huntsmen as they speak of their fastest and gamest dogs. If it were known by more that newspapers or old clothes scattered about the den will cause the Reynard family to permanently leave their abode for a less conspicuous one some distance away, there would be fewer instances of farmers killing foxes at the insistence of their wives, following frequent raids upon the chicken yard.

It is interesting to notice that the fox will be found in a certain neighborhood at a certain time. He will also use the same tactics in his getaway, or as a jump is made. He will run the same country and will usually run a certain number of hours. If he is able to stand up in front of the pack for about five hours, under average weather conditions, he will not vary from this schedule more than five or ten minutes either way.

Since the running grounds of the fox become well known to the hunters, the gathering place becomes well marked and easily found. Choosing a spot of some elevation where the baying of the hounds can be heard to best advantage, a warming fire is built and the gang gathers 'round for the usual "chatfest." The fox, who has become as enthusiastic over the chase as the hunters and the hounds after his many nights of running, often brings the pack right past the fire, and I have even seen him deliberately leap over the flames in this realistic game of "fox and hounds."

The sanity of a man who apparently gets pleasure from hunting at night, when the game or hounds cannot be seen, has been questioned by others. How can a hunter, they ask, follow his pack when he is unable to see them? They *do* see them. The experienced hunter can follow a dog at night with uncanny accuracy by the tongueing of the hounds. Each and every dog is known or recognized by his particular mouth or bark. The hunters can determine whether the dogs are trailing or are running by body scent, and can picture the tricks Mr. Reynard is playing by the way the trail is handled. They know when a loss is made, which dog picks it up, and in a pack of hounds driving the quarry fast, there are found some two or three which have this particular ability, due, I think, to the fact that some dogs have better noses than others. If atmospheric conditions are ideal the trail of the fox can be followed from the body scent given off by the warm fox, so that the dog may be running one hundred yards offside the trail and still be driving the quarry.

To my mind there is no gamer dog than the well-bred fox hound of today. After he is carried to the field and put down, he is absolutely on his own resources. He does not get any help from his master, and it is his business to find a fox track, trail it over devious routes until the quarry is jumped, and then run it until it is caught or holed.

It is most interesting to see the individual work in the pack, and how quickly each hound learns to depend or not to depend upon other hounds. The good fox hound must be trained to cry "fox" only, and if there are dogs in the pack who will cry another scent, the broke hound will hark or go to him but once. If he finds that this dog is not crying "fox," he will leave him and ignore any tongue that that dog may give again. Hounds which are hunted together soon learn to know upon whom to depend, and there is a great deal of hurrying and scurrying when one of the tried and true opens on fox.

Since fox hunting in this country is very spirited, and the element of racing enters into it so largely, we have bred and developed hounds of great speed and endurance.

Regent—twelve years old and still a wonderful hound at work—son of Skipper, grandson of Lucy Ray and Cable.

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If you like the out-of-doors, the "feel" of a good horse, the spirit of the great open spaces, honest competition in a clean healthful sport that does not kill or destroy our wild friends of the fields and woods, fox hunt. Picture a wide valley carpeted with a rug of verdant green, surrounded by hills in all the color combinations of the rainbow; an early Autumn morning when the mist is still lying in the lowlands; the sun peeping up and coloring the Eastern horizon and the pale moon hiding her face before day. Absolute silence except the sleepy call of a bird here and there! Suddenly one hears in the distance a sort of hum that soon increases to a roar as it comes nearer, but is still too distant to distinguish its source. All at once the pack tops a high ridge and heads for the shadows of the valley. They are in full cry and close to their game after many hours of relentless running. The hounds are settled and the steady grind has taken the wire edge off so that they are running without any mistakes. The flood of sound that rushes to one's ears is the most mystic and enchanting music. It stirs that something within you that perhaps has lain dormant for generations—the spirit of the chase handed down to us by our prehistoric forebears. You are thrilled and awed and you are thankful to Him who gives you the privilege of enjoying His creatures and the wonders of Nature.

The pack hushes and after a wait a blast on the horn brings in the hounds. The fox has holed and you are glad that he has escaped that flying pack of demons who were so intent to pull him down. Give him a few days' rest and he will again entertain you any time you look him up.

Load 'em up, hurry home to a good hot breakfast, hungry enough to eat the silverware, relate all details of your hunt to the wife and friends. If you run true to form your friends will know that your hound would have "caught" if he hadn't gotten ahead of the fox.

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IRISH water spaniels for sale. Pups and adults. Fine brood matron. Bargain price. All registered. Walter Magnus, Webster, S. D. (3-4)

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IRISH Water Spaniels. Puppies, youngsters and several fine brood matrons. All papers. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-6)

SPRINGERS ready to ship from Imported Dam, Blue ribbon Sire, twenty-five dollars up. Dr. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (2-5)

SPRINGER spaniels bred from hunters, twenty-five dollars each. Ship March first. Chas. M. Brooks, McGregor, Iowa. (3-4)

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters; from thorough hunters, registered; $25 up. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-6)

HAVE your spaniel trained by Burhan's Training Kennels, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-5)

FOR Irish Spaniels, write: E. A. Haney, Manson, Iowa.

Terriers

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

REGISTERED Smooth Foxterriers since 1906. Guaranteed. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-5)

Dogs

Training and Boarding Dogs

TRAINING and boarding: Bird dogs schooled to please on partridge, woodcock or pheasant. Faults corrected. Charges $20.00 per month. Reference any section. D. J. Blanchard, Dennysville, Maine. (3-5)

COCKERS, Springers, Spaniels, Retrievers trained for land and water work. Burhans' Training Kennels, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-5)

SPECIAL rates for training and boarding. Broken dogs for sale. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio.

WANTED—Bird dogs for training. Force retrieving a specialty. S. B. Shade, Mooresburg, Penna.

WANTED: Coonhounds to train, $10.00 per month. Write Harry Andrews, Powell, Ohio.

WANTED bird dogs for boarding and training. M. F. Courtney, Route 2, Gibsland, La. (3-4)

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

RUNNING fits absolutely stopped in 24 hours. Has never failed. Treatment for one dog, $1.00; 3 dogs, $2.00, sent postpaid. Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga. (3-6)

Firearms and Ammunition

B&M SPORTER, Watson Sights, Telescope Sights, Reloading Tools and Components, Cleaning Rods and other accessories. Free circulars. Complete handbook fifty cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (2-4)

RIFLE Telescopes for hunting and target. Send for catalog. Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Auburn, N. Y. (3-6)

WALNUT gun cabinets at factory prices. Illustrated folder free. Corbett Cabinet Company, St. Marys, Pa.

WANTED old time Colt and Remington revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-4)

SELL: 100 guns new and used. Printed firearms list, 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn.

NITRO Solvent formula, 25c. V. Deberthauser, Bowling Green, Missouri. (3-4)

Fish and Game Attractions

NATURAL Duck Food Plants: Sago Pondweed, Wild Celery, Widgeon Grass, Redhead Grass and Chara for propagation. These Natural Duck Food Plants are gathered and packed by experienced planters. They are practically evergreen. They will attract and hold wild ducks in your ponds, lakes and streams. Expert planting advice. Address: Russell A. Griggs, Hampton Lodge, Waterlily, N. C. (4-7)

BRING Ducks to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. Terrell's seeds grow. 32 years' successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 77 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-5)

DUCK, goose, fish, muskrat attractions, celery, sago pond weed, widgeon grass and others. White's Game Preserve, Waterlily, North Carolina. (3-5)

MINNESOTA giant wild rice seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (6-4)

WILD rice seed. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., LaPorte, Minnesota. (3-5)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

FLY or bait rods made by our expert rod maker, Wm. Coultas, of special selected and evenly balanced, split bamboo, are a dream. New joints made to match your Rod. All kinds of rod repairing. Let us make you a rod. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ware Brothers Company, Spokane, Wash. (3-4)

FLY Fishermen. Send us 25 cents for our New Yellow Jacket Bass Fly and Spinner and receive a copy of "Fly Fishing with Jack and Jim," FREE. A booklet that fishermen will loan but not give away. The Bass Houn Company, Mfrs. of Special Trout and Bass Flies, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

BASS Flies, 25c value—assortment of 15—$2.00. Trout Flies, 10c value—assortment of 25—$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send stamps or money order. Catalogue free with order. Fisherman's Supply Company, Jefferson & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (3-5)

PFLUEGER'S Luminous Tandem Spinners mounted on feathered treble hooks. Blades are covered with a glow substance making bait uncovered with a glow substance making bait uncovered for night fishing, 50 cents. R. K. Whitney, 7554 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FLY makers materials. Complete line of imported feathers, tinsel, gut, hooks, and bulk feathers. (Wholesale-retail). Write for price list, also latest fly catalog. Shoff Tackle Co., Kent, Wash. (3-5)

MR. FISHERMAN. Try us for a good fishing line, silk or linen. We sell direct to you and will do you good. Enclose stamp for card with samples and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Illinois. (4-5)

BEST yet. Catfish bait. A little better than the best. For throw lines unexcelled. 60 cents each, two for one dollar prepaid. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (3-5)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

FISHERMEN fool the fish. King of all decoys. Results certain. The outfit and full instructions, one dollar. J. C. Roberts, P. O. Box 74, Lake Charles, La. (3-6)

ATTENTION Sportsmen. High grade split bamboo rods. Write for information. Gilman Rod Co., 104 Maple St., Rome, N. Y. (3-5)

SPENT wing dry flies, expertly tied; 12 patterns; trout, $2.25; bass, $3.00 per dozen. H. Nieboer, Sparta, Mich. (3-6)

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-5)

PURE maple syrup (Government Test). Per gallon, $3.75 postpaid. Wm. Simpson, Birchwood, Wisconsin. (3-6)

PURE Maple Syrup, Maple Sugar, direct from the Sugar Camp, E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (3-5)

PURE Maple Syrup, 1 gal. (11 lbs.) $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-4)

For Advertisers

ADVERTISE weekly papers. Lists free. Keator, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Associates, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (6-4)

For Smokers

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 47, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-4)

TOBACCO users: Write for free sample and prices. Answer this ad, it means something to you. Troutt & Son, Dept. W-4, Hickory, Ky. (5-4)

Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

PHEASANT Eggs. I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst, and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure-bred, non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Est. 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

SPECIAL prices on silver fox. Just a few pair to sell. Prize winning blood. All stock registered. We were offered and received up to $400.00 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Huber's Silver Fox & Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (3x28)

DARK Mink for Sale: Bred up from Eastern Canadian strain. Very prolific and dark. We sell in pairs or single males. Instructions can be obtained on how to make easy money in mink ranching. Booklet dealing on mink issued in January. N. A. Johannes, Licensed Fur Farm No. 599, Port Washington, Wisconsin. (3-4)

OPENING announcement. For sale, extra fine Northern Minnesota Muskrats, $15.00 per pair. Special selected. Ordinary selected, $12.00 per pair. Write for special prices on quantity lots. Rock Lake Fur Farm, Joseph Hengel, Prop., Staples, Minn. (3-6)

MONGOLIAN, Blackneck and Ringneck Pheasants. Hardy, vigorous breeders. Fertile, hatchable eggs. Substantial discounts on early egg orders. Prices and particulars upon request. Grimmer Game Farm, Box K, Delafield, Wis. (3-5)

SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising, 22 pages 6x9 of practical information, pen drawings, illustrations of pens and animals. Mailed for $1.00. Our surplus 1927 mink are now sold. Davis Fur Farms, St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-5)

PHEASANT eggs and chix. Ringneck, Mongolian, Melanotus, Silver, Golden, Reeves, Amherst, Manchurian, Versicolor and Swinhoe. Wild Mallards. Large eggs from strong, vigorous stock. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Buffalo Wolf pups, tame as kittens. Largest wolves in the world. Affectionate as dogs. Only pack of big Lobos in existence. Illustrated literature ten cents. McCleery Wolf Pack, Kane, Pa. (3-5)

PHEASANT eggs, Spring delivery. English Ringnecks 25c each, Mongolian Ringnecks 35c, Golden 60c, Silver 70c, Lady Amherst 90c, Reeves $1.00. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa. (3-4)

WE are accepting orders for May and June delivery of Prairie Wolf or Coyote pups, captivity bred or wild caught for restocking, breeding or pets. Jimmie Kellie, Wauneta, Nebraska. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-4)

EGGS for sale, from genuine small type English call ducks, Jap Silkie Bantams and Pheasants. Wild geese for sale. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-5)

ENGLISH call hatching eggs from Dakota's "smartest flock." Selling fifteen laying females. Styles & Son, Hartford, So. Dak. (3-5)

PHEASANT eggs for sale. Ringneck, Mongolian, Golden, Amherst, Reeves, Silvers. Karl J. Birnbrauer, Oak Lane, Phila., Pa. (3-5)

HATCHING eggs, from genuine small type English call ducks, $3.00 per 12 postpaid. Wm. Kroeger, Bennington, Nebr. (3-6)

MINK. Best Northern Mississippi Valley minks. Select stock. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Box A, Homer, Minnesota. (3-6)

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (5-6)

PHEASANT Eggs: Golden, Silver, Ringnecks. Stamp appreciated. Highland Pheasantry. Findlay, Ohio. (3-6)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-9)

FOR Sale: Ringneck pheasant eggs for spring delivery. Eric L. Hoffman, Branch, Mich. (3-5)

PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

WILD geese—wild ducks—decoys—Breeders. Beautiful folder free. Wild Game Farm, Mohler, Ore. (3-6)

FERRETS, nice ones, healthy stock. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-5)

Help Wanted, Instructions

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for Forest Ranger Position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests; protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane Institute, M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

DO you drive a car? U. S. Government Chauffeur-Carrier job pays $141-$175 month. "How to qualify" mailed Free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 119 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. (3x28)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 249 Temple Court, Denver, Colo. (3-5)

Indian Goods

PEACE Pipes, War Clubs, $5.00; Beaded Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Watchfobs, $1.00; Bow, Arrows, $1.60; 25 selected stone age relics, $10.00; dozen fine arrowheads, $2.50. Tomahawks, Rare, $15.00. Everything in Indian Curios. Costumes. Blankets. Prehistoric Relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O. A., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (2x28)

INDIAN eagle feather war bonnets only $10.00. Indian Silver bracelets, turquois mounting $5.00. (Send 25c for arrow head, foreign coin and catalogue). Indiancraft O. A. Company, 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, N. Y. (11x27)

BEADED trappings, ancient Indian stone specimens, antique arms, ivories, fossils, minerals, all kinds of curios. List ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wisconsin. (3-4)

Manufacturers

INVISIBLE burglar alarm, operated by foot, $1.00. Testimonials. Fred Klotz, Reading, Pa.

WIRE goods made to order. Cooley Mfg. Co., 528 N. Western Ave., Chicago. (3-6)

Miscellaneous

TAKE a real big game hunt in the Yukon, Cassiar, White River. Game plentiful. Moose, Caribou, goats, white and saddle back sheep, grizzlies, black and brown bears, small game and fishing, good pack and saddle horses. First class equipment. Success guaranteed. Johnnie Johns, Guide, Carcross, Yukon Territory. (3-4)

SALMON and trout fishing in Norway. Most reliable offers and service through Bernhd Brekke-Trondhjem, establ. 1880, cable address: Activ Trondhjem. Personally caught 5 salmon above 45 lbs. (4-5)

RATTLESNAKE Rattlers ($1.50) are a real curiosity. Mexican Resurrection Plants (30c). Other novelties. Catalogue. Acraft Supply Co., 1137A North High Street, Columbus, Ohio. (3-5)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-4)

TWO old trappers' secrets on trapping muskrat, a quarter. Arthur Tascone, Box 337, Curry Road, R. D. No. 6, Schenectady, N. Y. (3-4)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinsin, Box 87 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-5)

FINEST large Arizona buck heads. T. E. Taylor, Holbrook, Arizona. (3-6)

Music and Musical Instruments

BRUNSWICK Portable Phonograph Plays all standard records. 10 inches square, 2½ inches thick. Weight, 10 lbs. Metal case, compact and reliable. Shipped prepaid on receipt of $10. Maurice Levy, Lyceum Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. (3-6)

Outing Equipment

CHEAPEST, lightest, oil or gasoline stove! 1 lb., 6x8 inches. Windproof. Efficient cooker. Quickly made for few cents. Instructions, 50c. Stove, 75c. Prince Products, Lake Placid, Fla.

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Pigeons

HIGH flying tumblers. Wonderful performers. $2.00 pair. Edw. Helman, Springfield, Ohio. (3-6)

PIGEONS: Beautiful list free. Day Pigeon Co., Port Huron, Michigan. (3-4)

Photography—Cameras

MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare time or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. American School of Photography, Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago. (12-10)

AGENTS wanted to take orders for vanity pocket mirrors. Send in one of your favorite film negatives and 25c for sample to Az-U-Lyk-M Photo Service, Box K, Bristol, Vermont. (3-4)

HAND paintings in oil colors from your hunting and fishing photos. Any size. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Paul N. Domke, Artist, Rogers City, Michigan. (3-4)

DIE cut oval prints something new for kodakers. Send dime with negative for sample and catalog of specialties. Frank Scobie, 68-O, Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. (3-4)

HI-GRADE Kodak finishing. Stamp brings sample. Falls Foto Finishers, Glens Falls, N. Y. (3-5)

Poultry

BARRON white leghorn eggs and chicks, 250 to 305 egg strain, imported direct from England by us. Our prices are low considering quality. Write for catalog. Immele's Breeding Farm, Tiffin, Ohio, Box O. (3-6)

PIT Games: "Dead game fighting fowls." Eggs, $3.00 for 15. Circulars free. S. M. White, Keytesville, Mo. (3-6)

AMERICA'S best Buff Cochin Bantams. Stock and eggs for sale. Oakhurst Bantam Yards, Northfield, Minnesota. (3-6)

Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

EXTRAORDINARY. 150 letterheads, 150 envelopes printed as ordered, including monogram if desired. White bond, $2.00. Colors, $2.50. Money with order. Brockett Press. 1835 Allies Boulevard, Pittsburgh, Pa. (We are members Izaak Walton League.)

200 LETTERHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.00, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (3-5)

Rabbits

BIG money raising Chinchillas Rabbits, garage, woodshed or barn, spare time. Pedigreed well bred stock. Write for particulars and prices. DeCamp Carson, Delta, Wis. (3-4)

PEDIGREED Chinchilla Rabbits. Ten to fifteen dollars a pair. Added the famous Halstead strain of England. Henry Rudge, Naturalist, Great Barrington, Mass.

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-6)

Raw Furs Tanned

RAW Furs of all kinds made into neck pieces; fox or coon, $9.00 each. Same skins you send me returned C. O. D. J. G. Burst, Ridgewood, New Jersey. (3-6)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

LOG Cabin 34x36, large living room, stone fireplace, detached guest cottage, 384 foot frontage. Spider Lake, near Hayward, Wisconsin, quiet, secluded, exclusive. Three lots, 300 feet, Laurel Lake, Chain O Lakes, Eagle River, Wisconsin. Price $1,000. 800 feet North Twin Lake, Phelps, Wis.; very choice frontage, $6,000. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe Street, Madison, Wisconsin. (3-5)

80 ACRES on North Shore Teal Lake, Hayward, Wis. Twenty-two hundred and twenty-five feet lake shore—sand beach. Nine by twenty-four miles hunting grounds at back door. Seventy thousand feet of A-1 virgin timber, three log cabins, one ice house and good well. R. S. Headley, 33 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., c/o Von Lengerke and Antoine. (3-5)

DELIGHTFUL virgin pine timbered cabin sites on beautiful Caribou Lake in Minnesota National Forest. One hundred miles from Duluth. Three miles from Lake Superior. Splendid Roads, fishing, hunting, boating, bathing. Large perfect Lake Front Sites $250 to $450. Owner, James Stevens, 337 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-5)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Cont'd

CHIPPEWA River land with entire lake at $10.00 per acre; 224 acres on McCloud Lake at $6.00; 160 acres with small lake, creek and beaver pond at $5.00. Many similar tracts, all on easy terms. Also high class lake shore lots. Cottages for rent. Write for circular. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wisconsin. (3-6)

LOG house, two story, stone fireplace, lean-to kitchen, cave cellar, three acres in Rocky Mountain National Park Forest on Cooley Road between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek. Nine thousand feet high. Fishing and hunting, $1,000. Letha A. McFann, 418 West Elm St., El Dorado, Arkansas.

27 ACRES on Big Spider Lake, Hayward, Wis. Joins State land and large game preserve—plenty timber for cabins. Price $1500. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe St., Madison, Wis. (3-4)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

RIVERDALE Resort: Thirty acres, hotel, cottages, court, park, pavilion, boats. In Dells, Wisconsin River near Kilbourn. Price right. John Rausch, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

SALE: Established high class resort: Capacity reservations. One of finest locations—Northern Minnesota. Owner retiring. Details: O. Park, 304 New York Bldg., St. Paul.

LAKE Shore Tract for Sale. 76 acres with 800 feet shore line, large pine timber, high level land, accessible, secluded. Terms. J. D. Haradon, Park Rapids, Minn.

ABOUT hundred acres near Montello, Wisconsin, 103 miles Milwaukee. Containing entire lake about sixteen acres. E. H. Wunderlich, Joliet, Illinois. (3-5)

FLORIDA Game preserves improved and unimproved. Large acreage, groves, beautiful estates and hotels. W. A. Dade, 314 E. Amelia Street, Orlando, Fla. (3-4)

80 ACRE tract in Aitkin. County ideal for fur farming. Price, $1000.00. 4 miles from town. Joe Lampert, 2005 Pied Ave., Duluth, Minn. (6-9)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-6)

REAL buy, 400 acres, three lakes, pine shores, recreation, business. Bennion, Hutchinson, Minnesota.

LAKE front and Muskrat farm for sale. For particulars, Al Kahn, Tomahawk, Wisconsin. (3-5)

Stamp Collecting

FREE—3 triangles only with order for special packet of 50 diff. from all the world and our illustrated price lists for only 8c. 10 Guatemala 5c, 10 Iceland 7c, 10 Montenegro 7c, 25 Netherland 7c, 10 Newfoundland 6c, 15 Norway 4c, 10 Tunis 6c, 10 Turkey 4c, 10 St. Settlmts. 6c, 10 Fed. Malay States 6c, 5 Kedah 10c, 7 Siam 5c, 4 N. Borneo 10c. Postage extra. Hundreds of more just like them. Approvals if you ask for them. Inland Stamp Co., Room 51, 6217 Forest, Kansas City, Mo. (4x28)

50 DIFFERENT Turkish stamps, 30c; 11 Albania, 8c; 16 Armenia, 12c; 10 Newfoundland, 6c; 6 Nicaragua, 6c; 25 Cuba, 16c; 25 Airpost, 15c; 20 Finland, 10c. Frederick Jackson, Dos Rios, California. (3-4)

"STAMP Collecting Hints." This interesting booklet sent free to beginners and stamp collectors. T. G. Bottome, 2934 Shriver, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-6)

10 DIFFERENT French colonies. 5 different airmail. Set of Jamaica. All for 10 cents. Lufbery, Route 3, North Branford, Conn. (3-5)

UNITED STATES, 27 different, 5c, to buyers from 50% or 60% discount sheets. State size of collection. Leduc, Redlion, Penna. (3-6)

FORTY different United States 10c. Stamps on approval at 60% discount. C. Seidenberg, Baroda, Michigan. (3-4)

1,000 VARIETIES, 69c. Approvals. Kenmore Stamp Co., 705 Kenmore Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. (3-6)

600 DIFFERENT, $0.50; 1,100, $1.00. Fred Onken, 630 79th Street, Brooklyn. (3-6)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

FINEST one cent approvals in America. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-5)

Taxidermy

BETTER Taxidermy. Work that really reproduces nature. Scientifically correct and life-like, according to approved and tested modern museum methods. Experts in charge of all phases of the work. Birds, game heads, fish, tanning, museum groups. Get our free circular and list of moderate prices. Wire or write to the largest natural history house in America. General Biological Supply House, 761-763 East 69th Place, Chicago, Illinois. (3-4)

LIFELIKE Plastic Taxidermy. Prof. Stainsky of National reputation. To be sure your trophies are preserved true to life, they should be mounted by Prof. Stainsky, originator of Plastic art in Taxidermy. Send for price list. We save you money. Our chamois tanning has no equal. Colorado Springs, Colo. (3-4)

F. SCHUMAKER & SONS, Manufacturers of glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermists' supplies. Indian beads, furriers' supplies. 285 Halliday St., Jersey City, New Jersey. (3-6)

GOOD taxidermists everywhere. Select their panels from our catalog. It's free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-5)

Wanted

WANTED: Canoe birch bark. Pieces one foot square or larger. Write Edw. Hruby, Manchester, Iowa. (3-5)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 88. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

SWEATERS, re-modeled, high turtle neck slipovers made V neck slip-overs for $2.00; slip-overs made buttoned coat style, $3.00. Send that old sweater today. Bullard Knitting Mills, Duluth, Minnesota. (3-5)

IRISH tweeds. All wool, hand woven; price 4s. 6d. per yard. Ideal for Sports wear; patterns free. Daniel & Co., Beragh, Tyrone, Ireland. (3-4)

SALE. Good Buffalo Robe, $20.00. J. Davis, 102 W. Front, Media, Pa.

Something to Sell?

If you have something to sell, and you want to be sure of selling it at a minimum expense for doing the job, put your ad in the Classified Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Use the form below and mail with correct amount so that we receive it by March 25.

Write Your Classified Advertisement Here

Izaak Walton League
536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Classified Advertising Rate
15c per word for one insertion. 30c per word for three consecutive insertions.

I enclose $_____ for the following classified ad to run _____ times in OUTDOOR AMERICA starting in the _____ issue.

Ad must reach us by March 25th to appear in May issue.

The SHELL of the YEAR

Use WINCHESTER TRADE MARK Ammunition with WINCHESTER TRADE MARK Guns... they are made for each other

FREE—*Write for a free copy of our latest booklet — "The Game — The Gun—The Ammunition." It suggests the guns and ammunition best suited to target shooting and to hunting the principal species of North American game.*

THE Winchester "Ranger" has *always* been a splendid hunting and trapshooting shell—sold at a popular price. And *now*—with all the world-known Winchester uniformity and loading precision and these new features *added*—it gives the shooter "more shell for his money" than ever before. The higher base (shown above), the harder crimp and a Winchester Primer that is even better than before, assure complete shooting satisfaction to the user of Ranger shells. The moderate Ranger price cuts shooting cost and enables you to enjoy more frequent sport. Ask your dealer for the "Ranger"—one of the most notable ammunition developments ever introduced by—

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

What Would YOU Do?

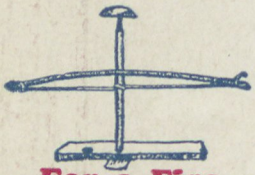
LOST IN THE WILDS -- NO FOOD -- ARISING FEVER --

For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods. Roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.

For Medicine

The woods are a regular drug store for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.



For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire **without** matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.

I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.

The Library of Pioneering & Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

If your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in a strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do **you** know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it **does** ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help will come if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare **now** for this emergency. Prepare now to **avoid** any of the hardships of the wilds. Prepare to enjoy your outing or hunting trip **as you never have enjoyed one before!** Learn every secret of nature from Ernest Thompson Seton's **Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft.**

No other man knows animals, plants, Indians and pioneer life as he does. No one else can tell you about it all so entertainingly. You can virtually sit at this master woodsman's camp-fire and listen to him talk as you read these six wonderful volumes on life in the open. Here is every feature of outdoor life, from preparing your outfit to trailing animals and first aid.

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